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Queen Isabel of Castile

A QUEEN OF QUEENS
& THE MAKING OF SPAIN

A QUEEN OF QUEENS & THE MAKING OF SPAIN

By CHRISTOPHER HARE AUTHOR OF "DANTE THE WAYFARER," "THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE," "FELICITA: A ROMANCE OF OLD SIENA," ETC.

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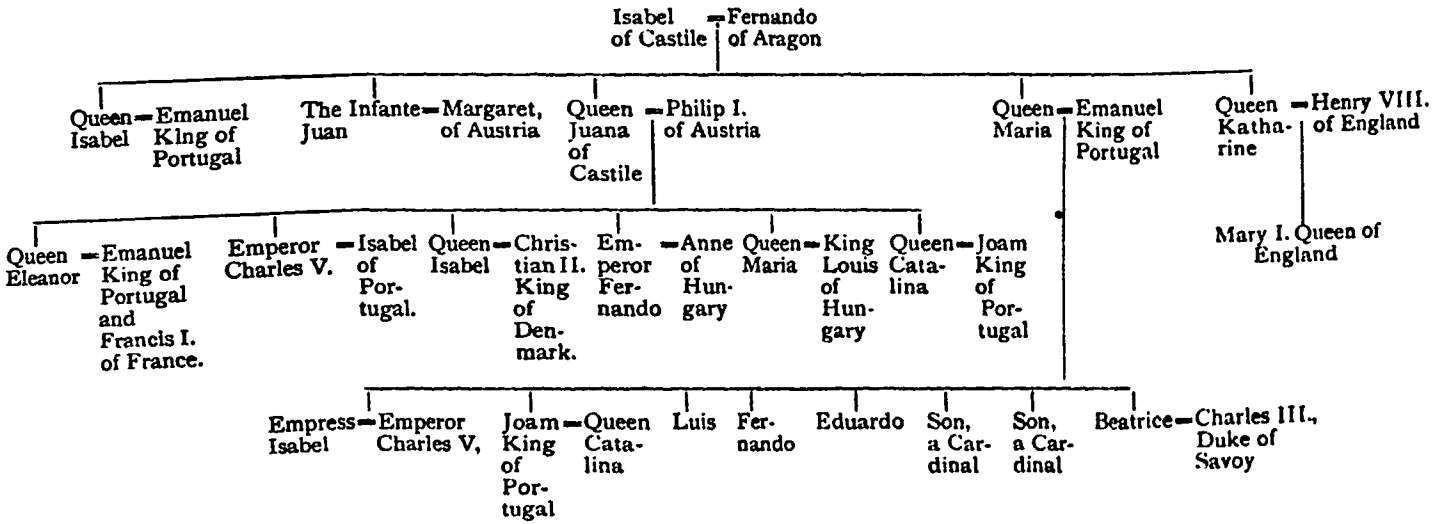
A MOTHER OF QUEENS



INTRODUCTION

ISABEL OF CASTILE

THE very name is an "Open Sesame" to the world of romance, of legend and of story; and as we gaze upon it, our minds are flooded with dim enthralling memories of a long-vanished past.

The magic spell is upon us. Once more we are in the unforgotten land of Spanish chivalry and Moorish enchantment, where every tale of prince and paladin, of feast and foray; every vision of stately rock-girt castle, of fairy palace, of dome and minaret—set in a fair garden land of exquisite beauty passing a poet's dream—all combine to form the emblazoned tapestry on which stands forth the gracious figure of our peerless lady: Isabel the Queen.

Never was woman raised upon such a pedestal of worship. It was her rare good fortune to rise up at the very crisis of a nation's history, and, with the splendid skill and heroism of a strong mind and a brave heart, to turn the tide of fortune and wrest salvation for her people. Friend and foe alike proclaim her fame; it was sung in every language and rang out to the ends of the earth. Her people adored her, and to this day the mere mention of that familiar name, Isabel

La Catolica, strikes a responsive chord in the land of her birth.

One who knew her best spoke of her as: "This incomparable woman who far transcends all human excellence, the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent and an avenging sword to the wicked." *

Lord Bacon said of her: "In all her revelations of Queen or Woman she was an honour to her sex, and a Corner-stone of the Greatness of Spain."

King Henry VII. declared that he would gladly have given the half of his kingdom if Katharine of Aragon had been like her mother.

The ambassador from Venice, Novagiero, delights to praise the singular genius, masculine strength of mind and other noble qualities of "this most rare and virtuous lady."

"Isabelle la Catholique, cette noble reine qui crût le génie sur parole et dota l'univers d'un nouveau monde." †

She rose supreme in every relation of life, as a tender daughter, a perfect wife and a devoted mother. In many a critical moment of her reign, the Queen's untiring energy and dauntless courage conquered every danger, while her political wisdom was so striking that her rare insight almost seemed like intuition. Absolutely forgetful of herself, she only thought of others: was magnanimous in forgiveness of all personal injuries, and full of passionate earnestness in her religion. In dealing, later on, with the dark shadow of the Inquisition which rests upon the fair record of her life, we shall have occasion to point out that the

* Peter Martyr. † Theophile Gautier.

virtues of Isabel were her own, while her faults were those of her time.

We may be proud to remember that the blood of the Plantagenets flowed in her veins, for she was descended through both father and mother from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The full titles of this illustrious lady are thus given, in her last will and testament:

"Doña ysabel por la gracia de dios Reina de Castilla de Leon de Aragon de Secilia de granada de Toledo de Valencia de galisia de Mallorcas de Sevilla de Cerdena de Cordova de Corcega de Murcia de Jahen de los Algarves de Algecira de gibraltar e de las yslas de Cana; Condesa de barcelona e Señora de Viscaya e de Molina, duquesa de Athenàs e de Neopatria, Condesa de Rosellon e de Cerdagna, Marquesa de Oristan e di gociano."

(The Lady Isabel, Queen of Castile, Leon, Aragon, Sicily, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, the Mallorcas, Seville, Sardinia, Cordova, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, the Algarves, Alguyias, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands—Countess of Barcelona; Sovereign Lady of Biscay and Molina; Duchess of Athens and Neopatria; Countess of Roussillon and Cerdagne; Marchioness of Ovistan and Goziana.") Even this long list is incomplete, as it takes no account of Queen Isabel's possessions in the New World.

It would be a fascinating task fully to tell once more how all this was won, step by step, at the point of the sword, by treaty and alliance—and lost again and again—from the wild rugged mountains of Asturias to the entrancing shores of Southern Andalusia; from the

confines of Portugal to the islands of the Mediterranean; the whole splendid rule of land and sea. As the old ballad of the eleventh century reminds us:

"Harto era Castilla,
Pequeño rincon;
Amaya era su cabaza
Y Fitero el moyon."

(Castile was only a little corner; Amaya was her head and Fitero her limit.)

On the history of the past we may not tarry too long, yet it is absolutely necessary to realise how truly Isabel of Castile was a daughter of the land which she so passionately loved, and which was indissolubly bound up with every fibre of her being. She cannot stand alone as an isolated solitary figure; for she was the flower of a long line of ancestors who all had a share in her, and she herself was part and parcel of the immemorial past. We may not take the jewel away from its setting; and if we are to understand Isabel aright, we must call up the vision of those who ruled the land before her, who fought and prayed and married and died, and who were the makers of her realm.

In dim fleeting procession they shall pass before us, through the mist of bygone ages, "come like shadows, so depart"; those dead kings with their silent footsteps—little more to us than a chronicle of names—and yet with their individual significance, each one leaving behind a mark for good or evil on his day.

As the solemn company of kings passed before the doom-stricken eyes of Macbeth, so would I seek to call up before you in stately succession the marvellous panorama of Moorish conquest, the heroic stand of

Gothic patriots in the mountains of Asturias, the gradual growth of Christian independence, with clash of arms and the ever-changing fortune of war, in the rise of the Kingdoms of Leon and Castile, of Navarre, of Aragon, and of Catalonia; until by the gradual union of the divided states, we reach by slow degrees the final accomplishment of the Making of Spain.

This will bring us to the story of Isabel the Queen, and we hope so far to recreate the atmosphere of her day as to study the real living, breathing woman; to see her in her habit as she lived, to seek out the springs of her conduct, to read her thoughts and watch her actions, so as to build up the intensely interesting character of one of the great makers of European history.

CHAPTER I

THE MOORS IN SPAIN

SPAIN has ever been the land of romance and legend, yet the simple facts of her story are more enthralling than the wildest dreams of fiction. On the decline of the Roman Empire, this province, which they named Iberia, had been overrun by the barbarians, and in the fifth century the Visigoths had made the fair land their home, from the sunny provinces of Andalusia to the rocky heights of the Asturias and the Pyrenees. But after two hundred years of peaceful possession this warlike race became enervated by prosperity, and was ill-prepared to defend the land from the conquering hordes of the Saracens, who had already extended their empire from the mountains of India to the Pillars of Hercules.

For many generations these mysterious tribes of the wilderness had dwelt undisturbed in their pastoral simplicity, while great empires rose and fell around them. Alexander the Great had been about to invade their barren wastes when the hand of death checked his victorious career, and the sons of the desert remained unvanquished in their wild solitude. But of late a mighty change had come over them. Mohammed

the dreamer had arisen in their midst ; he had preached a new religion and awakened the warlike instincts of his race, which became invincible with a militant creed, whose fanatic warriors held the key of Paradise, and hungered alike for conquest and for death in battle.

Thus it was that the hosts of Islam swept like a deluge over the Northern shores of Africa, until only the fortress of Ceuta held out against them. As they looked across the blue sea, from one Pillar of Hercules to the other, they were told that beyond that narrow strait they would find a land flowing with milk and honey, with a climate more delicious than that of Syria, with pastures more fertile than those of Yemen, with treasures beyond the wealth of India or Kathay, and blossoms rich and rare, surpassing those of Eden in colour and scent.

Eager for possession, their opportunity was at hand. The governor of this African citadel, the rocky Ceuta, was Count Julian, whose oft-told wrongs may be legendary but whose treachery is beyond question. He betrayed his trust and made common cause against his nation and his king, with the Moslem general. One summer day of the year 711 A.D. Tarik and his Moorish army landed on the Lion's Rock, called after him Gebal-Tarik (Gibraltar), and, advancing westward, took possession of the ancient Carthaginian town of Carteya. On the plains of Xeres south of the Guadelete, they were met by King Roderick and his army, and we are told that when the followers of Tarik, chiefly composed of Berbers a mountain tribe, saw outspread before them the mighty ranks of the armoured Goths, far exceeding them in number, for one moment they were dismayed.

"Then their leader cried aloud: 'Before you, O men is the enemy, and the sea behind. By Allah, there is no escape for you save in valour!'

"As one man they shouted in reply: 'We will follow thee, O Tarik!' and rushed forward to the fray."

Thus runs the legend, which tells us that for seven days the battle raged from morn till night on that fatal plain where Roderick, the last of the Goths, was deprived of his kingdom and his life. There followed upon that defeat, eight hundred years of Moorish rule.

"The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

"He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.
He looked for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain;
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain!" . . . .

Never was there so complete and triumphant a success, and the victorious Tarik lost no time in carrying out the conquest of Spain. He pushed on into the very heart of the country with his Berber warriors, and city after city fell before his arms until even Toledo, the royal city, the capital of the Gothic kingdom, was delivered into his hands. Cordova, Malaga and Elvira had been taken possession of by

his officers with scarcely a struggle, for everywhere the persecuted Jews were on their side, and the down-trodden slaves made no resistance to the invaders.

Meantime Musa, the African governor, who had vainly tried to check his general's too victorious career, hastened to share the glory and the spoils; and having captured Merida, Seville and Carmona, reached the mountains of the north. Thus in so brief a space had Spain become a province of the great Saracen empire spreading from the Oxus to the Atlantic, and ruled by the Khalif of Damascus. As Musa wrote to his lord: "O Commander of the faithful, these are no common conquests; they are like the meeting of the nations on the Day of Judgment."

Gibbon tells us in his flowing periods how, from the heights of the Pyrenees, Musa had indulged in a magnificent dream of conquest from the West to the East of Europe, bringing all the ancient world of his day under the banner of Islam. But it was not to be; for, with tortuous Oriental policy, the Khalif recalled the victorious Musa, laden with captives and spoil, to disgrace and ruin, while the brave Tarik fared but little better. Still, under other leaders, the Moslems continued to advance, and for awhile it seemed as though they would sweep like an overwhelming flood over the whole of Western Europe. An Arab governor had seized the southern part of Gaul, occupied Carcassonne, Narbonne, Avignon and Bordeaux; and in 732 boldly marched on towards Tours, but here his triumphant course was destined to meet with a decisive and final check.

Charles Martel, son of Pepin the great Mayor of the Palace, advanced to meet the Saracens, who were

flushed with victory and looked for an easy success. Once more the struggle lasted many days, but the issue was not doubtful. The lightly-armed Moors could not resist in close onset the strength and stature of their foes; "their stout hearts and *iron* hands." The invaders, crushed by the irresistible blows of the Franks and their leader, were utterly routed and put to flight; and the disaster was so crushing that henceforth in the centuries to come, the Saracens never more invaded France. The scattered remnant of the Numidian forces, which had been sent from Africa were recalled thither by a rising amongst the tributary peoples, while the Moorish fugitives retreated to the fertile provinces of Spain. It was in the southern portion, the ancient Andalusia, which extended from the Mediterranean to the Sierra de Guadarrama, watered by the great rivers—the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir—that they formed their most prosperous settlements, and delighted to enrich and beautify those famous cities where, under Moorish sway, the arts and sciences flourished in the midst of a splendid civilisation unknown to the rest of Europe.

This attained to its highest perfection during the rule of the Omeyyad Sultans in Spain, and the story of their coming is too striking and picturesque to omit. The religion of Islam needed a career of world-wide conquest for its highest success, as whenever this was followed by peaceful possession, endless party feuds were certain to arise.

Thus, in 750, the dynasty of the Omeyyad Khalifs at Damascus was supplanted by the founder of the Abassides, Es-Seffah (the Butcher), so-called from his

ruthless massacre of the deposed family. Only one escaped, the young prince Abd-er-Rahman (Servant of the Merciful God), of whom great things had been predicted, and the belief in his "star" doubtless added to his spirit and dauntless courage. He first turned to the coast of Barbary but, after five years of wandering and disappointment, he sailed to Spain, and was there received by loyal followers of his race with acclamation and joy. The last scion of his royal house, his coming was welcomed like that of Charles Stuart in Scotland, and before the end of the next year he had entered Cordova in triumph. But long and bitter was the struggle for entire mastery of the kingdom, and he did not come unscathed from the ordeal, for the victor's triumph was stained by treachery and cruelty, and long ere he had subdued all his enemies, the gallant young Pretender had become the hated tyrant, alone and friendless in his cold elevation.

It is during this period—the reign of the first Abd-er-Rahman—that we meet with the oft-told tale of that famous invasion of Charlemagne, which has filled all Europe with legend and romance. In the year 777 the conqueror was at Paderborn, triumphant in his victory over the Saxons, when there came to him an embassy from Spain, praying for his help against the conquering usurper who had made himself master of all the Moorish provinces and taken the sacred title of Khalif. Some monkish chroniclers assert that the appeal came from the Christians, who would not submit to the rule of the infidel, and had found a refuge in the mountains of Asturias, where they formed the germ of the Spanish nation. But there is every reason to believe that the French king was

invited by the Sheikh Suleiman-el-Arabi, a firm adherent of the Khalif of Bagdad, where the seat of government had been removed from Damascus.

This was Charlemagne's opportunity, for he had never forgotten the great victory of his grandfather, Charles Martel, and was eager to extend his kingdom beyond the Pyrenees. With a great army he invaded Spain in 778, seized Pampeluna, a Christian city, and had been successful in the siege of Zaragoza, when he was recalled northward by news of a fresh revolt by Wittekind and his Saxons. It was during his hurried retreat across the mountain pass of Roncesvalles that the rear-guard of the Franks, under the command of his nephew Roland, met with the terrible disaster of which the memory is fresh to this day.

Encumbered by a long train of baggage mules, laden with rich spoils, the men-at-arms were slowly climbing the steep rocky defiles, when they were suddenly attacked from an ambuscade by their enemies, who smote them hip and thigh till scarce a man survived to tell the doleful tale. We are all familiar with the legend of Roland's mighty prowess in that cruel hour, and of his good sword Durenda, which at the last, when all hope was at an end, he broke upon a rock severed at its touch, and which is pointed out to this day as "La Brèche de Roland"—a mighty chasm, cut straight and sharp in the mountain ridge as you look upon it from the near slopes of the "Pic de Bourgogne." We have heard in fancy the

> "blast of that dread horn,
> On Fontarabian echoes borne,
> That to King Charles did come . . . .

When Roland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died."

The heroic theme has ever had a strange glamour and fascination for all the Latin race, and it was a Spanish minstrel who wrote the dolorous ballad :*

"The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two :
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.
There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's Admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall."

This legendary allusion to a Christian leader Bernardo, fighting with Moorish kings, is extremely interesting as showing the birth of a national feeling, stronger than all difference of faith, which thus vehemently resented the invasion of a foreigner. We have no reason to believe that Abd-el-Rahman himself took any part in the conflict, but after this fruitless expedition of the Franks, he was left at peace to lay the foundation of that marvellous Khalifate of Cordova, whose splendid story, during his reign and those of his successors for three hundred years, is like a chapter from the Arabian Nights.

So far removed is that shining city of dreams from our everyday life, that only the language of Oriental imagery seems appropriate to it. An Arab historian tells us that: "Cordova is the bride of Andalusia.

* Heard by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza at Toboso.

To her belongs all the beauty and the ornaments that delight the eye or dazzle the sight. Her long line of Sultans forms her crown of glory; her necklace is strung with the pearls which her poets have gathered from the ocean of language; her dress is of the banners of learning, well knit together by her men of science; and the masters of every art and industry are the hem of her garments."*

With regard to that long line of Sultans who brought their priceless spoils to adorn the beloved city, we can but touch upon a few of the most notable. On the death of Abd-er-Rahman the first Omeyyad, his pious son Hisham succeeded, whose brief reign of eight years, of which the limit was said to have been foretold by an astrologer, was a pattern of righteousness and watchful devotion to his people, such as we are familiar with in the legends of "Good King Wenceslaus." But this very piety in a ruler became a strange new source of danger, for the theological students of Cordova, the most devout or fanatical sons of Islam, obtained so much authority that, when the new Sultan Hakam I. proved to be no stern ascetic but a man of gay disposition, eager to enjoy life, he was publicly preached at and prayed for by the bigots, who at length aroused the people to conspire against him. But the rebels had mistaken their man and were put down again and again with an iron hand, so that when Hakam died in 822, he left a peaceful heritage to his son Abd-er-Rahman II.

This prince was chiefly distinguished by his luxury and prodigality, which rivalled that of the famous Harun-er-Rashid of Bagdad, who had but recently

* Quoted by Lane Poole.

departed from his earthly paradise. Abd-er-Rahman II. built magnificent palaces, and mosques, and bridges, he laid out more wonderful gardens and, himself a poet and musician, he gave encouragement to all the arts and sciences. He was ruled by the theologian Yahya and the Persian poet Ziryab, whose strange fascination made him the arbiter of taste and fashion. Under this prince, whose rule was one of tolerance and protection of all creeds, began those fierce outbursts of fanatical zeal in which the Christian subjects of Cordova seem to have eagerly sought martyrdom at the hands of the infidels.

During the weak and disastrous reigns of Mohammed, Mundhir, and Abdallah, troubles of every sort increased and the Moorish power sank to its lowest ebb, amidst general anarchy and bloodshed. The Christian States gained ground on all sides, and but for their own internal feuds they might easily have reconquered the whole land. Then in that dark hour when all seemed lost, a new Omeyyad Sultan arose and the kingdom of Cordova was saved. Abd-er-Rahman III. the grandson of Abdallah, deserves more than a passing mention. This lad of twenty-one, who found that his dominion scarcely extended beyond the walls of Cordova, with dauntless courage at once proclaimed his purpose of reconquering the whole of the lost provinces, and summoned all the rebel chieftains to surrender their spoils.

Such boldness met with its due reward, for he inspired his soldiers with his own enthusiasm, and led them forth on a career of conquest. The desolate land was weary of anarchy and the tyranny of lawless brigands, and in the end his arms were everywhere

successful ; in many cases the gates of great cities were opened to the gallant young prince with scarcely a show of resistance. So indomitable was his purpose that when the city of Toledo alone remained unconquered, Abd-er-Rahman built a town on the opposite hill and calmly sat down to await the surrender.

With the Christians protected by their mountain fastnesses, he had many a hard struggle, but step by step he won his way against foes divided amongst themselves, and at the end of eighteen years he found himself in the proud position of having recovered all that his predecessors had lost. Henceforth he governed Moslem and Christian alike with justice tempered by mercy, and the land had peace and prosperity. He kept the supreme authority in his own hands, employed men under him chosen by himself alone, and was supported by a great army of mercenaries, "Slavs," in his sole pay (a plan to be followed in later years by the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip). Then in 929 he assumed the proud title of Kkalif of the West, En-Nasir li-dim-llah, "the Defender of the Faith of God." He spread his empire to the African coasts of the Mediterranean, conquered the fleets of Egypt and Tunis, and opened his ports for a world-wide commerce, while his chosen home at Cordova became the splendid centre of European culture and civilisation.

After a glorious reign of nearly fifty years the great Khalif died full of years and honours, leaving behind him a pathetic record that in all the days of his long life he had counted but fourteen without sorrow. "O man, put not thy trust in the present world."

It was during this period that Cordova rose to the

highest summit of beauty and magnificence. The world-famed city, once beloved of Pompey, destroyed by Cæsar, the birthplace of Seneca, conquered by the Gothic arms, and at length the proud capital of Moorish Spain. We may look to-day unmoved upon the narrow streets of white houses, the ruined palaces, the great bridge which still spans the rushing Guadalquivir; but as we stand within the magnificent mosque of Abd-er-Rahman, with its forest of porphyry and jasper columns, its exquisite tracery and peerless mosaics, the image of a splendid past rises before us. It was the first Omeyyad sovereign who began this amazing, unrivalled shrine of worship, built upon the site of a temple of Janus, devoting to it the immense spoils of the Goths, while each of his successors in turn added some fresh beauty: clustered pillars inlaid with gold and lapis-lazuli, countless doors of polished brass, a silver pavement to the sanctuary, gold and precious stones for the ivory pulpit, and myriad lanterns of priceless filigree work.

The Arab chroniclers are never weary of dwelling upon the bygone glories of Cordova. We read of many other stately mosques with minarets of burnished gold, of bridges and aqueducts, and marble palaces, whose vaulted chambers were inlaid with exquisite mosaic, covered with arabesque and corniced with beaten gold, while their furnishing was of sandalwood inlaid with malachite and silver, with ivory and mother-of-pearl. In the spacious courtyards, shaded with palms and rare exotics, fountains and cascades of water tempered the heat of summer, while in winter, rich tapestries, Persian carpets, embroidered pillows and couches, and a warm and perfumed

air made the inner courts a dream of luxury and delight.

As to the extent of this marvellous city, we are gravely assured that after sunset a man might walk ten miles in a straight line, by the light of its lamps. But the crowning joy and glory of Cordova was not in the "shrines of fretted gold" but in the "high-walled gardens, green and old." The first Omeyyad had sent a date-palm from Syria to plant in the garden which he had laid out in the land of his splendid exile, to remind him of his old home in Damascus. The Arabs ever loved to surround themselves with gardens and trees and fountains—the primitive ideal-dream of happiness in the tents of the desert whence they sprang.

Each marvellous palace of the Sultan stood in the midst of gardens filled with "the most delicious fruits and sweet-smelling flowers, beautiful prospects, and limpid-running waters." All the world was searched for rare exotics—seeds, plants, and trees were brought from afar to enrich this favoured land. In describing, later on, the gardens and orchards of Andalusia, we shall yet find traces of that splendid heritage from the Moorish Sultans of Cordova, surviving still to make this earth beautiful, when their kingdom has passed away like a shadow.

The magic of the East is upon us as we touch upon the story of that marvellous "City of the Fairest," Medinat-Ez-Zahra, built by the great Khalif to gratify the whim of his Sultana. If we are to believe the chroniclers, it far surpassed the wildest dreams of the poet, "fed on honey-dew," who sang of the "stately pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan." The glittering minarets

the marble and ivory palaces, shining with gold and precious stones—the spoils of empires—the doors of ivory and polished brass, the fairy fountains, the menageries of strange animals and aviaries of strange birds, amid bowers of roses and groves of almonds and pomegranate. . . . Like a dream all has vanished, for of this earthly paradise not a trace remains.

Much was possible to a prince who could employ ten thousand skilled workmen for more than a quarter of a century; whose treasury at one time, in 951, contained twenty million golden pieces, and whose yearly income is supposed to have been equal to that of all the other sovereigns of Europe together. In his time, the Khalifate of Cordova was supreme in the arts and sciences, in commerce and manufactures. The land was fertilised by irrigation, and thus the sugar-cane, the mulberry, saffron, flax, and all the choice fruits and flowers of the earth were successfully cultivated.

We are told of thirteen thousand silk-looms in Cordova alone, mining, enamelling, glass-blowing, the making of linen and cotton fabrics, the embossing of fine leather, all forms of rare metal work—these industries flourished on every side. The produce of so much skill and labour was carried from the ports of Southern Andalusia to the Levant and Constantinople, whence it was spread by the caravans over the whole known world.

But not alone did Moorish Spain excel in material prosperity, for the Omeyyads, like the Medici of Florence in a later age, were distinguished by their magnificent patronage of literature and science. Cordova was the European centre of knowledge, and students came

from all countries to learn from the famous doctors and wise philosophers, mathematicians, and astronomers. The Moorish surgeons were famous above all others; indeed, they are supposed to have forestalled some modern practice, and it was the custom for Christian princes and men of wealth to seek their help.

While Rome and Constantinople still asserted that the earth was flat, geography was taught from globes in the schools of the Spanish Moors. They were the first to determine the length of the year, the obliquity of the ecliptic; to discover the spots on the sun, and to build the first observatory, the Giralda of Seville, which in later years was turned into a belfry by their Christian successors, who did not know how to use it. They invented the mariner's compass, and were the first to apply the pendulum to a clock; indeed it would be hard to enumerate all their valuable additions to the world's knowledge.

Of their many learned writers, their philosophers, and the poets whose graceful ballads forestalled the minstrels and troubadours of later days, we shall speak hereafter in a chapter on Spanish literature.

The splendid library of Abd-er-Rahman was largely added to by his son Hakam II., a scholar prince who is said to have possessed 400,000 manuscript volumes, and not only to have read them, but to have written learned notes on their margin. He found a refuge in his library from the cares of State, and as a natural consequence, there were others ready to seize the reins of government. When he died in 976, leaving a young son of twelve, Hisham II., as his successor, the Prime Minister Almanzor, with the help of the widowed

Sultana Aurora, before long assumed supreme power in the state. He had risen from the lowly position of a letter-writer at the palace gate, but his genius and unscrupulous ambition overcame all obstacles, and not satisfied with absolute political rule, he aspired to military fame. With splendid assurance he led his army against the Christians on the northern marches, and so won the proud title of "the Victorious," for none could withstand him. The great Vesir spread the Moorish dominion to its farthest bounds, both along the broad seacoast of Africa and in Spain, where he raided all the Christian provinces with fire and sword, taking possession of all their chief cities—Leon, Barcelona, Pamplona, and even the sacred church of Santiago de Compostella in Galicia (built, according to tradition, where the body of St. James, the fighting saint, was discovered). While Hisham II. remained Khalif only in name, his formidable Prime Minister was the real despotic lord of the realm; he gave his enemies no respite, and when at length death put an end to his career after a final victory over Castile, his end is thus chronicled by a monkish historian: "In 1002 died Almanzor and was buried in hell."

However that may be, it was a hell upon earth which followed when the master spirit was gone; the flood-gates were broken down, and hapless Andalusia was overwhelmed by relentless civil war, pillage, massacre and anarchy. One puppet after another was set up as ruler by the Slav mercenaries, the Berbers or the people of Cordova, only to be cruelly driven forth or treacherously murdered. The Moors' extremity was the Christians' opportunity. Alfonso VI., who had come to the throne of Leon in 1065, and of Castile in

1072, set himself to the conquest of the whole land, and succeeded so well, as much through the divisions of his foes as his own energy, that before long most of the Moslem states had become his tributaries. The famous Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar is a most striking figure of this period, but his marvellous adventures while fighting on either side must be told in the history of the Christian provinces.

Roused at length to a sense of the danger before them, the Moors called in the help of their race in Africa, and the conquering sect of the Almoravides responded to their appeal. Led by Yusuf, the great Puritan warrior, they defeated Alfonso of Castile with terrible loss at Zallaka near Badajos, in 1086. After the victory they returned to Africa, leaving only a small force behind and retaining the harbour of Algeciras; but a few years later, Yusuf the Almoravide was again implored to help the King of Seville against the Christians, and this time he came to stay. Shocked at the laxness in doctrine and practice of the Spanish Moors, and their open neglect of the Koran, the Puritan leader set forth on a holy war and turned his arms alike against them and their foes, never resting until the whole of Andalusia owned the sway of the Almoravides. Under these half barbarian fanatics, there followed a time of religious intolerance and cruel persecution, not only of Christian and Jew but of all art, literature and philosophy which was not included in the Koran.

But the wealth and luxury of the beautiful land which they had conquered, soon began to have a demoralising effect upon these rude Berber warriors; their simple habits and stern fanaticism gave way before this easy life, and within fifty years the Castilians, under

Alfonso the Battler, were ravaging Andalusia almost as far as the coast of the Mediterranean. But a more terrible enemy awaited them, nothing less than an overwhelming invasion from Africa of other Atlas tribes more fanatical still than themselves. These were the Almohades or Unitarians, whose resistless hordes carried all before them: the cities of Algeciras, Malaga, Cordova, Seville, Valencia and Almeria surrendered to their might, and before the middle of the twelfth century all Moorish Spain was in their hands, and became a province of the African empire of the Mahdi.

For a while they triumphed also over the Christians who, after a great defeat at Alarcos, were roused to fresh efforts, and induced the Pope to proclaim a crusade against the infidels. Alfonso of Castile and Pedro of Aragon were joined by a gallant company of knights from all Europe, and on the fateful field of Las Navas de Tolosa, a splendid victory was gained under the banner of the Cross, and the might of Islam was crushed. This was in 1212, and in the next generation the Christians advanced with steady persistence, conquering city after city, until at length nothing remained to the Moors but the kingdom of Granada, including the seacoast from Gibraltar to Almeria, and the country bounded by the Sierra Nevada. Even this was tributary to the crown of Castile, and so it continued with but little change for more than two centuries longer.

Granada now succeeded Cordova as a centre of culture, the arts and sciences flourished in days of comparative peace, for the Christian monarchs were too much engaged with internal struggles to interfere

with neighbours who were no longer formidable. They were left to the enjoyment of the exquisite garden of Spain, they built the wonderful Alhambra, the red palace one of the wonders of the world, and the Moors driven from the other conquered cities fled to Granada in their thousands, adding to the wealth and prosperity of this last remaining province.

But as the fifteenth century drew near its close, and the Christian states were combined under the one strong government of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile, the day of doom was at hand for the last stronghold of Moslem rule in Spain. The story of the final conquest of Granada will take its place in the history of Queen Isabel.

CHAPTER II

RISE OF THE CHRISTIAN KINGDOMS

THE KINGDOM OF ASTURIAS AND LEON—THE KINGDOM OF CASTILE—THE KINGDOM OF NAVARRE—THE STORY OF THE CID—THE KINGDOM OF ARAGON—THE REALM OF CATALONIA AND THE CITY OF BARCELONA.

THE KINGDOM OF ASTURIAS AND LEON.

WHEN the Moors conquered Spain and spread over the land like a resistless flood, the Christian survivors of that fatal field by the river Guadalete on the plains of Xeres, fled before the conquering hordes in two distinct companies. On one of these we need not dwell, as it was led by Theodomir, an astute time-server who escaped once more from the slaughter of his companions, and paid tribute to the infidels for Murcia and part of Valencia and Granada—for he left no lasting trace, and was in no sense a maker of Spain. But the noblest and most patriotic amongst the scattered remnant of the Goths, sought a refuge far away to the north in the rugged mountains of Asturias. To this time-honoured asylum of invincible patriotism, the little band of faithful men had brought from Toledo the most sacred relics of their faith; and here in the midst of hardy mountaineers, descendants of an earlier

race, was raised the true foundation of the Spanish kingdom.

A certain Pelayo of the royal Gothic lineage was chosen as their leader, and Canga de Onis, a little mountain village, was the seat of his dominion, which reached to the sea on the north and to the mountains on the south, with an uncertain boundary east and west. Tidings of this little colony having spread to the Moslem leader, he sent against it an army which was led by a renegade towards the mountain nest, but Pelayo and his gallant comrades attacked the infidels in a narrow pass by the primitive method of hurling down masses of rock and stones upon them, and then following up this disconcerting reception by a sudden and bold attack. The Moslems were unprepared and fell an easy prey; many were slain by the sword, others were thrown into the mountain torrent below, and the remainder fled ignominiously. The monkish chronicles of later days aver that in this famous battle of Covadonga 124,000 were killed in hand-to-hand fight, 63,000 were drowned, and 375,000 made their escape over the frontier! But this stupendous exaggeration is noteworthy as showing the great importance attached by the Christians to their first victory in the long struggle for independence.

In any case the Moors had learnt a lesson, and interfered no more with the hardy mountaineers of Asturias. Pelayo was the founder of a dynasty; his son Favila, killed by a bear,* was succeeded in 739 by Alfonso the Catholic, a man of great courage and energy, who extended his rule on all sides, conquering to the east Biscay and part of Navarre, to the west almost the

* See "Don Quixote," 2nd part, ch. xxxiv.

whole of Galicia as far as the Douro, and reaching even to Castile on the south by the surrender of Segovia and Avila, while Salamanca, Astorga, Leon, and other important places fell before his arms. At the time of his death in 757, he had reconquered for the Christians nearly one quarter of the whole land. But much of this remained debatable ground for several centuries, won first by one side and then by the other, ever laid waste and desolate by the horrors of never-ceasing warfare.

The story of Alfonso's successors for several generations is little more than a dim chronicle of names, and more or less legendary battles of varying loss and gain. The invasion of Charlemagne and the defeat of Roncesvalles has been already alluded to in the history of the Moorish kingdom, but it is merely a passing episode, rich in romantic lore, yet of little historical importance.

Time passed on and the city of Oviedo, where Alfonso II. established his Court, grew in importance and became the capital of this king, who had at least the merit of reigning for fifty years. At this period, we hear of frequent intermarriages between Moors and Christians, who appear to have been on friendly terms during the intervals of fighting. When Alfonso III. the son of Ordono I. came to the throne in 866, he found himself firmly established in the north of Portugal, and in one quarter as far as the river Guadiana, besides a stronger position in Biscay and Navarre, and carried his victorious arms into Castile, then a wild desolate land with scattered fortresses. He was a wise and tolerant ruler, distinguished in peace as in war, but the fruit of his conquests was lost in a great

measure by the fatal policy of dividing his territory amongst his sons. He gave the kingdom of Leon to his eldest son Garcia, who removed the seat of his government from Oviedo to the city of Leon, situated in the midst of the broad plain between the river Douro and the sea. Ordoño, the second son, received Galicia and northern Portugal, and Fruela, the youngest, had Asturias as his portion. But within a few years the various provinces were again shuffled up, while an intermittent warfare was for ever going on against the Moors.

A succession of rulers followed, who played their part in feud and feast and foray, and yet for us are little more than shadowy names, until in 930 we come to the reign of Ramiro II. who defeated the great Khalif Abd-er-Rahmān III. at the battle of Simancas.

Rise of the Kingdom of Castile.

It was in the time of Ramiro II. that the province of Castile first rose to an independent position, having hitherto been under the rule of Leon. The first Count of Castile who threw off the yoke was Fernan Gonzalez, whose daughter Uraca was married in succession to two kings of Leon; divorced from the first, dethroned and driven into exile with the second. Those were troublous times when the Christian states were rent asunder by civil war, and ever and again resorted to the fatal expedient of calling in the help of the infidel.

Still greater calamity was in store for them when the invincible Moorish general Almanzor proclaimed a jihad, or holy war, and invaded their territory with fire and sword. Everything gave way before him: Leon and its splendid cathedral built in honour of Santiago

was utterly destroyed, although we are told that the shrine itself was miraculously preserved. He raided Catalonia and Castile, and took city after city, Simancas, Zamora, Barcelona, Astorga, and advanced even to Coruña, everywhere carrying away immense spoils and captives in their thousands. The Christians must have been brought very low, for not only were they compelled to pay tribute, but we read with surprise that Bermudo II. of Leon gave his daughter in marriage to this Moslem conqueror, who later on married a princess of Castile. So complete was the ascendancy of the great Almanzor that but for his opportune death in 1002 the Christian states would have been blotted out from the map of the peninsula.

In the story of the Moorish kingdom we have already traced the sudden downfall of its power, when the commanding genius of the mighty Vesir no longer rules its counsels and its armies. Still, even at this period, when the glory of Cordova had departed for ever, we find Alfonso V. of Leon giving his sister in marriage to Mahommed, king of Seville, and afterwards dying in battle against the Moors of Portugal.

Rise of the Kingdom of Navarre.

It is extremely difficult to follow out any separate history of the various Christian states, as they were constantly being united by conquest or marriage alliance, and then, after a few years, all the gain of such union would be scattered to the winds by subdivision of the land, on a sovereign's death, amongst his sons and daughters.

A new kingdom had sprung up in the mountains of Navarre, which, from its position as a saddle across

the Pyrenees, between Spain and France, was constantly shifting its allegiance from one to the other. The earliest inhabitants appear to have been of Frankish origin, and about the year 873 a certain Sancho Inigo became the ruling noble, and his successors maintained a certain independence. A somewhat doubtful tradition gives them a code of laws, the "fueros de Sobrarbe," afterwards the proud boast of Aragon and the foundation of its freedom. One right which the nobles seem to have possessed was that of making war upon each other, of which they freely availed themselves.

The little kingdom of Navarre first rises to historical prominence under the rule of Sancho the great, who was lord of Sobrarbe and of that part of Aragon not included in the Moorish province of Zaragoza. He had married Elvira, the daughter of Count Garcia of Castile, and through her right he succeeded to Castile in 1026. This deserves notice as apparently the first occasion when female succession was admitted. Fernando, the eldest son of Sancho, had married the heiress of Leon, and the whole of the Christian dominion would have been united under him but for the fatal policy of his father, who divided his territory amongst his sons, giving Navarre to Garcias and Aragon to Ramiro.

After much successful fighting against the Moors and his own brothers, before the death, in 1065, of Fernando I., he made the same unwise partition of his provinces amongst all his children. To his eldest son Sancho he left Castile; to Alfonso, his favourite, Leon and Asturias; and to Garcias, Galicia and Portugal as far as the Douro; while his daughter Uraca

received Zamora as her portion, and Elvira had Toro. The usual result followed, bitter rivalry and civil war, in which the palm of treachery must be given to Sancho, who, after having been defeated in battle by the men of Leon, set upon them unawares and massacred the most part, Alfonso escaping by flight from his prison. Sancho then drove his younger brother Garcia from his kingdom of Galicia, and turned out his sister Elvira from Toro. But he had more trouble with Uraca, who fought with desperate courage for her fortress of Zamora, and the siege was so prolonged that it gave rise to the proverb, "No se tomo Zamora en una hora." (Zamora was not taken in an hour.)

In the attack on this city, Sancho was stabbed by the hand of an assassin, and Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, is reputed to have beheld the deed from afar, unable to avenge his master. Alfonso of Leon now returned in haste from his exile, and claimed the throne as his brother's heir. According to the ballads, the Cid came forward and made him swear that he had no part in his brother's murder.

"'Alfonso, and ye Leonese,
I charge ye here to swear,
That in Don Sancho's death ye had
By word or deed no share. . . .'
Three times the Cid has given the oath,
Three times the King hath sworn;
With every oath his anger burned,
And thus he cried in scorn:
'Thou swearest me where doubt is none
Rodrigo to thy sorrow;
The hand that takes the oath to-day
Thou hast to kiss to-morrow!'

'Agreed, senor!' replied the Cid,
'If thou will give me pay,
As other kings in other lands
Do give their knights this day . . .'"

THE STORY OF THE CID.

No account of the making of Spain would be complete without a few words about this hero of mediæval legend, the idol of the people to the present day. The Cid of romance is a perfect warrior, a type of all that is heroic and chivalrous, above all, a splendid fighter—"myo Cid el Campeador"—ready to challenge any foe and fight at any odds. But the Cid of history is not quite the Cid of the ballads—the great Christian champion—for he was as ready to fight on the side of the Moors as the Christians, and would sack a mosque or a church, whichever came in his way.

A great freebooter, or "condottiere," Rodrigo Diez de Bivar was a free lance, fighting, with his own tried army of desperadoes, for whoever would give him the highest pay. We first hear of his defending the cause of Sancho of Castile, then somewhat unwillingly serving his brother, King Alfonso VI. He next marries Ximena, the daughter of the Count of Oviedo whom he has slain, a lady almost as famous in the ballads as himself.

The Cid is sent by Alfonso to collect tribute from the Emir of Seville, who happens to be at war with the King of Granada, and naturally the Campeador cannot see fighting go on without taking part in it, so he gives his valuable assistance to the Emir, and is victorious as usual. On hearing of this, King Alfonso, who has never forgiven the affront mentioned in the

ballad, banishes him from the kingdom. Thereupon Rodrigo leaves his wife and daughter in a convent and goes forth to seek adventure. He takes service with the Emir of Zaragoza, and carries devastation before him even as far as Valencia, scattering before him the enemies of his Moorish lord.

"Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest, levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow;
The Cid was in their midst; his shout was heard afar,
'I am Ruy Diez, the champion of Bivar . . . '" *

Seven years he fought for the Emir, gaining large dominions and much wealth, which placed him in a position to make his own terms with the King of Castile. But he was an unruly vassal, for when the Almoravides swept down with overwhelming force, he arrived too late to save the day for Alfonso, who turned upon him in wrath, seized his patrimony, and secretly sent help to his enemy, Raymond Berenger, the Count of Barcelona.

It was during this feud that a characteristic story is told of the Cid's chivalry. He was victorious in his encounter with Berenger, who was brought captive to his tent, and was prepared for the worst. But Rodrigo caused a feast to be set forth, and offered freedom to his prisoner if he would sit at table with him. The poem tells us that for a while Raymond refused, but was at length persuaded to eat and drink, with the two knights who were to be set free with him. Then rising without delay, he exclaimed: "If

* Translated by Hookham Frere.

you will allow it, my Cid, we are ready to depart at once. Bid them bring our horses. Never have I dined with so much appetite."

So the Count of Barcelona has liberty bestowed upon him without ransom, and is provided with all that he needs for the journey, while the immense booty and rich spoils of war remain in the hands of the victor.

After much and varied fighting against the King of Castile and others, the doughty warrior achieved his greatest conquest—nothing less than the rich and luxurious Arab city of Valencia which, after a long and desperate struggle, surrendered to him in June 1094. In vain the conquering Almoravides hurled themselves against the walls; they were driven away with terrible loss. But at the very summit of his power, an independent sovereign at last, the Cid was stricken with illness and began to prepare for his latter end. He turned the splendid mosque of Valencia into a Christian church and richly endowed it as the seat of a bishopric. Of a sudden, news came that his army, the pride of his heart, had been cut to pieces almost within sight of his walls, and it was the deathblow of the gallant Campeador.

Tradition tells us that for two years the brave Ximena, his widow, held Valencia against her foes, and then being compelled to yield, the Cid's old followers placed the body of their lord on his war-horse, Bavieco, with his good sword Tixona in his hand, and led him out of the city gate, while the Moors fled in panic at the mere sight of their great enemy. He was carried to Burgos and there rested in honour within the Monastery of Cardenas. The legend says that he who

defied alike Christian and Moor, Pope and King, remained for long years proudly seated on his ivory throne at the right hand of the altar of St. Peter.

His other marvellous adventures in life and death, are they not written in the "Chronicle of the Cid"?

The Rise of the Kingdom of Aragon.

This province, at first only consisting of one or two valleys at the foot of the Pyrenees, was a fief of the Kings of Asturias. It did not rise to any position of independence until Sancho the Great of Navarre left it in 1035 to his son Ramiro, the first king. He enlarged his domain along the south of the Pyrenees, exacting tribute from the Moors of Tudela, Lerida and Zaragoza. With regard to this last city, strife arose between Castile and Aragon, in which King Ramiro was slain in battle. The same fate befell his son, Sancho I., at the siege of Huesca, but he was avenged by his heir Pedro, who in 1096 won a great victory over the combined armies of the Castilians and the Moors. On this occasion the warriors of Aragon claimed to have had supernatural help from St. George, who henceforth became their patron saint, and his cross, on a silver field, their banner. Santiago on his white horse was already a familiar champion of the Christian armies.

The King of Castile and Leon against whom Pedro fought was Alfonso VI., the nominal suzerain of the Cid. This king's life appears to have been spent in constant fighting. He extended his possessions from the valley of the Tagus to the Bay of Biscay; he fought with the Moors of one city and against others, passing from victory to victory until he met with that crushing reverse at the hands of Yusuf, the conquering leader of

the Almoravides at Zalaca, when the Cid did not arrive in time. The most important event of Alfonso's life was the establishment of Toledo as the Christian capital. The Moors of this city had been promised that their religion should be protected and that they should keep their splendid mosque. But the Bishop of Toledo—the French confessor of Constance of Burgundy, Alfonso's wife—did not scruple to take possession of it as a Christian church during the King's absence, greatly to his indignation. Yet against his better judgment he was persuaded to condone this breach of faith, and also to make submission to the papacy by adopting the Roman ritual, a concession which had most important results during the centuries which followed.

Alfonso VI. was a diplomatic prince who sought to strengthen himself by various alliances. He was married six times; his second wife, Constance of Burgundy, being the daughter of Philip I. of France. One of his wives, the daughter of the Moorish King of Seville, was the mother of his only son Sancho, who was killed in a last fatal battle with the Almoravides at Ucles in 1108, and Alfonso is said to have died of a broken heart the following year. His eldest daughter Urraca, widow of Raymond of Burgundy, inherited the combined kingdoms of Castile and Leon. His daughter Teresa had already married the Count of Besançon, with all the land won from the Moors in Portugal as her dowry, while Andrea, another daughter, had received Galicia on her marriage with the Count of Burgundy.

Queen Uraca married Alfonso of Aragon, called El Batallador, the great-grandson of Sancho the Great. He was brave and ambitious, but does not seem to have

been an amiable husband, and her conduct left much to be desired, so that after violent discord he and his wife parted company at the end of a year, and as he still intended to keep possession of her broad lands, war ensued, for Castile and Leon rose in defence of their Queen. The King of Aragon won the first battle, and then the great towns, strong in their charters which had been granted them long before, insisted on having a voice in the matter. They did not approve of Uraca's notoriously flighty conduct, and proclaimed her little son by her first husband as their king. To this the nobles refused to agree, while the clergy obtained a divorce from the Pope, in order that Alfonso of Aragon might no longer have any pretext for interfering with the territory of Uraca. The civil war lasted until the death of the Queen in 1126, when her son, who was now twenty-one, became the undoubted King of Castile, under the title of Alfonso VII. the Emperor, as he called himself later.

Meantime his step-father, Alfonso el Batallador, had carried his victorious arms against the Moors, extending his conquests on all sides and richly deserving his warlike name. He spread his dominion as far as Andalusia, gaining several great battles over the formidable Almoravides, and annexing Zaragoza, Tudela, and other frontier towns, Tarragona and other places on the coast, until his kingdom of Aragon and Navarre almost rivalled the might of Castile and Leon. Alfonso I. was killed in battle at Fraga, 1134, and having no son to succeed him, he had bequeathed Aragon to the Knights Templars and Navarre to the Knights of St. John, probably by the advice of his confessor, for the good of his own soul.

But it was not likely that the people would submit to this arrangement, and a king was chosen by Navarre, while Aragon induced the monk Ramiro, a brother of El Batallador, to leave his monastery and accept a wife and a throne. But within three years he abdicated in favour of his infant daughter Petronilla, and went back to his cloister. The little princess was betrothed to Ramon, Count of Barcelona, who was appointed Regent of Aragon, with which Catalonia was thus united.

The Realm of Catalonia and the City of Barcelona.

This north-eastern division of Spain, with its long line of coast and splendid natural seaports, had been inhabited from days of old by a restless warlike people, fiercely proud of their practical independence and in constant rebellion against their Frankish neighbours, the Dukes of Aquitaine, who were their feudal lords, while more than once they had been conquered by the Moors. In 858 we find records of a certain Wifredo who was Count of Barcelona and paid tribute to the King of France. For several generations the city grew in importance and strength, and began to be noted for its commerce, but in 984, the all-conquering Almanzor swept down with his Moors, defeated Count Borello, and laid waste Barcelona with fire and sword. Yet when Almanzor had passed on to other conquests, the people of Catalonia rallied again, drove out the Moorish garrisons, and returned to their peaceful occupations.

The successors of Count Borello extended their dominion and married heiresses of lands across the

French frontier. Catalonia became somewhat of a maritime power, and in the reign of Ramon IV. the Moslem pirates of the Balearic Islands were attacked in their headquarters, and Majorca was taken by a combined attack in which Genoa and Pisa joined. It was the next Count, Ramon V., who was made Regent of Aragon and ultimately married Petronilla, the heiress of the monkish king, a most fortunate event, as all the scattered lordships of eastern Spain were now united in one strong kingdom, from whence first rose the naval power of Spain. Barcelona was increasing in wealth and importance, and became a rival in commerce with the Italian Republics. Her ships traded with Alexandria for spices, drugs, perfumes and other Eastern products; and she claims to have compiled the first code of maritime law which held good during the Middle Ages.

CHAPTER III

THE UNITED KINGDOMS

ARAGON AND CATALONIA—CASTILE AND LEON.

THE STORY OF UNITED ARAGON AND CATALONIA.

THE grandson of Petronilla, Pedro II., was the King of Aragon who, with his kinsman Alfonso of Castile, helped to check the advance of the Moors in the famous victory of Las Navas de Tolosa, in 1212. After this he took the side of the Albigenses in Gascony against Simon de Montfort, and was slain at the siege of Toulouse, leaving his little son Jayme in the hands of his mortal enemy. "Thus died my father, for such has ever been the fate of my race, to conquer or die in battle," writes Jayme, in his chronicle.

By the help of the Pope, de Montfort was induced to give up the little prince to his subjects, and he received from them the oath of allegiance, seated on the knees of the Archbishop of Tarragona. But the nobles and priests soon quarrelled over him, and the precocious boy made his escape from them all to his royal city of Zaragoza. His life was one long battle and he well deserved the proud title of Jayme the Conqueror. With the help of his Catalonian subjects,

he recovered from the Moslems the whole of the Balearic Islands, and put an end to the piratical attacks upon his commerce. Then he turned towards the conquest of the Moorish kingdom of Valencia, the city of the Cid, and with wonderful patience and skill gradually drew a cordon round it, blocking up all approach by sea, until the inhabitants were driven by famine to surrender.

He extended his dominion as far as Ativa and even to Alicante, and would have taken Murcia, but that he was induced to help the King of Castile, who had married his daughter Yolande, and who was in great danger from the Moors.

Not satisfied with all this fighting, Jayme had ambitious designs upon the south of France, but was forestalled by Saint Louis, and was glad to make a valuable alliance by marrying his daughter Isabel to the Dauphin Philip. The latter part of his reign was spent in contests with his nobles, and in laying down a code of laws which extended the rights and liberties of the people and the trading class. He died in 1276, after a futile attempt to join in a crusade to atone for his sins, the wind and waves being so contrary that after tossing about for two months, it was decided "not to be the pleasure of Heaven that he should reach the Holy Land." His eldest son Pedro, who succeeded him in Aragon and Catalonia, had married Constance, daughter of Manfred, King of Sicily; while to his younger son Jayme he left his territory in France and the Balearic Islands.

Pedro III. had no easy task in quelling his rebellious nobles, and a revolt of the Moors in Valencia; then he openly defied the Pope, and set himself to assert

his claim to Sicily, in the name of his wife. At this time, in 1282, occurred the massacre of the French, known as the "Sicilian Vespers," and this prepared the way for Pedro, who soon made himself master of the island. The Pope, Martin IV., now proclaimed a crusade against the King of Aragon, and gave his throne to the Dauphin of France, who lost no time in invading Spain, where he obtained some success. Meantime the feudal nobles of Aragon made very hard terms with their King before they would come to his help, extorting from him the famous "Privilege of Union," which limited the royal power and gave unheard-of rights to subjects.

The great towns stood by their king, and the invaders were driven back, the French fleet being also destroyed by the Admiral Roger de Lauria. Pedro died soon after, in 1285, leaving Aragon and Catalonia to his eldest son Alfonso III. and the kingdom of Sicily to the second son Jayme, who in the course of a few years inherited the whole dominion on the death of his brother. It is worthy of note that during the contest with regard to Sicily and Aragon, Edward I. of England had been chosen to arbitrate. But now Pope Boniface VIII. took the matter in hand and induced Jayme to give up his claim to Sicily, by the promise of making him King of Sardinia and Corsica, which he raided from Genoa and Pisa, but was in effect ruler only in name. The Pope did not carry out his plan, for the youngest son of King Pedro, Fadrique, clung to Sicily, which had become his fief, and fought so well that he kept it on condition of marrying the daughter of Charles of Anjou, the rival claimant

It is interesting to remember in connection with

this prince, that a company of adventurers from Catalonia set forth on a warlike expedition to the East in 1302, and when they had overcome Macedonia, they offered the Dukedom of Athens to Don Fadrique. This accounts for the title being proudly flaunted for generations by the kings of Spain.

King Jayme II. of Aragon was succeeded in 1327 by his son Alfonso IV., whose time was absorbed for nearly forty years in naval contests with Genoa. The reign of his son Pedro IV. the Ceremonious, was one long dispute with his nobles, in which he was on the whole successful, and the liberties of the people were established. He also distinguished himself by conquering the French dominions of his cousin Jayme of Majorca, and by much fighting with his namesake Pedro the Cruel of Castile. His successor, Juan I., married a French princess, Violante, who gave much scandal to the grave Spaniards with her Courts of Love held by Provençal troubadours, and the King was compelled to yield, and dismiss them. He died out hunting, and was succeeded by his brother Martin the Humane, who found his chief occupation in fighting for Sicily and Sardinia. This contest was complicated by the enmity of Pope Boniface IX., for Spain had acknowledged the Cardinal of Aragon, Pedro de Luna, in his claim to the chair of St. Peter, at Avignon.

Martin died of fever in 1410, after the death of his only son, Martin of Sicily, and thus ended the male line of Aragon. After two years of conflict and anarchy, Fernando, the son of the late king's sister Leonora, was chosen King of Aragon.* He had already

* This was a second instance of succession through the female line.

greatly distinguished himself for six years as the "Good" Regent of Castile, and during his all too short reign of four years, he justified the devotion of his people by his wisdom and justice. He died at Igualada in 1416, leaving to his son, Alfonso V., the kingdom of Aragon, Barcelona and Valencia, and the lordship of Majorca, Sardinia and Sicily. He was a man of restless ambition who carried on the Catalonian tradition of empire in the Mediterranean and spent most of his time in Italy, while his Castilian wife remained as Regent in Aragon.

The affairs of Spain now become complicated with the intrigues of Giovanna II., Queen of Naples, after whose death Alfonso defeated the other claimant, Réné of Anjou, and became King of Naples and Sicily, in 1435. The softer climate appears to have had a special charm for him, as he spent the rest of his life at Naples, which he left in 1458 to his illegitimate son Fernando, who became the founder of a new dynasty. His brother Juan, who inherited the forsaken kingdom of Aragon, was already in possession of Navarre through his wife Blanche, who died in 1441, and whose rightful heir was her son the young Prince of Viana.

We have now at length reached the period of our "Queen Isabel of Castile," for this Juan II. married a second wife, Juana Henriquez, daughter of the Admiral of Castile, and their son Fernando was destined by his alliance with Isabel finally to unite the crowns of Castile and Aragon into one great realm—the Kingdom of Spain.

THE UNITED KINGDOM OF CASTILE AND LEON.

Alfonso II. of Castile and VII. of Leon, who came to his twofold inheritance in 1126, gave help both to Navarre and Aragon against their Moslem foes, and, claiming their homage, aspired to the title of "Imperator totius Hispaniæ." But this assumption of dignity was in no way justified, and it was as much as he could do to keep the warlike Almoravades from his gates. He unwisely divided his possessions between his sons, and during his time the Kingdom of Portugal, with the help of the Pope, became another distinct realm. In 1158 the grandson of the "Emperor" came to the throne of Castile under the name of Alfonso III.; he was most fortunate in his marriage with Eleanor Plantagenet, daughter of Henry II. of England, and his reign was distinguished by wisdom and energy. In the story of Aragon we have already mentioned the great victory won by the Christians over the Moors at Navas de Tolosa, which broke the might of Islam. Alfonso died two years after the battle, leaving his little son Enrique I. King of Castile, but he was killed by a falling tile, and his sister Berenguela, who was married to the King of Leon, was at once chosen to succeed him.

Berenguela appears to have been a woman of much character and ability, worthy of her Plantagenet ancestors. She abdicated in favour of her son Fernando, guarded his interests in every way, and thirteen years later, on the death of his father, Alfonso IX. of Leon, she convoked the Cortes, and by her promptness and wise diplomacy secured for her son the undisputed sovereignty of the two realms of Leon and Castile, which were never more divided. 1230.

Fernando III. the Saint, was now able to devote himself entirely to his Moorish conquests, and he led his army southward through the plains, reconquering the frontier cities of Ubeda and Baesa. In 1235, the splendid capital of the Omeyyad Khalifs, the sacred city of Cordova, fell before the banner of the Cross, to the dismay of the Mohammedan world. Then King Fernando carried his triumphant arms still farther south, and with the help of the tributary king of Granada, Seville the great centre of Moorish commerce was taken, and when Fernando III. died here four years later, only the kingdom of Granada remained of the once magnificent dominion of the Moors in Spain.

His son, Alfonso X. El Sabio, succeeded him, but he was learned rather than wise, for he devoted his life to wild and fruitless schemes of conquest. He tried to take possession of Gascony, under the plea that it had been promised as a dowry to his great-grandmother, Eleanor Plantagenet. He besieged Bayonne, but was persuaded to make a treaty by which he gave his sister Eleanor as wife to Prince Edward of England, with the disputed province for her dowry. There was a splendid wedding at Burgos, and we know how beloved in after years was that dear Queen of Edward I., to whose memory so many stately crosses were raised on her funeral journey.

Alfonso's next ambition was to be elected Emperor, claiming through his mother, who was grand-daughter of the Emperor Frederick. He wasted much time and money on this futile scheme, which was always opposed by Rome, and the matter was finally settled by the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg. His was a troublous

reign, as he contrived to offend everybody connected with him. His subjects rebelled, led by his son Sancho, and the weak sovereign applied at the same time for help from the Emperor of Morocco, and for the excommunication of the rebel by the Pope. To complete the story, he is said to have died of anxiety and grief, because his son Sancho, this new Absalom, had a serious illness. He left behind him the reputation of being a man of letters and a minor poet.

In 1284, Sancho IV. succeeded to the throne, ignoring the legacies of the late King to his other sons and to his two grandchildren, the La Cerdas, and found that he had to face a long civil war The King of Aragon took part against him, and the Moors from Africa were also brought into the conflict, which lasted until the death of Sancho El Bravo, after eleven years of fighting. His little son, Fernando IV., was the luckless ruler of a divided realm with rebels on every side. In this dark hour, the situation was saved by the wisdom and courage of his mother, Maria de Molina, who had been appointed Regent. The young King grew up unworthy and ungrateful; but he had a short and tempestuous life. Having unjustly condemned to death two knights of his Court, Ben Al Harib,* writing fifty years later, says that they summoned him to meet them before the Throne of the Great Judge, within thirty days; which he appears to have done, and is known as "The Summoned."

His successor, the infant King Alfonso XI., came into nominal possession of his troubled heritage in 1312, and a fierce contest ensued for the Regency. A time of anarchy was the natural consequence, of which

* Quoted by Martin Hume.

the Moors took advantage to invade and ravage Castile. For a while, after much contest, the capable Maria de Molina was the sole Regent, and she continued her wise policy of encouraging the confederations of towns to balance the power of the nobles. But she died soon after, and her grandson assumed the royal prerogative at the age of fourteen. He carried on her policy, and while confirming the rights of the citizens endeavoured to secure the right of appointing their Alcaldes. During the whole of his reign he was greatly interested in social legislation, and many useful edicts were added to the statutes. But the chief fame of Alfonso XI. rests upon his successful wars against the Moors of Spain. The important stronghold of Gibraltar had been taken by the King of Granada, and Algeciras in the bay opposite being also in his possession, the Emperor of Morocco had no difficulty in landing a large army on Spanish ground. This was a defiance to all Christendom, and Alfonso summoned his Cortes at Seville, and "with his crown on one side and his sword on the other," told them of the peril. His brave words carried the day; with the help of the Pope, peace was made with Portugal and Aragon, a number of Genoese galleys were hired and a kind of crusade was set on foot. It is interesting to us to know that "el Conde de Arbi et el Conde de Solusber" (the Earls of Derby and Salisbury) "joined for the salvation of their souls and to see and know King Alfonso." On a previous occasion Lord James Douglas, on his journey to the Holy Land with the heart of Robert Bruce, had paused on the way to help Alfonso in fighting the Moors. Also Chaucer's "verray perfight gentil knight."

"In Gornade atte siege hadde he be of Algesir."

After some losses, Castilian galleys being destroyed, and the Genoese hired sailors giving much trouble, a great victory was gained by the Christians at Salado near Tarifa, 1340. News of this success—with Moorish captives, banners, and the King's own war-horse—were sent to the Spanish Pope Benedict XIII. at Avignon. It had now become a matter of vital importance to obtain command of Algeciras, the key of the Straits, by which the Moors of Africa could always come to the help of those in Spain. But it was not until 1344 that the coveted fortress at length fell into the hands of Alfonso after a gallant defence of more than a year and a half. Still Gibraltar remained unconquered, and it was at the siege of this place that the brave Alfonso XI. fell a victim to the plague in 1350.

He was the last of the fighting Kings of Castile, and his successor, Pedro I., had his time fully occupied in constant struggles with his own kin and with his nobles. He showed himself so fierce and violent that he received the unenviable title of El Cruel. The cities which rebelled against him were treated with unrelenting ferocity; his half-brothers, the sons of Maria de Gusman, fell victims to his vengeance, and she herself is believed to have died by violence. Pedro was induced to marry a French princess, Blanche de Bourbon, but the hapless lady was forsaken and imprisoned, while her place was taken by one Maria da Padilla, whose daughter Costanza married John of Gaunt in later days.

As time passed on, Pedro had made himself so hated that when his eldest half-brother Enrique of Trastamara invaded the kingdom, his followers deserted him, and he escaped for his life to Aquitaine, where he

sought the aid of Edward the Black Prince. A long struggle ensued, in which Bertrand du Guesclin, with his "White Companies" of Bretons, took the side of Enrique; victories were won on either side, until the brothers met in the castle of Montiel, and this time Pedro the Cruel fell by the dagger of Enrique, who was made King by the nobles of Castile.

This placed the new sovereign in a difficult position, as it was absolutely necessary for him to gain the good-will of the towns. He set himself to make new laws on their behalf, and one strange concession for those days was, that representatives chosen by the burgesses should sit in his council with the nobles and prelates. He next turned his attention to Portugal, which opposed his claim, and advanced as far as Lisbon before a treaty was made.

A new competitor for the throne now arose, being none other than John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who had married Costanza, daughter of Pedro the Cruel. This was not pressed seriously until later, when, after much fighting with Portugal, Navarre and Aragon, Enrique II. died and was succeeded by his son Juan I. in 1379. This prince married the heiress of Portugal, but when he endeavoured to enter into possession of that province he met with a terrible defeat on the field of Aljubarrota.

This was John of Gaunt's opportunity; he landed at Coruña with his English army, and at Santiago he and his wife were crowned King and Queen of Castile with great pomp. He was carrying on the war when, as so often happened, the plague broke out, and he was compelled to retreat into Portugal. Ever astute in the making of alliances, he married his eldest daughter to

the King of Portugal, and made peace with Castile by arranging that his daughter Catherine should marry Enrique, the young son of King Juan I. of Castile, thus ensuring the succession for his race. Upon this he resigned all pretensions for himself and his wife, receiving a large sum of money in gold for the expenses of the war.

In the internal rule of his kingdom, Juan gave more and more power to the towns, while the nobles lost influence until the death of the King—leaving his successor Enrique, a child of eleven—gave them a chance of obtaining the Regency. When he ruled in his own name, the policy was changed at once, but while the citizens were protected, slowly and surely the chief power was placed in the hands of the King himself. Enrique III. had a prosperous reign : the Canary Isles became a fief of Castile, the first possession beyond the sea, and he took so much interest in distant politics as to send an ambassador to congratulate the conquering Tamerlane at Samarcand.

He died young, in 1407, leaving once more the anxieties of a long minority, for his heir Juan II. was but two years old. Fortunately his mother, Catherine of Lancaster, and his uncle Fernando, the Regents, were wise and prudent, and for six years the land had peace, until Fernando accepted the throne of Aragon, when troubles began, and reached their climax on the death of Catherine of Lancaster. Juan was declared of age by the Cortes at the age of fourteen, but he was unfit to rule with capacity ; the nobles of his Court fought for supremacy until one, Alvaro de Luna, became prime favourite and carried all before him.

The young King had married his cousin Maria of

Aragon, by whom he had one son, Enrique, but at the age of forty, being a widower, he was persuaded by Alvaro to marry the Infanta Isabel of Portugal.

We have now brought down the story of Castile and Leon to the time of our heroine Isabel of Castile, for she was the eldest child of this marriage, and everything connected with her life will be more fully dwelt upon than is possible in this brief survey of the making of her Castile.

We have seen Spain rise out of the dim legendary past; we have watched the great wave of Moorish invasion sweep over the land with new and powerful influence upon its making. We have traced, one by one, the rise of the Christian kingdoms of Asturias and Leon, of Castile and Aragon, through storm and stress—ever strengthening and moulding the race, by battle and alliance, by peace and war, by the slow growth of laws and institutions. Every upward step has been reached with sacrifice, and pain, and labour of earnest men, fighting for their rights to the death—as must ever be in the making of a great nation.

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF ISABEL

Her Birth and Early Life.

In the ancient castle of Madrigal, on one long past spring day—April 22, 1451—there came into the world a little girl-child, who was destined to play a great part therein. Infanta of Castile as she was, of royal lineage, no great expectations hung upon her birth; she was hailed with no great welcome of an expectant people as her kingdom's hope, for there was already an heir to the throne: her half-brother Enrique, many years older than herself.

The little walled town of Madrigal, famous as the birth-place of the great Queen, stands on the high and bleak table-land of the province of Avilâ, in Castile. The names of the four ancient gates in the city wall point out its exact position; that on the eastern rampart points the way to Arévalo, on the south to Peñaranda, on the west to Cantalapiedra, and on the north to Medina del Campo. The magnificent tower of the fortrêss stands up defiantly, and from the chambers within there is a splendid view over the vast tawny plain flecked with cloud shadows, bare and treeless, lonely and wind-blown. Here and there a river winds like an azure riband across the land, while, far apart, little umber-

coloured villages spread out in dim perspective until they are lost in the silver-grey mist of the far horizon.

In the old church of San Nicholas—with its exquisite arches and arabesques, and octagonal cupola dazzling with gold and jewels of light—there is still pointed out the ancient font in which the Infanta Isabel was baptized. The little town of Madrigal may be dull and poor to-day but, with such proud memories, it is royal still.

At the time of her birth, the father of Isabel—King Juan II.—was drawing near the end of his long and troubled reign, which had begun in his infancy. As we have already seen, the realm was fortunate in having two wise and capable Regents during most of his minority—his English grandmother, Catherine Plantagenet, and Don Fernando, afterwards the "Good" King of Aragon. After their death the struggle for the Regency was ended by declaring the young Prince Juan to be of age at fourteen years old, and then began the long contest with his nobles, which lasted all his life. He was of a weak and yielding disposition, and had early found his master in a certain Alvaro de Luna, a lad of his own age, a nephew of the Spanish anti-Pope Benedict XIII., who had once been Archbishop of Toledo. As a page of Queen Catherine, Alvaro had been the chosen friend and companion of her grandson, and as time passed on, by his marvellous personal influence, his skill and ability, he became the true ruler of Castile. In vain were the prelates and great nobles bitterly opposed to him; again and again did they compass his exile, only to see him return more insolent and triumphant than ever, with still greater wealth and dignity awaiting him.

We are told that he was lord of more than seventy towns and fortresses, that he was richer than the King himself and that, besides other titles, he was Constable of Castile and Grand Master of Santiago, the first of the military orders.

Juan II. had married in his boyhood the Princess Maria, daughter of Fernando of Aragon, and had one son Enrique, who as he grew up joined the side of the disaffected courtiers against his father and Alvaro de Luna. Even Queen Maria took part against the favourite, who on her death actually had the arrogance to choose her successor. He selected as the King's second wife the Doña Isabel of Portugal, granddaughter of Philippa Plantagenet. But the despotic Minister had cause to rue his choice, for this very lady, who owed her position to him, was no sooner Queen of Castile than she joined the ranks of his foes. Possibly through her influence, the King began to look with jealous eyes upon the great Constable who was sovereign in all but name, and within a few years Alvaro was taken prisoner by treachery, tried by a court hastily called together, and sentenced to death.

We have a most striking and pathetic picture of the last fatal scene in this tragedy, when the fallen statesman was led on a mule through the streets of Valladolid with the King's herald riding before him to proclaim his crime and its punishment. On the scaffold, robed in his long mantle of blue camlet lined with fox fur, he protested that he had ever been loyal to his King, and met his fate like a brave man, amid the lamentations of the common people, to whom he had ever been a good friend.

This tragic end to a great career happened in 1453,

and King Juan, overcome with sorrow and remorse, died within the year, when his daughter had scarcely reached the age of three. Had he lived in happier days, Juan II. might have left only a pleasing memory of one distinguished in arts and letters, for he was a great patron of learning, and himself no mean poet and musician. He had a love for all the pastimes of chivalry, "he was free and gracious, he loved painting, he played, sang, and made verses, and he danced well," we are told. But as a sovereign he was a failure, and there is truth in the somewhat unkind remark that "King Juan did one thing and one thing only for posterity, and that was to leave behind him a daughter who in no way resembled her father."

Just a year before his death a second son had been born to him in 1453, and received the name of Alfonso. To this infant Juan II. left by will, with other property, the Grand Mastership of the Order of Santiago, and recommended the care of his wife and family to Enrique IV., his rebellious eldest son, now his successor to the throne of Castile. To his daughter Isabel, Juan left the town of Cuellar with its territory to the east of Medina del Campo, and a certain sum in gold pieces. This city must have been a place of some importance, as we hear of a Cortes being held there by the new King shortly afterwards. The widowed Queen appears to have kept on good terms with her stepson, and her dowry was punctually paid. It was chiefly derived from the towns of Madrigal, Arévalo, and Soria on the borders of Aragon, which had been surrendered to Castile in 1136. Pedro the Cruel had promised it to Lord Talbot in 1360 in reward for his services, but the English knight never received his reward.

On the death of her husband, Isabel of Portugal removed with her two young children to the palace of Arévalo, where she dwelt in peaceful seclusion with them for the next eight years ; happy for her, in so far as she has left no record in history. The palace appears to have been a favourite dwelling-place for the Queens of Castile; Maria of Aragon, the mother of King Enrique, had spent her last days here, and the same fate awaited his stepmother in the future. The position of the little town was less isolated than that of Madrigal, being on the great highway to Madrid from Medina del Campo, the city of the plain, a great centre of the corn-growing district, where three crowded fairs were held every year.

Arévalo also had the advantage of being situated on a river, the Adaja, a broad rushing stream with its border of rich green foliage, which gave an added charm to the wide stretch of open corn land, and fields of purple saffron. In this quiet country home, the widowed mother devoted herself to the education of the little boy and girl and, in so far as their character was concerned, the result gives us a very high idea of her own personal merit.

But the passionate desire for learning which at that time was so remarkable a feature of the Renaissance in Italy, had as yet little influence on the teaching of the young in Spain. More than thirty years before, Cecilia Gonzaga was taught by the great Vittorino da Feltre to recite Latin verse and read Chrysostom at eight years old, and at twelve to write Greek "with singular purity," and we are all familiar with the wonderful erudition of the princesses of the House of Este. Isabel of Castile may have had quite as

much intelligence, but she had not the same advantages; a loss which she strove to atone for in later years by diligent study. She appears to have had a strongly religious education, and learnt to write and speak well in her own tongue, but she knew no Latin, and it is doubtful whether she even understood enough French to enjoy the Provençal romances which were so popular at that day. A prayer-book of hers still exists, on the margin of which she painted Scripture subjects, and there is no doubt that she was taught all the mysteries of fine needlework and of delicate embroidery on gold and silver—a soothing employment which beguiled her cares all through life, as the wonderful altar-cloths and emblazoned banners presented to many a church and city bear witness. This was assuredly a taste acquired in childhood, for it is rarely commenced with zeal in later life.

We can picture to ourselves the little fair-haired girl bending over her embroidery frame while she listened to the enchanting legendary tales of her own land; the heroic deeds of Bernardo del Carpio, or of the splendid and well-beloved Cid; or maybe even an early version of the story of Amadis of Gaul, with all the gallant knights and fair ladies of distant Britain, which had been recently translated into Castilian, and was handed on in manuscript from one reader to another. From such tales the listener may have unconsciously been inspired with the idea of "personal exaltation through sacrifice"; the true note of this early romantic literature—of which the rank overgrowth in later years was so remorselessly ridiculed by Cervantes.

In one point at least Isabel would rival the princesses

of Italy, for outdoor sports were quite as much cultivated in Spanish Courts. She and her brother, we may be sure, were accustomed to ride boldly from their earliest childhood, for this was a necessity of life in the days when every journey had to be performed on horseback. They would also learn to go hunting and hawking with a train of attendants, in the princely style demanded by Castilian etiquette, and would enjoy many a long day's excursion in that wild open country, facing the bleak wind of the uplands and laying up a store of energy and courage for the years to come.

Their royal father had been an ardent collector of learned works, and probably the palace of Arévalo was well stored with manuscripts. Isabel may thus have had access to the chronicles of her nation's history, and we may wonder whether she laid to heart the lesson taught by the disastrous life of her ancestress, Queen of Castile and Leon—Uraca, name of evil omen to her land. But at this time she was too far removed from all prospect of succession to the throne for such warnings to trouble her much, as her two brothers intervened. Still we may imagine that ambitious hopes passed through the mind of the Queen Mother, for her boy Alfonso was next heir to his brother King Enrique, who had no children, although he had been twice married.

It will be needful to give some account of Enrique IV. of Castile and Leon, to prepare the way for the great change which took place in the life of the Infanta Isabel in 1462. While he was still Prince of Asturias in 1440 he married the Lady Blanche, eldest daughter of Juan of Portugal and the Queen of Navarre. We

have a very picturesque account of the meeting between Enrique and his bride, who came with her mother to the town of Briviesca, above Burgos, to be the guests of Don Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, the "Good" Count de Haro. There a great reception awaited them, with feasting and tournament after the fashion of the time; dances of knights and gentlemen in the palace, and mummers and bull-fights, and cane tourneys (in which canes were used instead of lances).

King Enrique himself is described to us as being "large of stature and stout of limb, with an aspect ferocious and like unto a lion, whose gaze struck terror into those on whom he looked." He had a fair skin and big blue eyes set far apart; a mass of red hair and a long untrimmed beard. But this shaggy giant was by no means so formidable as he appeared, for though he was always in rebellion during his father's life, he did not distinguish himself in any successful war of his own. He made a great show of invading the territory of the Moors, but during three successive campaigns he did little more than ravage and lay waste the fertile Vega of the kingdom of Granada, beating a retreat whenever the Moors advanced in force against him. In his domestic affairs he exposed himself to the contempt of his people. After twelve years of marriage he obtained a divorce from his wife Blanche on the ground that there were no children. We shall return later to the story of that hapless lady, whose foes were always those of her own household.

In 1455, a year after his accession, he married a second time, choosing this time the Princess Juana, sister of Alfonso V., King of Portugal. She was a

lady of gay and light manners, caring only for amusement, and her Court became a scene of such wild extravagance and frivolity that it was a by-word to the whole of Castile. Even in the previous reign the taste for reckless expenditure in dress had reached such a pitch that Juan himself wrote in his Chronicle that "silks, gold tissue and brocades are now common wear, and bullion trimmings, marten fur and ermine lining are worn even by those of low estate. Working women now wear garments that are only fit for fine ladies, and persons of all ranks sell everything they possess in order to adorn their person."

But worse than mere extravagance was soon laid to the charge of the young Queen, and her shameless intimacy with the king's chief favourite, Beltran de la Cueva, was the scandal of the Court. Troubles arose on all sides, the royal authority was treated with contempt, and the disorders were at their worst when in 1462 a daughter was born to Queen Juana, and the Cortes were summoned to acknowledge the infant Juana as heir to the throne. At the same time the King sent to Arévalo to secure the persons of his half-brother Alfonso, now a boy of nine, and his sister the Infanta Isabel, that by having them under his care at the Court of Madrid, he might prevent any rival claims being set up on their behalf.

Their unhappy mother was powerless to resist, but we may imagine her grief and anxiety at having her tenderly loved and guarded children henceforth exposed to the temptations of the most corrupt Court in Europe.

We have no reason to believe that she was as yet touched with that sad mental trouble which was

to overshadow so deeply the later years of her life, cherished and protected to the end by the passionate devotion of her daughter. Yet, with any tendency to gloom and melancholy, the years which followed of brooding solitude in her lonely palace of Arévalo, can only have had an evil influence on the poor Queen. The parting may have seemed a less serious matter to the children, for they could not realise the dangers before them, and the change to an unknown world has always the elements of hope and adventure to the young. It was indeed a gay, brilliant life to which they were welcomed in the splendid Moorish Alcazar of Madrid, which had recently been greatly enlarged and rebuilt by King Enrique, and in the palace of Segovia, which was also a favourite abode of the Court. We are told of splendid tournaments, in which the knights glittered with sparkling jewels, of great feasts enlivened with jugglers and mimes, of musical entertainments, strange dances and "comic actions."

Yet we are assured that in the midst of all these dazzling shows the Infanta Isabel, now eleven years old in 1462, retained the simplicity of her country life, and that her "mien and behaviour were sedate and cheerful." She had already been betrothed to the young Prince Carlos of Viana, heir of Navarre, whose tragic death in 1461 left her open to fresh offers of marriage from all sides, but the story of her various suitors is so interesting that it will be dwelt upon fully in another chapter.

Meantime the infant daughter of Queen Juana was the unconscious cause of a terrible convulsion in the kingdom, and it was freely asserted that she was illegitimate and had no right to the succession. Open

rebellion soon broke out, and the nobles met at Burgos to protest against swearing allegiance to the hapless little Juana, who henceforth is usually spoken of as "La Beltraneja"; they demanded that the King should name his brother Alfonso as his heir, and that he should redress the grievances of his people. Beltran de la Cueva was also to return at once to Prince Alfonso the Grand Mastership of Santiago, which had been taken from him.

At this crisis of his history King Enrique refused to listen to the advice of his old tutor, the warlike Bishop of Cuenca, who counselled a determined resistance to the rebels. "You priests who are not called upon to fight are very ready to shed the blood of others!" was his taunting reply. He preferred diplomacy to war, and sent various deputies to meet the nobles and discuss the terms of peace. The two sides met at the town of Cigales in December 1464, and the King was compelled to yield in every particular. The boy Alfonso was given into the hands of Enrique's opponents to be declared heir of Castile, with the futile condition that he should promise to marry his infant niece Juana. Beltran de la Cueva was to be deprived of all his dignities, and his supporters were to be banished. One clause even ran that "the King should employ a proper confessor and confess and receive absolution at least once a year." Also that he should "make no new tax on the people without the consent of the *three estates*."

The King weakly consented to everything, with the result that the people's contempt took the curious form of dethroning him in effigy, with trumpet blast and challenging heralds, while the crown, the sword, and

the sceptre, were torn from him with cries and curses of the assembled populace, and the image was dragged to the ground and trodden under foot. The young Alfonso was then placed on the vacant throne, proclaimed King in his brother's place, and civil war raged through the land. This was in July, 1465. The great cities of the south, Toledo, Seville, and Cordova, with much of Andalusia, took the side of the rebels, but in the northern provinces, the Count of Haro, the Marquis of Santillana and other powerful lords remained faithful to Enrique. It was a terrible time, for the whole land was torn asunder by rival claims; even the churches were fortified and used as strongholds by the unfortunate citizens who happened to be in a minority, for not only city fought against city, but street against street.

We cannot unravel the tangled politics of the King, the nobles and the prelates, but Pacheco, Marquis of Villena, a former favourite of Enrique, who had joined the rebels, turned again to the other side after the undecisive battle of Olmedo, where the turbulent Archbishop of Toledo was wounded by a lance. We have a most picturesque description of this warlike prelate as he rode to battle at the head of his forces, clad in polished mail, under a gorgeous scarlet mantle embroidered with a white cross. By his side rode the boy prince Alfonso, a gallant figure in his splendid suit of armour; the two were ever in the thick of the fight and were the last to remain on the field of battle.

A curious incident is mentioned, which gives us an insight into the chivalrous ideal of that day. Before the fight began, the Archbishop of Toledo sent a squire to Beltran de la Cueva to warn him that forty brave

knights had sworn to take his life before sunset. The courtly noble sent back in proud defiance a full description of the armour and crest he was about to wear, which would point him out to his foes.

The King, who was in a condition of wretched despair, was only too glad to accept any offer of mediation from Pacheco, but matters had gone beyond the control of the rulers. The state of Castile is described as deplorable beyond all words. No man dared move abroad beyond the walls of his city without an armed escort; for the nobles came down from their castles like beasts of prey, and the defenceless traveller was forced to redeem his liberty by a shameful ransom. At length the people attempted to take the matter into their own hands, and revived the ancient confederacy of the "Hermandad de Castilla," which had been originally formed as long back as 1295 in a similar time of trouble, to protect the land from pillage and oppression. Some measure of relief was obtained by this, but the contest between nobles and citizens became only more bitter.

During this time of anarchy and distress, the Infanta Isabel remained at Court with King Enrique and his wife, and appears to have behaved with tact and discretion in the difficult situation in which she found herself, "showing great respect and gentleness" to Queen Juana, while all the time her heart was with her young brother, whose career she watched with anxious hopes and misgivings. But after the battle of Olmeda in 1467, when there appears to have been a temporary truce for negotiations, she took advantage of it to seek a refuge with Alfonso and his adherents, when they came into possession of Segovia. This

ancient city—with its magnificent Roman aqueduct, and the fortress palace of the Alcazar, on which Enrique lavished so much expense—is full of memories of Isabel, and we shall have occasion to return here again and again. The young girl was probably driven to escape from her brother's Court, in order to protect herself from an attempt to force upon her a hateful marriage with one of his favourites.

An event now happened which changed the aspect of affairs and brought dismay to the rebels. The young Prince Alfonso, nominal King of Castile, who for the last three years had been a puppet in their hands, was suddenly stricken with mortal sickness, and died on July 5, 1468, in the little village of Cardeñosa, near Avila.

We are told that his sister received news of his illness, and, riding to Cardeñosa in desperate haste, she was with him at the end, and he breathed his last in her arms. There were strong suspicions of poison, the common and often true explanation, when the death of a prince occurred at so opportune a moment for his enemies. This young lad, who was only fifteen, had won golden opinions from all who knew him, and gave promise of a noble character, with a keen sense of right and justice.

On his death, Isabel, in her grief and loneliness, sought shelter in the Cistercian convent of Saint Ana, within the strongly fortified hill-city of Avila. But this congenial life with the white-robed nuns in the peaceful seclusion of the cloister, was soon disturbed by an invasion from the outside world. It took the form of a stately embassy headed by the Archbishop of Toledo, who came complacently to offer her the

splendid title of Queen of Castile, as successor to her brother Alfonso. As the burly prelate paid his homage to the fair young princess, in her simple mourning robe of white serge, he can have expected nothing but a modest acceptance of so great an honour.

But with a clear insight and wise policy far beyond her years, Isabel calmly declined the tempting offer of a crown, to which she asserted that no one else had a right during the life of King Enrique. So great was her desire for the good of her country, and for peace between her over-zealous partisans and her brother, that she earnestly proffered her services as mediator. We can imagine the surprise and dismay of the wily churchman at finding himself thus baffled by a frail girl. In vain he exerted all his influence, and the priestly eloquence which few women could resist, to overcome her objections; the princess remained unmoved, and with rage in his heart the proud archbishop was at length forced to retire from her presence, beaten and humiliated. Even at this distance of time, when we can calmly survey the situation, we marvel at the exceeding strength of will and purpose in a girl of sixteen, who could thus refuse a dazzling position, and carve out her own line of action entirely opposed to the wishes of all those around her, the ardent supporters of her dead brother and his claims.

The Infanta Isabel had her way. Enrique IV. was willing to make any concessions if his throne were secured to him for his life, and a great meeting was held at a monastery some miles south of Avila, at a village called Toros de Guisando. The ancient granite bulls in the courtyard saw a goodly company that

day, September 9, 1468, when the great nobles and prelates of Castile assembled in their splendid gala dresses of brocade, glittering with gold and embossed with jewels. They first took the oath of allegiance to the King, who embraced his young sister and presented her, as the heiress of Castile and Leon, to all the great vassals, who kissed her hand in token of homage. This was afterwards confirmed within forty days, by the Cortes in solemn conclave at Ocana, and thus Isabel was proclaimed to the world as the lawful successor.

The terms of this peace were so humiliating to King Enrique, that we can quite believe the report that he never meant to abide by them. He was to divorce his wife Juana and send her back to Portugal, her unfortunate daughter, the "Beltraneja," was branded as illegitimate, and Isabel was made Princess of Asturias; she was not to be married against her will, and might choose her own husband with the King's consent. As to the poor little Princess Juana, who was thus set aside, and who was for many years the unhappy victim of political intrigues, there has always been considerable doubt as to her rightful claim; but in any case, we cannot blame Isabel for accepting the general assurance that she was the rightful heir to the crown. As such, her marriage now became a matter of great importance, and it will be interesting to follow in succession the history of the various wooers who competed for the honour of her hand.

CHAPTER V

THE SUITORS OF THE INFANTA ISABEL

WE must now leave for a time the troubles of the realm of Castile under her weak and incapable monarch and return to the story of Isabel. In those days, a sister or daughter was always a most useful counter in the game of politics, and Enrique IV. was not likely to forget her importance. An alliance with the great maritime power of Aragon was one much to be desired, and at the age of nine years the young Infanta was betrothed to Carlos, Prince of Viana, eldest son of King Juan II. of Aragon and rightful King of Navarre, which he inherited from his mother, Queen Blanche on her death in 1441. His elder sister Blanche, who had married King Enrique and, as we have seen, had been divorced by him, and his younger sister Eleanor, who was the wife of Gaston de Foix, would be the successive heirs of Navarre in the event of his death without children.

Juan of Aragon had taken as his second wife Juana Henriquez, daughter of the Admiral of Castile, and a son, Fernando, was born to her in 1452, whose splendid destiny in the future as joint sovereign of

Aragon and Castile was little dreamt of. As a jealous stepmother, anxious for the advancement of her own child, she appears to have encouraged the ill-feeling which already existed between her husband and his eldest son. This hapless Prince Carlos has always been an interesting figure in history, both from his own virtues and talents and from his unmerited misfortunes. We are told of him that: "Such were his temperance and moderation, such the excellence of his breeding, the purity of his life, his liberality and munificence, and such the sweetness of his demeanour, that no one thing seemed to be wanting in him which belongs to a true and perfect prince."* He was distinguished in music, painting and poetry, and wrote a Chronicle of Navarre, partly to beguile the sad hours of imprisonment, for the cruel persecution of his father knew no bounds. At length, when fortune seemed to smile on him, and he was received at Barcelona with the acclamations of an enthusiastic populace, he died suddenly, with suspicion of poison, in the autumn of 1461, at the age of forty.

Thus was the first betrothal of Isabel severed by death, shortly before she was removed from Arévalo to the royal Court. Her brother next tried to arrange a marriage for her with Alfonso V., King of Portugal and elder brother of his own wife Juana. This prince paid her a state visit in 1464, but the girl of thirteen strongly objected to a bridegroom so very much older than herself, and positively refused to yield, notwithstanding all the pressure put upon her. She pleaded that "an Infanta of Castile could not be given in marriage without the formal consent of the Cortes."

* "Lucio Marineo" (quoted by Prescott).

Two years later another scheme occurred to King Enrique, at a time when he was in the lowest depths of despair after the ignominy of his dethronement in effigy, and the proclaiming of his young brother Alfonso as King. It was suggested to him that he might win over some of the rebellious nobles, the Archbishop of Toledo and the Pacheco family, by giving his sister in marriage to Don Pedro Giron, Grand Master of the Order of Calatrava, who was one of his most serious opponents. This time, driven to distraction by his personal fears, Enrique was resolved to carry out his plan, and with the narrow obstinacy of a weak man, he would suffer no prayers or remonstrances to turn him aside. An envoy was sent to the Pope to obtain a dispensation for the Grand Master from his vow of celibacy, and great preparations were made in Madrid for the approaching ceremony.

Isabel was in despair, for never had danger come so near, and she saw no way of escape from this bridegroom of inferior birth, a man of fierce temper and evil reputation. Her faithful friend and maid of honour, Beatriz de Bobadilla, in an outburst of passionate loyalty, vowed that the rash suitor should die by her hand rather than wed her royal lady. This Doña Beatriz is spoken of by a contemporary writer as "wise, virtuous, and valiant"; and Prescott adds, in a note characteristic of his day: "The last epithet is singular for a female character."

But the lady's dagger was not needed. Don Pedro Giron, while riding triumphantly in splendid state to his wedding at Madrid, was stricken by sudden illness at a village on the road, and died in a few days, cursing his untoward fate. The Infanta Isabel was saved, for

the hollow truce between the contending factions now came to an abrupt end, and, as we have already seen, after the battle of Olmedo the young princess was able to escape from the Court, and seek the protection of her brother Alfonso and his adherents. The subsequent death of Alfonso, and the public acknowledgment of the Infanta Isabel as heiress to the crown of Castile and Leon, made a great change in her position and awoke a keen interest in foreign Courts.

A brother of Edward IV. of England, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., was tempted to make an application for her hand, and even went so far as to promise that he would leave his native land and take up his abode in Castile, if the alliance should be carried out. From what we know of his character, in the light of subsequent events, the Spanish princess had a fortunate escape.

Another suitor who appears to have been seriously considered was a brother of King Louis XI. of France, the Duke of Guienne, who was at this time heir presumptive to the French throne, for the future Charles VIII. was not yet born. France and Castile were on friendly terms, and their closer connection might have been useful to both countries, but there was this difficulty: If the Duke failed to inherit the crown he would not be a good match, while if he did become King of France, there was every reason to fear that Castile would be absorbed in the greater kingdom and be treated as a mere appanage.

Last, but not least, there was one more prince who longed to put his fortune to the touch, and win the favour of the much-desired fair lady. This was the younger brother of Isabel's betrothed, the unfortunate

Don Carlos, by whose death Fernando had become heir to the kingdom of Aragon, at the age of ten years. (He had no claim upon Navarre, of which the rights passed first to his half-sister Blanche, the divorced wife of Enrique IV., and after her cruel death to her sister Eleanor Countess of Foix, and her son. But in the end, nearly half a century later, it came to this Fernando, fortune's favourite.) All the ambitious designs of crafty old King Juan of Aragon, were centred upon this young son who resembled him so much in character.

There was every reason why an alliance between Castile and Aragon should be desired by both provinces. The great maritime power of Aragon would be indispensable to Castile in any designs on the conquest of the kingdom of Granada, so as to cut off all assistance from the Moorish hordes of Morocco. On the other hand, Aragon was engaged in exhausting conflicts with the navies of Genoa and Venice, and constantly opposed by France, so that the wealth of Castile held out enticing hopes of extension to the east beyond Sicily. These two great provinces of Spain once united might prove invincible. No one understood this more clearly than Juan II. of Aragon, and he spared no effort to carry out his ambitious designs for his son, while at the same time it is highly probable that Isabel fully understood the value of such an alliance to her country. No doubt other motives helped to this decision, for the young girl would have been attracted by all that she heard of the Prince of Aragon, who was in the flower of his youth, and about her own age.

We are told by Prescott that she had the careful

foresight to send her own chaplain on a private mission to the Courts of France and Aragon, that he might bring her back a true and particular description of her two suitors. It was a delicate inquiry, but the good priest seems to have given his advice in favour of Fernando, whom he praised as "a very proper man, with a comely visage and figure, and a brave spirit," while the Duke of Guienne was "a poor feeble creature, almost deformed, with rheumy eyes, unfit for knightly pursuits." In any case the heiress of Castile deliberately chose the Prince of Aragon, who had now received from his father the title of King of Sicily, and the marriage contract was finally signed by Fernando on January 7, 1469, at Cervera, near Barcelona, after some private negotiation about the conditions imposed.

He undertook to respect the laws and customs of Castile, to take up his abode in his wife's kingdom and not leave it without her consent; to make no appointments to civil or military posts without her approbation, and to leave her patron of all benefices. From these and other clauses, we see clearly that the rights of Isabel were carefully guarded; she was to be sovereign Queen of Castile, which represented the "Corona," while the smaller kingdom of Aragon was only the "Coronilla," or smaller crown. It reads rather like a treaty of alliance between two reigning princes than a marriage contract. A magnificent dower was promised to the young princess, greater than had been settled on any Queen of Aragon. One article of the contract shows very strongly Isabel's devotion to her mother, and the wise forethought which would leave nothing to chance: "Fernando is earnestly enjoined to cherish

and treat her mother with all reverence, and to provide suitably for her royal maintenance."

In the light of subsequent events, may we not read in this a pathetic misgiving with regard to the mental trouble which clouded the later years of the royal lady ?

These negotiations for the marriage appear to have been carried on secretly, while King Enrique and his ruling minister the Marquis of Villena were suppressing the rebels of the south. Isabel had taken advantage of their absence to join her mother in the palace of Madrigal, but here she found a dangerous foe in the Bishop of Burgos, a nephew of Pacheco. The match with Aragon was violently opposed by the Court party, and the Infanta Isabel was now in real danger, for orders were sent to the Archbishop of Seville to proceed in force to Madrigal and take her prisoner. She could obtain no help from the inhabitants, who were thoroughly overawed, and even her own servants and some of the ladies of her household fled in alarm. In this moment of peril, she turned to another of those warlike prelates who did their full share of fighting in those days, the Archbishop of Toledo who, with the Admiral of Castile, Fernando's grandfather, hastily collected a company of horsemen, rode to Madrigal at full speed, and gallantly carried off the princess to the loyal city of Valladolid, where she was received with triumphant rejoicing.

The next step of the baffled confederates was to keep watch and ward on the frontier of Aragon, to prevent the coming of the bridegroom ; but a hero of romance will always find a way, and it was in this guise that the young Prince of Aragon set forth on his adventurous

journey. Disguised as a muleteer, he started at night from the frontier town of Tarazona with his retinue, which to outward appearance was a company of merchants, and followed the valley of the Duero as far as Soria, then found their way by mountain paths to the little friendly town of Burgo de Osma, which they reached late on the second night. Wearied out with incessant travelling, the wayfarers thought all danger was at an end, and knocked abruptly at the great gate of the fortress, only to be received with a shower of stones from the battlements, which narrowly escaped putting an end to the whole adventure. Fortunately the new-comers were able to make themselves known, and were warmly welcomed by the commander who, with a strong escort of men-at-arms, conducted Fernando on his way the next morning, and guarded him as far as the little town of Duenas of Leon to the north of Valladolid, where he arrived on October 9. Here he was safe in the midst of the adherents of Isabel, who on hearing of his coming at once sent a messenger to her brother King Enrique, announcing the arrival of the prince and her approaching marriage, and assuring him of their dutiful submission.

The next scene in this drama, which had such mighty results for the future of all Europe, was the arrival of Fernando at Valladolid and the first meeting between the young betrothed. "Ese es, ese es!" ("This is he!") exclaimed one of the courtiers, who ever after had the right to emblazon the device SS on his escutcheon. It will be interesting to picture to ourselves the young man and maiden, as when they looked upon each other that day.

The chroniclers of Spain usually describe the beloved

Queen Isabel with such passionate admiration, that it is needful for us to make some allowance for their loyal enthusiasm. "The handsomest lady whom I ever beheld," as one of her household writes, may be a slight exaggeration, but the remark "and the most gracious in her manners" is very probably true. The portraits which exist of her are not very good paintings, and do not greatly resemble each other; but we gather that she was very pleasing in appearance, above middle height, with a good figure and dignified carriage. She was one of a fair race, and probably owed her rich auburn hair and blue eyes—"entre verdes y azules"—to her Plantagenet descent; she had regular features and a delicate white and pink complexion, and with her bright intelligence and cheerful temper, we can well believe that the young princess was most attractive. She was now eighteen and a half, about eleven months older than her bridegroom.

As for Fernando, he is described to us as of middle stature—not quite so tall as Isabel—well-proportioned, hardy and active from out-of-door pursuits, with an erect manly carriage. He had a good forehead, which gained in height from his being somewhat bald; his hair and massive eyebrows were of a bright chestnut hue and his eyes were piercing and animated. His mouth was well formed, showing small white irregular teeth, and he had a somewhat ruddy sunburnt complexion. We are also told that he had simple tastes in dress and food, that his temper was well under control, and that he was devout in his religious observances. It is an open question how much a man's character is formed before he is eighteen, but a great observer of men said of this prince that "he had more of bigotry than

of religion, that he was intensely ambitious and made war less like a paladin than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion ; and that his policy was ever cold, selfish and artful." As we follow his career we shall have reason to see how far this judgment was justified. In the days to come, he was to be called the "wise and prudent" in Spain; in Italy, "the pious"; in England and France, "the ambitious and perfidious"; "one of the most thorough egoists who ever sat on a throne."*

But much of this was hidden in the mists of time, and the two young people, who had that eventful interview one long-past autumn day in the palace of Valladolid, were a goodly pair ; a gallant handsome prince and a fair princess, with a splendid future awaiting them.

* Voltaire.

CHAPTER VI

THE MARRIAGE OF ISABEL AND HER SUCCESSION TO THE CROWN OF CASTILE

IN the ancient city of Vallodolid, by its green water-side in the midst of a treeless wind-blown plain, took place the great event of Isabel's life, her marriage with Fernando of Aragon, on October 19, 1469. The modest ceremony was performed in the grand old palace of Don Juan de Vivero, now known as "La Audiencia," by the Archbishop of Toledo, and there was no display of show or magnificence, as the royal personages were so poor that they had to borrow money for the needful expenses. Yet in its very simplicity it was a stately function where such mighty interests were concerned, and the palace chambers were thronged with enthusiastic supporters of the young heiress of Castile. One incident of the wedding was so characteristic of those concerned, that we cannot omit it.

The bride and bridegroom were within the forbidden degrees of relationship for they were second cousins, and a papal bull of dispensation was necessary. To meet this difficulty, the godless old King of Aragon, his son Fernando and the time-serving Archbishop of

J. Lacoste, phot. *Museo de Marina, Madrid*

KING FERNANDO OF ARAGON

Toledo agreed to forge the necessary document in order to satisfy the religious scruples of the pious Isabel. It may be added that when this came to her knowledge some years later she was much distressed, and lost no time in obtaining a genuine dispensation from Pope Sixtus IV. But this gives us an insight into the atmosphere of subterfuge and duplicity, which would pervade through life the secret counsels of Fernando the diplomatic.

Yet we have every reason to believe that there was a deep and strong affection between this husband and wife, who were so young when they began life together. The fierce light which beats upon a throne does not reveal any breach in the abiding love and tenderness which Isabel, to the close of her, life bestowed upon Fernando, and to which she alludes with touching simplicity in her last testament when she left him her jewels that "he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world."

The husband of this noble woman always treated her with the greatest consideration and respect, although his character was on a far lower plane than hers, and he was not free from the infidelities so common among the princes of his day. But all this was hidden in the dim shadows of the coming years, and the joyful acclamations of the loyal citizens of Valladolid on that auspicious wedding morning, are still ringing in our ears.

News of the wedding filled the Court of King Enrique with dismay, and his only reply to the conciliatory message from his sister was the curt remark that "he would take counsel with his Ministers." This

was really equivalent to an open declaration of war, for his next step was to announce that Isabel having broken her pledge not to marry without his permission, she had forfeited her claim to the throne, and the Beltraneja was proclaimed heir to the realm of Castile. He summoned the Cortes to take an oath of allegiance to Juana, but the towns sent no deputies, and only the nobles of his own Court were present. However, the result of this was that the poor child was betrothed to the Duke of Guienne, brother of Louis XI., Isabel's rejected suitor, who in the same year 1470 lost his position as heir to the throne of France, by the birth of the Dauphin afterwards Charles VIII. of France.

Meanwhile the Infanta Isabel had a time of dark anxiety and suspense to endure, and for many months the issue was doubtful. Her young husband, at the head of a company of Castilian horse, had joined his father the King of Aragon in his war with France for the possession of Roussillon and Cerdagne, while anarchy reigned through all the land which owned the sway of King Enrique. The nobles fought against each other from their walled fortresses, and one town was at feud with another, while the land lay desolate. For a while the adherents of the child Juana appear to have gained ground, and Isabel held her simple Court in the quiet town of Dueñas, where her eldest daughter, who received her name of Isabel, was born on October 1, 1470. At this period, she and her husband were so poor that they scarcely knew where to turn for the needful expenses of their household, while the disorder of the state had gone far to produce a famine in the land.

But the young princess kept a brave heart through

all her difficulties, and the dignity and wisdom of her personal character won golden opinions even in those early days. The great province of Andalusia, led by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and the provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa still remained loyal to her, and the influence of the papacy, now represented by Sixtus IV., supported her claims. The French Duke to whom the Beltraneja was betrothed died of poison in 1472, probably a victim to the treacherous jealousy of his brother. "Le roi Louis XI. ne fit peut-être pas mourir son frère, mais personne ne pensa qu'il en fût incapable." *

Some time after this, there was a brief truce between Enrique IV. and his sister, who had a friendly interview at Segovia, where Fernando also arrived to join in the festivities held on the occasion. We are told that Isabel rode through the crowded streets of the city while the King walked by her side holding the bridle of her palfrey. This meeting appears to have been arranged by Andres de Cabrera, afterwards Marquis of Moya, Alcayde of the citadel, who had married Doña Beatriz de Bobadilla, the Infanta's faithful friend, and if the incident had no other result, the loyal support of the Alcayde was most valuable on a future occasion.

On the night of December 11, 1474, Enrique IV. died from a lingering disease, unhonoured and unlamented, after a disastrous reign of twenty-three years. His end was hastened by the loss of his Minister, the Marquis of Villena, Grand Master of Santiago, who for so long had guided all his actions. Isabel was at the time in the city of Segovia, and a few days later she

* M. de Barante.

was there proclaimed Queen of Castile and Leon amidst the enthusiasm of the people. Fortunately for her, the royal treasure was under the control of her friend the Alcayde, or her position would have been almost hopeless. A splendid company of nobles and prelates and gallant knights and civic authorities in their robes of state met her at the gateway of the great keep of the Alcazar, which rears its massive walls with commanding majesty above the rock-built city. Beneath a canopy of rich brocade, the Queen, clad in royal garments of white brocade and ermine, rode her Spanish jennet, whose bridle was held on each side by two of the chief officers of the province, through the narrow winding streets, while a gorgeous herald on a war-charger in front of her, uplifted a naked sword in token of her sovereign state. In the broad Plaza of Segovia a throne was placed on a raised dais, and here Isabel took her seat and received the homage of her subjects, swearing to maintain the liberties of Castile and to keep inviolate the rights of her people. Then the royal banners were unfurled and floated in the air, amid the blasts of trumpets and ringing of bells, and a salute of cannons from the castle battlements. After this, the solemn procession moved slowly on to the ancient cathedral (long since destroyed and rebuilt), where the Te Deum was sung, and the new Queen knelt before the high altar to return thanks for the past and implore help for the future, that she might rule her people according to the will of God, and "discharge her high duties with equity and wisdom."

Her husband, the Prince of Aragon, was not present on this occasion, as he had again been summoned to help his father in the war with France. On his

arrival, he somewhat ungraciously set up his own claim to the throne of Castile, as heir of Fernando the Good; but Isabel maintained her rights with unyielding decision, and the question was referred to the Archbishops of Seville and Toledo. They found that, according to the law of Castile, Isabel was sole heir to the crown, and that she was "Reina proprietaria," of which there had been one instance before, in the case of Queen Uraca of unhappy memory. It was finally agreed that all royal grants, charters, and coins were to bear the names of both Fernando and Isabel, but the Queen was to be supreme in Church matters and to keep the finances in her own hands, while the governors of all the castles and strongholds of her kingdom were to be responsible only to her. The Cortes were summoned, and proclaimed their solemn recognition of Isabel as Queen of Castile.

But her troubles were not yet over, for the adherents of the Beltraneja now urged her claims more strongly than ever, and her cause was strengthened by the support of the Archbishop of Toledo, who was jealous of the rising influence of the Cardinal Mendoza with Queen Isabel. As he could no longer be supreme with his young mistress, he haughtily turned away to join her rival, boasting that "he had raised Isabel from the distaff and would send her back to it again."

Alfonso V. of Portugal saw an opening for his ambition at this critical moment, invaded the realm of Castile with a strong army, was betrothed to his niece Juana, and claimed the crown on her behalf. His ally, the King of France, invaded Biscay at the

same time, and the situation became most threatening. But Isabel never lost heart, and danger seemed only to stimulate her to fresh exertion. She summoned another Cortes at Medina del Campo, and roused her subjects to enthusiasm, until men and money poured in from all sides. She herself was indefatigable; after dictating despatches to her secretary all night, she would be on horseback all day, riding from one stronghold to another, encouraging the garrison everywhere by her presence, and making herself idolised for her spirit and dauntless courage. Fernando seconded her well, and by their united efforts they gathered together an army sufficient to encounter the King of Portugal, who had already taken possession of the strongholds of Toro and Zamora.

The great battle which decided the fate of the campaign was fought about five miles from the strong fortress of Toro, on a wide open plain, closed in by the Douro on one side and a ridge of precipitous hills on the other, on February 18, 1476. King Alfonso himself was at the head of his army, with his son, Prince Juan, on the left wing composed of the arquebusiers and the main body of cavalry, while the men-at-arms on the right were under the command of the warrior Archbishop of Toledo. The Prince of Aragon, supported by Admiral Henriquez and the Duke of Alva, advanced upon the enemy with his Castilians in order of battle, raising the stirring war-cry, "Santiago y San Lázaro!" and the engagement became general. Fiercely the battle raged as the day declined, and when their lances were shivered at the first encounter, the men fought hand to hand with swords, possessed by the wild fury of hereditary

foes. After some hours of deadly conflict, the Portuguese gave way on all sides, and as dusk closed in, their retreat became a rout. In the darkness of a stormy night some were drowned in the river Douro and, washed down by the tide, thus bore the tidings of their fatal defeat to the citizens of Zamora. Here Prince Fernando arrived in the early dawn, followed by his grandfather the warlike old admiral, and Cardinal Mendoza at the head of the victorious army. Amongst the banners taken was the royal standard of Portugal, after a heròic defence by the gallant knight who bore it, for, after losing first one arm and then the other, he held it to the last with his teeth.

This decisive and final victory set Queen Isabel firmly on the throne of Castile and crushed for ever all the hopes of the Beltraneja. The rebel nobles now openly proclaimed their allegiance to the sovereigns, and France sought an alliance with them. To celebrate this great victory, Fernando and Isabel made a vow to build a splendid collegiate church, San Juan de los Reyes, at Toledo, in which city they made a solemn thanksgiving procession, of which we have a minute and interesting account.*

Outside the Puerta de Visagra, or northern Moorish gate, on the open Vega, the citizens crowded to welcome their conquering rulers, with a gala company of musicians, dancers, and singers, who welcomed Fernando with the ballad :

"Flores de Aragon
Dentro en Castilla son,
Pendon de Aragon!
Pendon de Aragon!"

* Divina Retribucion, el Bachiller Palma.

After this warm reception outside the gate, near the hermitage of Sant Eugenio, the royal company entered the city, the Prince of Aragon in full armour on his warhorse, and Isabel by his side, riding a beautiful mule, splendidly caparisoned, the bridle being held by two noble pages. Followed by their gorgeous retinue, they rode slowly towards the cathedral by the famous three-cornered Moorish Zocodover and the Calle Real, while the highest dignitaries of the Church, the archbishop—himself a mitred king—the canons and the clergy in their pontifical garments, preceded by the Cross, came forth from the Puerta del Perdon to receive them. On each side of the arch above the doorway were two angels, and in the centre a young maiden richly clothed, with a golden crown on her head, to represent the image of "la bendita madre de Dios, nuestra Señora." When Fernando and Isabella and all the company had gathered round, the angels began to sing:

> "Tua est potentia, tuum est regnum Domine; tu es super omnes gentes: da pacem Domine in diebus nostris."

On the following day, while the rejoicings continued, there was another great procession at nine o'clock to present the trophies of war to the cathedral. Queen Isabel wore a rich skirt of white brocade flowered with castles and lions of gold, while round her neck was a collar of rubies, "balais," of rare beauty, the largest in the centre being said to have belonged to King Solomon. A golden crown set with precious stones rested upon her brow, and from her shoulders fell a magnificent ermine mantle of which the train was held by two

pages, bearing on their breasts a scutcheon of the arms of Castile. With great pomp and the blare of trumpets, royal banners floating around them, they passed beneath the splendid arched and carved portal of St. Ferdinand, and taking their places before the high altar, they heard mass within that shadowy temple, whose vast interior is like a mysterious grove of marble and granite.

As they passed on to the beautiful Capella de los Reyes Nuevos, Isabel and her husband paused before the tomb of their ancestor Juan I. of Castile, who nearly a hundred years before had been so terribly defeated on the fatal field of Aljubarrota. With a touch of romantic loyalty, they offered him the spoils of their late victory, and hung the torn standard of Portugal above his lonely resting-place. Surely here was a blotting out of defeat, and a pathetic atonement for past misfortunes with which to pay homage before the silent dust.

"Ferdinandus et Elisabet C.C. principes Hispaniorum," as the inscription runs, next laid the foundation-stone of the votive church of San Juan de los Reyes, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, under whose special protection the Queen had placed herself. The chosen architect was the famous Juan Guaz, "maestro major," and the church took years to build, for it was during a long absence of Fernando that his wife hurried on the completion of this exquisitely beautiful building, as a surprise to him. The church is one great nave divided into four harmonious vaults, carved with the most delicate stone lace-work. No two arches are alike; everywhere we find the arms of Castile and Aragon with the wedded cyphers of the King

and Queen, interlaced amid garlands of flower, fruit, and leaves, and marvellous grotesque images of every bird and beast which the eye of man has seen. It was the delight of Isabel's heart, and she could never enrich it enough with chalices and crosses and jewels.

But in 1476 sterner work was before her, for the land was full of unrest and disturbance, with rumours of war on every side. Fernando at the head of a large force hastened to protect the frontier of Aragon on the side of Navarre, to show himself a match for the crafty Louis XI., while Isabel took an active part in besieging the fortresses of the rebellious nobles and strengthening her authority. She had left her little Isabel at Segovia under the protection of the Alcayde, Andres de Cabrera and his wife Beatriz, who had been her favourite maid of honour. A feud broke out between the bishop of the city and the Alcayde, and during the absence of the latter the citadel was blockaded and the citizens rose in revolt, while the governor's deputy, with the young princess and her ladies, took refuge in the inner defences of the stronghold.

Isabel was at Tordesillas when the news arrived, and with her usual energy she set forth at once on horseback, accompanied by Cardinal Mendoza, the Count Benavente, Doña Beatriz, who happened to be with her at the time, and a few followers hastily summoned. They rode the long journey across the dreary wastes of sand, past Olmedo and the pine groves of Villeguillo, resting a few hours at the palace fortress of Coca before taking the last stage of more than twenty miles to Segovia. At length the cavalcade arrived within sight of the stern, wall-girt city on its rocky height, with its superb towers shining like polished blades in

the sunshine, and as they slackened their pace to ascend the steep road, they were met by an embassy from the citizens refusing admittance to the wife of their Alcayde and his friend the Count of Benavente.

The Queen's spirit was roused at once by this insolent message, and she replied haughtily: "I am Queen of Castile, and this city is also mine by inheritance; I accept no orders from my rebellious subjects."

She rode on boldly at the head of her retinue, and the people, taken by surprise, suffered her to pass within the gate of the citadel, which her followers hastened to close behind her. At this act of defiance, the angry mob surged against the massive doorway of the great keep, while furious cries rent the air: "Down with the Alcayde! Attack the Alcazar!"

At this critical moment a flash of genius inspired Isabel. With prompt decision she commanded that the heavy gate should be thrown open, and, dismissing her attendants, alone—a royal and stately figure on her tired war-horse—she awaited the excited crowd which poured noisily into the courtyard. "Tell me your grievances, my good people," she cried in a clear ringing voice, "and I will do my best to redress them. What is for your good is also for mine and for the welfare of your city."

The cool courage and presence of mind of a born ruler has often a magnetic power in the hour of danger, and it was so on this occasion. A sudden hush succeeded the fierce tumult, and the rebel leaders contented themselves with meekly asking that Cabrera should be removed from his position as governor. "He is deposed already," was the immediate reply, "and I will give the citadel in charge to one of my own people." Where-

upon the fickle populace, now quite won back to their loyalty, shouted "Viva la Reyna," and returned to their homes at the Queen's request, on her promise to make strict inquiries and so render justice to all. The ultimate result was that the Alcayde was found to be in the right and the bishop of Segovia and his other enemies in the wrong, and Cabrera was restored to his office.

This is only one instance of the courage and energy with which Queen Isabel set about her task of making peace throughout her realm, and putting down abuses wherever she met with them. She paid no regard to her own ease or comfort; she was ever ready to set forth on a long journey on horse-back through a wild country and in all weathers, taking no account of her health. So it happened that for nearly eight years after the birth of her daughter Isabel she had no living child, until her only son Juan was born at Seville on June 30, 1478. There were great rejoicings throughout the realm at the coming of an heir to Castile, for by right of his sex, the little Prince of Asturias at once took the place which his sister had held, of acknowledged successor to the crown. Of all her children this long-hoped-for son held the tenderest place in his mother's heart; his education was the subject of her most earnest care, and during his short life, the gallant and richly gifted young prince showed himself worthy of her passionate devotion.

We cannot wonder that Isabel often took up her abode at Seville, that beloved city of the Moor—whose streets had echoed with their tramp for so many years—far different in its sunny radiance and beauty from the stern cold northern cities in which her childhood had been passed. Here in a delicious climate,

on the lovely banks of the Guadalquivir fringed with Eastern vegetation, were gardens like unto those of the fabled Hesperides, closed in by the shelter of blue mountains to the north and south. Here the royal lady might take her pleasure amid orange groves with golden fruit shining midst the deep emerald leaves and delicate waxen flowers, beneath the shade of huge mulberry trees and date-palms, with the glow of scarlet cactus and blue-green aloes and flowers unnumbered, in whose perfumed bowers the nightingales sang.

The magnificent Alcazar, the royal palace, still retains much of its Moorish charm, and when it was partly rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel, he had recourse to the Moorish artificers who had just finished the Alhambra. On the grand portal by the delicate arabesques we can still read the Gothic inscription: "El muy alto, y muy noble, y muy poderoso, y conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla y de Leon, mando facer estos alcazares y estas façadas que fue hecho en la era mil quatro cientos y dos." (1364.)

A beautiful little chapel in the palace was built later by Isabel, and the interesting *Azulejo** ornaments are some of the finest of their kind in Andalusia. Everywhere we see the arms of Isabel bound by a yoke to those of Fernando, with the motto "Tanto monta" (One is as good as the other), a record either of their mutual love or of the husband's jealousy. In all the palaces where the two sovereigns dwelt we find the symbols repeated in the decorations, the furniture, the books, &c. Fernando has a yoke, "jugo," in which he takes his wife's initials; Isabel has a sheaf of arrows

* Varnished tiles, often of sapphire and blue.

"fléchas," in which she takes his. We must also allude to the magnificent Sala de Justicia, which is part of the original Alcazar, in which the alcaydes administered justice, for here we are told that Queen Isabel held her tribunal, when she revived the ancient custom of Castilian princes, to administer justice in person. She sat in her throne of state every Friday at a certain hour, on a raised dais covered with cloth of gold, her council around her, and dispensed justice to all who came to ask for it.

This return to simple methods had one rather curious result, for so many evil-doers escaped from the city that the chief men made an appeal to the Queen, and she granted an amnesty for all past offences except heresy, if restitution were made. Perhaps her most important piece of diplomacy was the way in which she made peace between the two great nobles, the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Marquis of Cadiz, by exacting restitution from them both, and then dismissing them from Seville to their own castles in the province. This course Fernando and Isabel carried out on a much larger scale in other parts of the country, and caused not only the powerful feudal lords, but also the smaller robber knights, to give up their ill-gotten gains and retire to their country estates. Fifty fortresses, centres of oppression, were razed to the ground in Galicia alone. A more complete account of these reforms will be given in a later chapter, where the growth of the Spanish Constitution is more fully dwelt upon.

A most important event, which had been long expected, occurred on January 20, 1479, the death of the crafty and tyrannical old King Juan II. of Aragon, who ended his long and eventful reign in the city of

Barcelona, at the advanced age of eighty-three, full of vigour and pugnacity to the last. He was a master of that diplomacy of his time, in which no paths were too tortuous, no devices too treacherous to meet with his ready acceptance. His life was one long battle in which he received many hard blows, but he knew what he wanted and usually managed to obtain it. Let us take for instance the story of his dealings with Navarre. This kingdom came under his sway on his marriage with Blanche, widow of Martin King of Sicily, and daughter of Charles of Navarre. On her death the inheritance of the mountain kingdom passed by inheritance to her eldest son Prince Carlos, to whose unfortunate fate we have already alluded, for his cruel persecution by his father and suspicious death was the scandal of Europe. The next heir to Navarre was then his sister Blanche, the divorced wife of Enrique IV. of Castile, but she too was pursued by her father's merciless jealousy, for the unhappy lady was delivered into the hands of her younger sister Eleanor, wife of the Count de Foix, confined for two wretched years in the Castle of Ortez, and is then said to have died of poison, 1462. The guilty Eleanor only enjoyed an independent position as Queen of Navarre for three weeks after the death of her father, which was so quickly followed by her own, and after all her scheming, the sovereignty was ultimately taken from her children by that very half-brother of whom she had been so jealous.

It was a splendid inheritance which came to Fernando on the death of his father; a great territory extending from the Pyrenees to beyond Valencia, with a sturdy independent people inured to constant warfare; while all along that eastern coast of the Mediterranean were

safe and roomy harbours, which could hold at one time twenty-five large galleys secure and under shelter. On this coast of Catalonia were great merchant cities carrying on commerce with all the known world, of which the most famous was the splendid Barcelona, the pride of all Spanish writers. Cervantes calls it "the archive of courtesy, the shelter of strangers, the hospital of the poor, the chastiser of offenders, the native place of the brave." It was a city of commerce even beyond the dream of the merchant princes of Venice, of conquest, and courtiers, of taste, of learning, and of luxury, and to become "Countess of Barcelona" was another jewel in the crown of the great Isabel.

Such were the home possessions of Aragon, while those abroad were of no mean value, when we name the Balearic Islands, Sardinia, and Sicily, that lovely island of romantic charm whose strange eventful history would need a volume to itself.

CHAPTER VII

FERNANDO AND ISABEL—UNITED SOVEREIGNS OF CASTILE AND ARAGON

VOLTAIRE remarks that "Fernando and Isabel lived together, not like man and wife whose estates are common under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs closely allied."

There is much truth in this statement, for we have seen at the time of the Queen's coronation how jealous the Castilian nobles were of any interference on the part of her husband. There had even been a question of his paying homage to the ruler of the more important state, but this she at once rejected, and after her first calm assertion of her rights, Isabel was always most courteous and conciliatory, and ever showed herself willing to take the advice of Fernando. Strongly attached to her husband and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in personal dignity, acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul."* "She surpassed Fernando in firmness and courage, and, inspired

* Washington Irving.

with a truer idea of glory, she brought a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle calculating policy."

Even in the very year when Aragon was theirs, the succession of Isabel to the throne of Castile was still disputed by the adherents of Juana, and by the old King of Portugal to whom she was betrothed. But recent events had changed the situation, and a final settlement was near at hand.

In 1478, a definite treaty of peace had been made between Castile and France, and signed at St. Jean de Luz, in which Louis XI. promised that he would break off his alliance with Portugal, and give no further assistance to the adherents of the Beltraneja. But the war with Alfonso of Portugal still continued in a spasmodic and destructive matter, until at length Doña Beatriz of Portugal, the sister of Isabel's mother, offered to meet the Queen of Castile as a mediator, at the frontier town of Alcántara, which crowns a wooded height above the Tagus. After a week's discussion they drew up a treaty, but it was not until six months afterwards that it was reluctantly agreed to at the Court of Lisbon, in September 1479. The terms of the contract were that the King of Portugal was to give up his claim to the hand of Juana, and all pretensions on her part or his, to the throne of Castile ; and that she should agree to marry the year old son of Fernando and Isabel or retire into a convent. Also that Alfonso, the young heir of Portugal, should marry the princess Isabel of Castile who was now nine years old, and a general amnesty was to be granted to all the Castilians who had supported the Beltraneja.

This unfortunate girl, who was now seventeen years of age, had been tossed about as a political counter

ever since her birth; nine matches having been proposed for her already. She might well have been weary of a world which had brought her nothing but disappointment and trouble, not to mention the shameful suspicion which hung over her birth. Sick of her tempestuous life, she was quite willing to seek the quiet shelter of the cloister, and before many months had passed, she took the veil in the splendid convent of the Order of Christ at Coimbra. She was ever afterwards known as Juana the Nun, but notwithstanding this, she retained the hollow satisfaction of signing herself "I the Queen"; and several times she left the convent and held a kind of royal state under the protection of the kings of Portugal, thus keeping alive a constant threat to the rulers of Castile. She outlived most of her suitors and rivals, dying in the palace of Lisbon in 1530, at the age of sixty-nine.

Shortly after Juana became a nun, the King of Portugal, disappointed at losing his young bride, the "Senora muy excelente," resolved to follow her example, and put off his royal robes to become a Franciscan friar. He had made his plans for entering the monastery of Varatojo, on a rugged wind-blown height overlooking the Atlantic, when the hand of death provided for him a still more peaceful refuge, and his son Juan reigned in his stead.

As we look upon the map of Spain, we realise with amazement the long journeys on horseback which constantly fell to the lot of Queen Isabel. We find her engaged on a treaty at Alcántara, on the frontier of Portugal, and next hear of her established with her court at Toledo, nearly 200 miles away. Here in the Alcazar of this city on the seven hills, was born on

November 7, 1479, her second daughter Juana, who grew up to become a great queen, and perhaps one of the most unhappy women who ever trod this earth.

Isabel appears to have remained for some time in this grand historic town, in the ancient palace high above the rocky banks of the Tagus, whose peaceful waters now turn the picturesque old water-mills, where in bygone days:

> "Whilom upon his banks did legions throng
> Of Moor and knight in mailed armour drest,
> The paynim turban and the Christian crest
> Mixed on the bleeding stream by floating hosts oppressed."*

The image of the great Queen still rises before us in this walled city, with its many gateways and steep narrow streets crowded with churches and convents and hospitals; and above all in the magnificent cathedral inlaid with gold and porphyry and jasper, whose carved exterior has that "belle teinte orange qui distingue les anciens monuments dans les climats où il ne pleut presque jamais."† She is ever in our mind as we pace the cloistered avenues and courts around, where the orange trees are mingled with cypress and laurel.

In the following year, 1480, there was held in Toledo, by Isabel's command, that celebrated meeting of the Cortes which did so much to reform the whole judicial system, revising the laws of Castile, and compiling a new code. This had become absolutely necessary, as in the course of time the ancient jurisprudence, made up of the Visigothic code, the *fueros* or charters wrung from the necessities of the sovereign, and the Siete

* Southey. † Theophile Gautier.

Partidas, or Seven Sections of Alfonso X., drawn greatly from the Roman code, had grown so overladen with statutes and ordinances as to be often contradictory. The committee for carrying out this great work, at the head of which was the learned Alfonso Diaz de Montalva, laboured for over four years, and the new code, which bore the name of "Ordenanças Reales," was one of the first works printed in Spain: "excrito de letra de molde," at Huete in 1485.

Meantime councils were established to deal with foreign affairs, with the administration of justice and all questions of finance. The ancient custon was revived for the sovereign to sit in court and judge supreme appeals every Friday, as we have seen that Isabel did in Seville three years earlier. Assisted by Cardinal Mendoza, who began to be called "Tertius Rex," the Queen—who took the chief share in the task of internal reform—set about her work with splendid energy and courage, and the law acquired such authority that it was remarked with surprise: "A decree signed by two or three judges was more to be respected in those days than an army before!" One of Isabel's most diplomatic acts was the re-establishment of the "Santa Hermandad" or Holy Brotherhood, originally a league of the chief cities, which had been hitherto a powerful instrument in the hands of the enemies of the Crown. By a stroke of genius, this vigilance committee of citizens, paid for and managed by them, which had hitherto interfered with the course of justice, was now made a powerful weapon for the use of the Crown. The Santa Hermandad became a strong military police with summary judicial courts, whose business it was to clear the roads of robbers high and low; there was no

appeal from their tribunal, and without mercy they swept the land clear of malefactors.*

The nobles were dismayed at this curtailment of their powers and indignantly protested, but in vain, for one by one all their special privileges were taken from them; thus they were forbidden to coin money, which some had done with impunity, to quarter the royal arms on their escutcheons, to fight duels or to build new castles. At the same time, they were ruthlessly stripped by the Cortes of the "lavish grants of Crown lands and rent-charges"† which had been obtained from weaker sovereigns, and they were compelled to submit lest worse should befall them.

New laws were made for securing personal liberty, for the punishment of unjust judges and for the ensuring of prompt decisions at small cost, an immense boon to the poor; "the knight and the squire no longer oppressed the labourer for fear of certain justice; the roads were swept of banditti, and no man dared to lift his hand against another." Thus the highway became safe for travellers, and peace and prosperity reigned to such an extent that it seemed as if the Golden Age had come again.

One instance of the dauntless spirit with which Isabel insisted on the supreme majesty of the law is worth recording. Two young nobles had quarrelled in the ante-chamber of the palace at Valladolid, and the Queen hearing of it, gave a safe-conduct to the least powerful until the dispute could be arranged. But his enemy, Federigo Henriquez, the son of the Admiral of Castile, King Fernando's uncle, took no heed to the Queen's wish, and caused the young Lord of Toral to be

* Martin Hume. † *Ibid.*

waylaid by night and cruelly beaten in the streets of Valladolid. When Isabel heard of this outrage she rose up in her wrath, and set out at once on horseback in a storm of rain, for the castle of Simancas, seven miles away, and arrived there before her attendants could overtake her. Here she summoned the Admiral to yield up his son to justice, and on his reply, "Don Federigo is not here, and I know not where he is," she demanded the keys of the castle and caused search to be made. The youth was not found, and Isabel, refusing all offers of hospitality from her relative, returned at once to Valladolid, where she fell ill from fatigue and exposure after her unsuccessful journey.

This anecdote gives us the very heart of the woman. We see the heroic impetuous figure hurrying forth through the drifting tempest at a pace which outstripped her attendants, in a very passion of avenging justice. Should a deed so dastardly be suffered to go unpunished and her authority set at naught, all her labours in the cause of peace and order would be in vain, and this the patriot Queen could not endure. Her will was keen and enduring as tempered steel; but the outward form which held this unconquerable spirit was but that of a frail woman. There is a note of pathos which rings through the centuries in the cry from her sick-bed: "My body is lame with the blows given by Don Federigo in contempt of my safe-conduct."

In the cause of justice, she made it ever clear to friend and foe that she was ruled by no consideration of policy, no claims of her nearest kin; but that she would carry her guiding principle that "right is right" to the bitter end, if it should cost her life and her crown. The Admiral with his knowledge of her

character understood this, and Federigo was surrendered to the Queen, with a humble appeal for mercy on account of his age; he was barely twenty. But the young culprit had cause to repent his insolence, for although he was nearly related to the King and a member of a powerful house, he was publicly led in disgrace through the city, imprisoned in the fortress of Arévalo, and then banished to Sicily until he should receive the royal pardon.*

It was soon after the Cortes of Toledo that the policy of the sovereigns of Castile towards the great military Orders was first decided upon, although it was not completely carried out until much later. The most important was the Order of Santiago, originally founded in the twelfth century to protect the pilgrims going to the sacred shrine of Compostella in Galicia. The knights of the brotherhood wore a white mantle embroidered with a red cross and escallop shell. They vowed to relieve the poor, to defend the traveller, and perpetual war on the Moslem. In this Order marriage was permited.

The foundation of the monkish military Order of Calatrava had a curious origin. The border fortress of Calatrava commanded the passes between Castile and the Moorish province of Andalusia, and the Knights Templars, after holding it for ten years, gave it up as untenable in 1157. King Sancho III. then offered the castle and surrounding territory to any one who could win and keep it. Two Cistercian monks came forward in those crusading days, and with a band of devoted followers they overcame the Moors and held the stronghold. This fraternity received the Papal Bull in 1164, and adopted the rule of St. Benedict,

* W. H. Prescott.

J. Lacoste, phot. *In the Prado, Madrid*

QUEEN JUANA, "LA LOCA"

DAUGHTER OF QUEEN ISABEL

with a most austere discipline. The knights were sworn to perpetual celibacy, and their food was of the simplest. They were to keep silence at the table, in the chapel and in the dormitory; and it was their custom to sleep and worship with the sword girt on their side as a token that they were ready for action. Their help was so often needed to win castles and cities from the infidels that their wealth and possessions became very great, and the Grand Master possessed almost sovereign power. It was this in fact which constituted the danger to the kingdom, as we shall see.

The third important Order was that of the Knights of Alcántara, which followed much the same principle as that of Calatrava, but the brethren wore a white mantle embroidered with a green cross. A romantic incident is recorded in the earlier history of this Order, which explains better than any dissertation the spirit of the time. About the year 1390, the Master of Alcántara, "out of his love for Jesus Christ," sent two of his squires to the Moorish King of Granada to tell him that the Christian faith was good and holy, and the doctrine of Mahommed but a false lie. To prove this he, the Master, with two hundred Christian knights, would fight with three hundred of the Moslem chivalry.

The King of Granada was discourteous enough not to accept this simple way of settling the religious question, but he cast the messengers into prison and ill-treated them. On hearing these tidings, the fiery Master could not be restrained by the King of Castile, who was under a treaty with the Moors, but declared that he must go forward for the honour of the Cross. In vain did the King's officers try to check him at the bridge of Córdova, for the people rose to the help of these holy

men "going on the service of God and for the Faith of Jesus." So the Master of Alcántara, dreamer and fanatic, passed on with his whole company of three hundred knights and a few hundred footmen, who had barely crossed the frontier when they met their doom of self-chosen martyrdom. Hemmed in by an overwhelming army of Moslems, they were all slain or made prisoners; while it was the King of Granada who complained of the breach of treaty, and the King of Castile who apologised, explaining that his orders had been disobeyed; and "so the matter ended."

But time had brought many changes, and the vast estates of these Military Orders were spread over all the land, which was covered with their castles, their monasteries, and their towns, over which they had acquired boundless rights, and could defy the sovereign himself. The Master of Santiago could summon to the field "four hundred belted knights and one thousand lances," which, with the usual complement of a lance at that time, means quite a large force. His rents came to sixty thousand ducats, and those of Calatrava and Alcántara were nearly as much. The position of Grand Master to one of these Orders of religious chivalry became one which men of the highest rank contested with intrigue and violence. This became a cause of so much internal discord that Isabel appears, early in her reign, to have decided on a course of future policy. In 1476 the Grand Master of Santiago died, and a Chapter of the Order was held in the magnificent convent which stands on a hill above the little town of Ucles between Madrid and Cuença. We are told that Isabel took this long journey on horseback from her palace at Valladolid, and presenting herself before the as-

tonished knights, she persuaded them, in the interests of public order, to elect her husband the King to the vacant post. On this occasion, indeed, Fernando gave up the position of Grand Master to Alfonso de Cardenas, who was one of the candidates, and a man of proved honour and loyalty; but at his death, in 1499, a Papal Bull assured the succession to the King, who had already acquired that of Calatrava in 1487, and of Alcántara in 1494. He thus became the supreme head of all the chivalry of Spain. We may so far forestall the future as to mention that this scheme proved a complete success, for the former scandals of the administration were put an end to, the knights were paid by fixed pensions, and the immense number of benefices in the gift of the Orders, were filled up with men of good repute and pious character. This did more to improve the character of the Spanish priests than any other measure.

The sovereigns of Castile had to hold their own in another and still more difficult matter. They had to protect themselves against the encroaching power of Rome. Spain had always kept its independence longer than any other Christian kingdom. In olden days the Goths had been mostly Arians, and when they became Catholic they used for centuries their own ritual, the Mozarabic, with its simple and beautiful prayers, and which has no mention of auricular confession. It was not until after the middle of the eleventh century that Alfonso VI. of Castile was persuaded by his French wife, Constance of Burgundy, to compel the use of the Roman missal in all the churches. The Castilian clergy were greatly opposed to this innovation, and tradition says that three separate attempts were made to obtain

"the judgment of God" in the matter. The first was trial by battle, and the duel was fought with the utmost formality before the King and his Court, and the champion of the Mozarabic ritual defeated his Roman opponent amid the triumphant shouts of the people. The King insisted upon another test; a bull-fight was arranged, in which one "toro" was called "Toledo" and the other "Rome," and the victory remained again with the popular side, for the bull Toledo killed the representative of Rome. Once more, the "judgment of God" being against him, the King refused to submit, and demanded the ordeal by fire, into which the two missals were to be cast. For the third time the decision was against the Roman missal, which was scorched by the flames while the other was untouched; but King Alfonso angrily threw it back into the fire, and vowed that he would have his way.*

Thus, the legend tells us, he set himself up against the "judgment of God," and ever since, the Roman ritual has prevailed in Spain, except in the Capilla Mozarabe in the Cathedral of Toledo, where to this day the ancient custom is carried on.

The code of the Siete Partidas had enlarged the Roman sway by giving superior power to the ecclesiastical tribunals over the lay courts, and in the course of time, the Pope had gradually passed on from the right of confirming elections to that of appointment in the highest episcopal dignities. Against this the Cortes had made constant complaint, especially in the matter of placing foreigners in the highest offices of the Church; for as the bishop was also a temporal prince, and often a great fighter, it was most important that, above all,

* H. E. Watts.

the border towns should always have a staunch native Castilian for the bishopric. The great contest between Isabel and the Pope came about in this way.

There was a vacancy in the See of Cuença, that beautiful city which lies like a hill-encircled shell, with forests and woods and rocks around, such as Salvator Rosa loved and painted. Sixtus IV. hastened to bestow the bishopric upon his nephew, Cardinal San Giorgio, a native of Genoa, for this Pope made nepotism an essential feature of Papal policy. As Machiavelli remarked of him: "He was the first Pope who began to show the extent of the Papal power, and how things that before were called errors could be hidden behind the Papal authority." But Sixtus (della Rovere) certainly made a grave error on this occasion, for he did not know with whom he had to deal.

Isabel had already decided to give the bishopric to her chaplain, Alfonso de Burgos, in exchange for the See of Cordova, and she at once sent an embassy to Rome to remonstrate against the appointment of San Giorgio. But Sixtus haughtily replied: "I would have you know that I am Supreme Head of the Church, and as such have unlimited power in the appointment to benefices, and I am not bound to consult the desires of any potentate on earth, beyond that which will conduce to the interests of religion." On receiving this reply, the sovereigns of Spain took the decided step of ordering all their subjects, alike priests and laymen, to leave the dominions of the Pope forthwith; and this command was at once obeyed by the Spaniards, who feared that their estates might be confiscated if they remained abroad. Fernando and Isabel also announced their intention of calling a General Council

of Christian princes to reform the abuses of the Papacy.

This was a splendid stroke of diplomacy, for nothing could have been less pleasing to the Pope than the threat of a General Council to inquire into the corruption of ecclesiastical affairs. This must be put a stop to at any price, and a Legate was immediately sent to Spain with full powers to negotiate an arrangement. But the Castilian sovereigns ordered the unlucky ambassador to leave the realm without delivering his message, which "might be derogatory to the dignity of their Crown." In fact, had not Cardinal Mendoza interposed at this point, the Legate would have been ignominiously dismissed, but the poor man behaved with such deep humility that Isabel was conciliated, and consented to listen to his meek suggestions. In the end Pope Sixtus gave way entirely, and published a Bull, in which he promised "that natives of Castile nominated by the sovereign to the higher dignities of the Church should be confirmed in their offices by His Holiness the Pope," and without more ado, Alfonso de Burgos became Bishop of Cuença.

By the Act of Settlement when she came to the throne, all preferment rested with the Queen Isabel, a woman of rare piety and discretion, and she made it her most earnest care to choose good religious men, wise and learned, to fill the various Sees as they became vacant. Merit was the only recommendation to her favour, and from this fixed decision, no personal advantage or even the wishes of her husband could move her.

In the home government of the Catholic kings—"Reyes Catolicos" as they were called—there is one

more point which must be considered. When once the kingdom was brought into a condition of law and order, everything was done to promote trade and domestic industry. For this end, the first need was to fix the value of money and put an end to the adulteration of the coin. Under the previous king, Enrique IV., there had been one hundred and fifty mints licensed by the Crown, and many others set up by great lords and unauthorised people. Things had come to such a pass that the debased coin was refused in payment, and the small amount of trade carried on in Castile was really managed by means of barter. Fernando and Isabel, with infinite trouble, set themselves to the task of fixing the standard and legal value of money; they set up five royal mints and made a new coinage; a reform which did wonders for the commerce of the country. New roads and bridges were made, to throw open the more isolated places, the industry of cloth-weaving was encouraged, the working of silver and the making of arms; while shipbuilding was promoted to a great extent in the coast towns of Andalusia. One regulation which sounds quite in advance of the time was to free the importation of foreign books from all duties, as the statute says: "Because they both bring honour and profit to the kingdom, by the facilities which they afford for making men learned." We are told that so successful were these efforts, and so prosperous did the country become, that between the years 1477 and 1482 the revenue was increased nearly six-fold. "The hills and valleys again rejoiced in the labour of the husbandman; and the cities were embellished with stately edifices, which attracted the gaze and admiration of foreigners."

In the midst of this period of outward prosperity and success, the first note of discord and intolerance was struck in the Cortes of Toledo in 1480, where certain harassing and unfair laws were inserted against the Jewish subjects, probably following the precedent of Aragon, where the Inquisition had long held some sway. The great aim and object of Isabel's life was the creation of a strong and united Spain, but in her passionate desire for the extension of the Catholic Faith at any cost lay a hidden danger, which in the far-off days to come would bring ruin and destruction in its train. But of the dread Inquisition, and the Queen's part therein, we shall speak more fully in due time.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MOORISH WAR—SIEGE OF ALHAMA

THE story of the kingdom of Granada, that last bulwark of the Moors in Spain, has already been brought down in an introductory chapter, through the turbulent ages of constant siege and battle, of the undying feuds of paladin and paynim, to the fifteenth century, the era of Isabel. For now two hundred years, the degenerate descendants of a great fighting race had been thankful to enjoy an ignoble peace and remain forgotten or undisturbed in their earthly paradise. For such, indeed, was that exquisite Garden Land with groves of orange and mulberry and pomegranate, with olive-clad slopes, and orchards, and vineyards, made fertile and luxuriant by silvery streams, and protected from the outer world by the snowy mountains of the moon, the mighty Sierra Nevada.

Beautiful in her surroundings beyond a poet's dream, the fair city of the Moorish kings was, indeed, a "pearl of price," crowned by her palace of the Alhambra, that stately pleasure-house whose very name is enough to make us see visions, and whose unapproachable charm is beyond the power of words

to tell. But the massive embattled towers and solid walls of her strong castles hint at another tale than one of soft dalliance in bowers of bliss, and strike a note of stern defiance to the foe. The Moslems had been suffered to remain undisturbed in their last refuge, this sunny corner of Andalusia, on condition of acknowledging the sovereignty of Castile and paying a yearly tribute, stated to have been two thousand pistoles of gold beside a certain number of Christian captives. But in the reign of the weak king, Enrique IV. of Castile, there came to the throne of Granada a certain Muley-Abu-l-Hasan, a fierce and warlike man of the ancient warrior breed of Islam, who looked with pride on his strong position and counted up his fourteen cities, his ninety-seven fortified towns, and his castles and watch-towers which studded the broad Vega. He knew that his Granada was richer than any town in Spain, and that he could equip and call out an army of fifty thousand men trained in war, with archers and light horsemen unmatched elsewhere. In the foolish conceit of his heart he thought himself a match for the young sovereigns of Castile, and when their ambassador came, in 1476, to demand the customary tribute, the Moorish king returned a haughty and defiant refusal.

"Tell your monarch that the Kings of Granada who paid tribute are dead; our mint now coins only blades of scimetars and heads of lances."

For a while this defiant attitude was suffered to pass unheeded; Fernando had not yet succeeded to the throne of Aragon and the Catholic sovereigns were engaged in reforming abuses and putting their own kingdom in order. But in a few years time, "with a

disciplined infantry, a guileful diplomacy, and a purified Church, Spain was fully equipped for the conquest of territory or the control of opinion."* This inopportune moment was chosen by the King of Granada to make his unprovoked declaration of war by a sudden raid across the frontier.

There had been no forays for so long that the Christian garrisons of the outlying fortresses had grown careless, and no longer kept the strict watch and sleepless vigil which had been needful in more warlike days. So it was with the little mountain town of Zahara, perched on a rugged, precipitous height which Nature had fortified with steep rocks for walls of defence, and the rushing Guadalite as a moat around its base. Taking advantage of a dark stormy night, in the dead of winter, Muley-Abu-l-Hasan, with a strong force, arrived unobserved beneath the battlements, scaled the walls and took the garrison by surprise. All who resisted were put to the sword, and the defenceless inhabitants, men, women, and children, were driven as slaves to Granada. We are told that his subjects did not join in the exultation of their king, they were full of pity for the wretched captives and of alarm at the consequences of this outrage for themselves. Evil omens were reported on every side, and the words of foreboding spoken by a Moslem anchorite were echoed through the city.

"Woe! woe! woe! to Granada! The hour of its desolation is at hand. The ruins of Zaraha will fall upon our heads!"

Fernando and Isabel received the news of the fall of Zahara with indignation, for it would have suited

* Martin Hume.

their policy better to strike the first blow themselves. They gave orders to strengthen the whole line of frontier castles, and began to make serious preparation for the invasion of the Moorish province. But it is interesting to notice here that the first reprisal was a matter of private enterprise. One of the great Castilian nobles, Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquess of Cadiz, who had large possessions in Andalusia, was informed by a spy in his pay, a noted captain of "escaladors," or scalers of walls, that the fortress of Alhama was carelessly guarded, and that he believed it would be possible to carry it by assault.

Now the city of Alhama was only eight leagues from Granada, in the heart of the Moorish territory, and was so strongly situated on the crest of a mountain ridge that it was believed to be impregnable. It could only be approached by crossing the foaming river Marchan or climbing a ravine. It was famous for its sulphur baths and had a royal palace, and was also the centre of a prosperous silk industry. Don Rodrigo was strongly impressed by the bold suggestion of thus bearding the lion in his den, and with the help of several friends he collected a sufficient force and set forth across the mountain passes, travelling only by night. On February 28, 1482, they reached the sleeping city two hours before dawn, and were fortunate in having the dark stormy weather which had favoured the captors of Zahara. On this occasion, also, the scaling ladders were placed against the walls and silently mounted by the "escaladors," who killed the sentinels and took the citadel before the garrison were roused. The city gates were thrown open, and the Marquess of Cadiz entered at the head of his army with trumpets

and banners, and the fortress was taken. But while the triumphant hidalgoes exulted in their victory, the citizens in the town had risen to arms and mustered in force to fight for their homes. They thronged up the narrow street to the gateway of the castle, which they commanded with arquebuses and crossbows, keeping up a constant fire so that none could sally forth.

When some of the most valiant of their number had been slain in a vain attempt to force a way out, the Christian leaders held a council of war, in which it was actually suggested that the stronghold should be dismantled and abandoned, that they should carry off all the booty they could seize and make good their escape. But the fiery Marquess of Cadiz would not hear of such an ignominious retreat; and by his advice it was resolved to break down part of the fortifications and make a desperate sally through the breach into the town. With the stirring war cry of "Santiago!" he led the way, followed by his men-at-arms, and cast himself into the midst of the furious populace. Driven back at first by the violence of the attack, the Moors soon rallied and received the enemy with volleys of shot and arrows, building up hasty barricades of timber across the streets and contesting every inch of the ground with the frantic courage of despair.

Meantime, the women and children crowded to the roofs and balconies of their houses, and threw down boiling water, oil, and every kind of missile on the heads of the assailants. The awful struggle lasted for many hours, but towards the evening the remnant of the inhabitants took refuge in the great mosque by the city wall, whence they could still continue to

shoot their arrows with deadly effect. At last the Castilians succeeded in approaching under cover of their shields, held so as to form a protecting canopy, and set fire to the doors of the beautiful mosque. This was the end of the struggle, for the hapless Moslems who did not perish of suffocation were massacred or taken prisoners as they sought to escape from the flames.

The rich city of Alhama was now given up to plunder, and the booty was immense, consisting of costly works of art, of gold and silver plate, of precious jewels and rich silks and brocades. Some Christian captives are said to have been found in the dungeons and set at liberty with great rejoicing, for the victory was now complete, Alhama had fallen! How the news came to Granada the ancient ballad describes:

> "Letters to the monarch tell
> How Alhama's city fell;
> In the fire the scroll he threw,
> And the messenger he slew." (Byron's translation.)
> Ay de mi Alhama!

It was indeed a cruel and terrible blow to the people of Granada, for in the fate of this fair mountain city, always deemed impregnable, the key of their proud capital, in the very heart of their kingdom—they read with dire foreboding the doom which awaited them. But old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan was not one to content himself with useless lamentation, or sit down calmly under so great a disaster. When he had aroused himself from his first passionate grief and rage, he at once sent a thousand cavalry in advance, while he made ready to follow with all the levies he could

collect. He lost no time, and on March 5 arrived with a great army before the rocky walls of Alhama, which he found repaired and well defended by the Christian garrison. In his haste, the king had neglected to bring any of the primitive artillery which was then coming into use, and finding that he could not take the fortress by assault, he made up his mind to reduce it by a blockade. This appeared the more promising as the town had but one well, and was supplied from the river below with water, which could now only be obtained under the enemy's fire.

The tidings of the fall of Alhama reached Fernando and Isabel when they were attending mass in the chapel of their palace at Medina del Campo, that "City of the Plain" far away to the north of Castile, between Valladolid and Avila. The despatch of the Marquess of Cadiz brought welcome news, but at the same time it must have been rather disturbing to the cautious Fernando to find that his eager nobles had so much more zeal than discretion. "During all the time he sat at dinner," says a precise chronicler of the period, "the prudent king was revolving in his mind the course best to be adopted."*

We can understand Fernando's perplexity, for the war against the Moors was being forced upon him in a measure. In his aims and desires he was King of Aragon rather than of Castile, and was far more drawn towards the recovering of his counties of Roussillon and Cerdagne from the French than the conquest of the Moorish kingdom. Fernando urged that it was the first duty to recover one's own rather than to conquer that which belonged to others." "If," he said, "the

* W. Prescott.

Queen's war against the Moors was a holy one, his against the French would be a just one."* Indeed at this time it is doubtful whether conquest was Isabel's real object, as she was probably less moved by motives of policy than of piety, and wishing for national unity by means of the Faith, desired rather to save souls than to extend her dominion. But this brilliant success of Don Rodrigo had changed the position of affairs; and if he had been rash in his enterprise, at least there was no turning back possible at this moment.

Both the sovereigns realised that Alhama was only held by a small force, that it was close to Granada, and that the warlike old king would lose no time in attacking the Castilians with all the concentrated strength of his powerful army. Only one course was possible to Fernando: he must instantly collect all the cavalry and men-at-arms which he or his nobles could obtain, and set forth at once for the seat of war. The Queen was in delicate health at the time, and it was arranged that she should follow more slowly with all the supplies and additional troops she could bring.

But King Fernando was not destined to be the hero of this adventure, for once more he was forestalled by one of the great Castilian nobles. The Marquess of Cadiz had sent despatches to the nearest cities of Andalusia as soon as he was established in Alhama, asking for their support in his isolated position. Yet in this critical moment of peril, it was not from his friends that supreme assistance came, but from his deadly hereditary foe the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Once before, this great chief had shown his gallant nature by hurrying to the relief of Don Rodrigo's wife when

* Martin Hume.

she was besieged in her castle of Arcos during her husband's absence. But now he was to give an heroic instance of nobility and patriotism and prove himself indeed the very flower of Castilian chivalry. On hearing that Don Rodrigo was beleaguered in Alhama by a formidable army of Moors, the Duke summoned all his feudal retainers, called together his household cavalry, his men-at-arms and his archers, and strained every nerve to enlist his powerful Andalusian neighbours in the cause. At the head of a powerful force he hastened through the wild country, with forced marches, without waiting for King Fernando, who was anxious to join him. With all his haste the gallant leader arrived none too soon, for the besieged garrison was in evil case, being threatened not only by assault but famine, as in the first flush of victory there had been much waste of provisions.

Old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan was far too experienced a general to await the peril of being hemmed in between the citadel and the relieving army, on the news of whose approach he broke up his camp and returned to Granada, after a fruitless siege of three weeks, to prepare for more strenuous efforts at carrying on the war. Washington Irving thus describes the relief of the city:

"When the Christians in Alhama beheld their enemies retreating on one side, and their friends advancing on the other, they uttered shouts of joy and hymns of thanksgiving; for it was a sudden relief from present death. Harassed by several weeks of incessant vigil and fighting, suffering from scarcity of provisions and almost continual thirst, they re-

sembled skeletons rather than living men. It was a noble and gracious sight to behold the meeting of those two ancient foes, the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Marquis of Cadiz. When the Marquis beheld his magnanimous deliverer approaching, he melted into tears: all past animosities only gave the greater poignancy to present feelings of gratitude and admiration; they clasped each other in their arms and, from that time forward, were true and cordial friends."*

When the first rejoicing was over, difficulties appear to have arisen between the two armies with regard to the division of the booty, and it required all the tact of the leaders, and much generosity on the part of the Duke, before the matter was amicably settled. A strong garrison of troops from the Hermandad, under the command of Don Diego Merlo, was left to defend the stronghold; the two armies were withdrawn, and the brave leaders were loaded with honours by the King and Queen, who in April took up their abode at Cordova. In this splendid city of the Omeyyad Khalifs, once the peerless capital of Moorish Spain, a little daughter was born at this time, 1482, to Queen Isabel, Doña Maria, afterwards Queen of Portugal, the fourth child of the Catholic sovereigns. We shall have occasion at a later time to dwell upon the care bestowed on the education of these royal children, but at present the eldest daughter Isabel was the only one of an age to require it.

The sovereigns were not suffered to rest long, before news arrived that the old warrior King of Granada had again led an army against Alhama, the beloved

* Washington Irving.

city which was "as the apple of his eye"; and this time, with more forethought and wisdom, he had brought a large train of artillery, which in his haste he had left behind at the first siege. The Castilians can hardly have expected anything else, considering how near Alhama was to the capital, but they appear to have been greatly troubled, and it was even suggested that the place should be given up, for being in the centre of the enemy's country "it must be perpetually exposed to sudden and dangerous attacks, while from the difficulty of reaching it through the mountain defiles, it would cost Castile a terrible waste of blood and treasures in its defence. For this very cause it had been abandoned in olden days when the men of Castile had taken it by force of arms from the infidel."*

This argument was strongly urged and even Fernando hesitated, but Isabel was firm and would listen to no hint of surrender. "Glory is not to be won without danger," she exclaimed, and insisted that the strong and central position of Alhama as the key of the enemy's country made it of the last importance to them, and that it must be retained at any cost. The enterprise was of peculiar difficulty and danger, as they had well known when they entered upon it. This was the first blow struck in the campaign, and honour and policy alike forbade them to draw back, and so cast a chill over the enthusiasm of the nation.

Her ardour and warlike spirit were infectious, and won the day. It was decided to hold Alhama against the whole force of Islam, and to carry on hostilities

* Washington Irving.

with the utmost vigour. This was to be no mere foray for plunder, no invasion only for the enlargement of their dominion, but a Holy Crusade against the infidel, which could never cease until the kingdom of the Moors was at an end, and the banner of the Cross waved where now the Crescent flaunted in the breeze.

This time King Fernando himself rode at the head of his forces, and hastened to the relief of the beleagured city with so strong a force that once more Muley-Abu-l-Hasan had to retreat to his capital. A solemn entry of the city was made on May 14, when the King rode through the streets with a splendid company of nobles and prelates, to dedicate this first-fruit of conquest from the Moors, to the Christian service. The three great mosques of Alhama were purified from infidel use by a formal service, and then consecrated to the Faith of the Cross by Cardinal de Mendoza. Queen Isabel sent gilt crosses, costly chalices, and other rich offerings, amongst them a sumptuous embroidered altar-cloth for the church of Santa Maria de la Encarnacion, as one of the mosques was now called. In the tower where for centuries the mueddin had wailed out his summons to prayer, were now hung Christian bells, duly baptized and named after saints, "per cacciare il diabolo," to drive away the evil spirit. After all these ceremonies had been performed, Fernando strengthened the garrison with fresh soldiers and a supply of provisions, and set forth to enjoy himself in a foray through the beautiful Vega, destroying everything before him, burning the villages, cutting down the trees, rooting up the vines, and trampling down the unripe corn. Leaving desolation behind him, without having had a touch of

real warfare, he returned with complete satisfaction to Cordova.

Meantime the Queen had been engaged in making ready for a serious campaign. She sent messengers to all the towns and cities of Andalusia, to Salamanca, Toro and Valladolid, and to the Grand Masters of Santiago, Calatrava and Alcántara, to send their "repartimiento," or allotment of provisions, their quota of horsemen and men-at-arms, supplied with weapons and artillery. As she had heard that the Moors were seeking aid from the Barbary princes of Africa, she caused an armada of ships and galleys to sweep the Mediterranean as far as the Straits of Gibraltar, under the command of her admirals.

It had been decided in a council of war that the city of Loja, not far to the north of Alhama, and looked upon as another key to the Moorish kingdom, should be the next point of attack. Loja stands on the banks of the Xenil, in a valley of oliveyards and vines, deeply entrenched amid rugged hills and ravines, and defended by a massive fortress with a strong garrison; while the river is only fordable in one place, and the solitary bridge is commanded from the battlements. Slow progress had been made in collecting the necessary army, but Fernando was impatient to have an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and set out on July 1 with an insufficient force largely composed of raw levies. He was not a good general, and on this occasion committed the fatal mistake of despising his Moorish foes, while trusting with arrogant conceit to the superior vigour and courage of his own troops. Neglecting the advice given him to throw bridges across the stream lower down, and to attack from the other side, he sent

a number of his most trusted leaders to seize the Heights of Albohacen near the city, and place pieces of ordnance there.

Now, the Alcayde of Loja was a certain old Moor, by name Ali Atar, who "had grown grey in border warfare, was an implacable enemy of the Christians, and his name had long been the terror of the frontier." When he beheld the flower of Spanish chivalry glittering on the height opposite, "By the aid of Allah," said he, "I will give these pranking cavaliers a rouse."

By means of an ambush and a feigned attack, the wily old Alcayde took possession of the height and the artillery, and defeated the Christians with great loss, amongst the slain being the young Grand Master of Calatrava. The next day a false alarm created a panic in the Castilian camp, and a great number of the untrained soldiers fled in dismay; whereupon the keen-eyed Ali Atar swooped downwith such vehemence as to drive back the remnant of the King's army, cutting it to pieces with his fiery charge, so that Fernando himself was in great danger, and narrowly escaped with his life. We are told that his personal courage and coolness did much to save the defeat from becoming a total rout. Still, the bitter fact remained that the flower of Spanish chivalry was compelled to retreat before the sword of the infidel, leaving behind great stores of artillery and baggage. With a heavy heart King Fernando returned to the palace of Cordova, his pride humbled by the cruel humiliation of defeat by a foe whom he had been disposed to treat with contempt. It was a lesson which he never forgot, and the name of Loja was one of evil memory until, after another and

still more desperate siege, it fell into the hands of the Christians in the spring of 1486.

But in this darkest hour for the hopes of Castile, when the Moors appeared to gain ground on every side, and even the brave soul of Isabel could scarcely overcome the rising gloom, events took place in Granada itself which changed the whole outlook of the war.

CHAPTER IX

CIVIL WAR IN GRANADA—THE CAPTURE OF BOABDIL

L'IRREMÉDIABLE faiblesse de la race Arabe est dans son manque absolu d'esprit politique, et dans son incapacité de toute organisation. Anarchique par nature l'Arabe est invincible dans la conquête, mais impuissant le jour où il s'agit de fonder une societé durable." *

These words of Rénan find a vivid illustration in the internal condition of Granada, at the critical time when all the strength of united Castile and Aragon arrayed against her. In the introductory chapter on the Moors in Spain, we have already traced the same story again and again, in the rise and fall of a great house and a splendid dynasty, which attained to supreme command by the genius and valour of one man, and then fell to pieces in ruin and bloodshed through the jealous feuds of his successors. The undying curse which rests upon despotic rule, combined with the inherent jealousies arising from polygamy, is the fatal source of weakness in all Eastern government. For the despot dare not suffer a rival near the throne and where "Amurath an

* "Mélanges," p. 283 (ed. 1878).

J. Lacoste, phot. *Cathedral, Malaga*

KING FERNANDO OF ARAGON

Carved Wooden Statue

Amurath succeeds," the successful general who has conquered kingdoms for his lord, the great statesman, nay, his own next-of-kin if beloved of the people—all become at once his dreaded foes to be trampled in the dust.

The kingdom of Granada was torn asunder by domestic discord. Muley-Abu-l-Hasan had taken as his wife many years before, a Christian captive, Isabel de Solis, daughter of the governor of Martos. Her Moorish name,* Zoraya, "morning star," is said to have been given her on account of her surpassing beauty. She had a son Abu Abdallah, better known by the name of Boabdil, just grown up to splendid manhood, who had always been looked upon as his father's heir to the throne. But of late the old King appears to have taken another beauty of the harem, Ayesha, as his favourite wife, and Zoraya, in her jealous fear that her son might be ousted from his rightful position, stirred up a revolt in the city with the help of her powerful faction the Zegries (*Thegrim*, the people who came from the province of Aragon). Her rival is said to have been supported by the clan of the Abencerrages (the Beni Cerraj, "children of the saddle"), between whom and the Zegries there raged a deadly feud.

Tradition says that the Sultana was closely imprisoned within the walls of the Alhambra with her son Boabdil, but that they contrived to make their escape from the window of a tower overlooking the Darro, and that the insurrection spread amongst the fickle populace, who chose Boabdil as their king when

* Some writers—amongst others Washington Irving and Lane Poole—call Ayesha the mother of Boabdil, but we follow Martin Hume as the latest and best authority.

his father was defeated at Alhama. "Allah Achbar!" "God is great!" exclaimed old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan; "it is vain to contend against what is written in the Book of Fate. It was predestined that my son should sit upon the throne. Allah forefend the rest of the prediction!"* alluding to the prophecy that under his rule the kingdom of Granada should come to an end.

But the sturdy old warrior was not one to give up his throne without a desperate struggle. He retreated for a time to Malaga, which with other important cities was still faithful to him, while for a brief time Granada and the larger part of the realm paid their uncertain allegiance to his son, and they were both more keenly in earnest about fighting each other than in making common cause against their Christian foes. On one occasion we are told that the fiery Abu-l-Hasan arrived late one night at the gate of Granada with a company of picked horsemen, who contrived to obtain entrance within the city walls, scaled the fortress of the Alhambra and without mercy slew all they came across. Then he turned his rage against the defenceless inhabitants and the streets ran with blood until, maddened with despair, the people turned at bay and the old King scarcely escaped with a remnant of his followers.

During the eventful summer of 1482 the Court of Isabel remained at Cordova, but there were no more serious military expeditions than constant forays on the part of Christians and Moors, in which the fair land on both sides of the frontier was devastated and laid waste, and many thousand head of cattle were carried off from their hapless owners. In July the

* Washington Irving.

sovereigns heard of the death at Alcalá de Henares of the turbulent Archbishop of Toledo, Alfonso de Carillo; the man who had taken the chief part in raising Isabel to the throne, and had then turned against her and ended his days in sullen disgrace. The Cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, who succeeded him to the splendid archbishopric, was already the trusted counsellor of Isabel, who had the greatest confidence in his wisdom and justice. Well had it been for Spain if his influence had continued to predominate rather than that of the zealot Torquemada.

It was not until late in October that the Spanish Court moved from Cordova to Madrid and settled in residence for the winter in the royal palace, the outpost Alcazar of the Moors, to which King Enrique IV. had made large additions. It stands to the west of the city on a low sandy wind-blown hill overlooking the river Manzanares, while to the north there rise the snowy peaks of the Sierras—a bleak inhospitable spot whose chief attraction was probably the excellent hunting of boars, wolves and bears within reach. Queen Isabel had a great love for riding and hunting, and in her days the country around Madrid was covered with immense forests which gave cover to many wild animals. We are told that once when she was hunting in the hills which overlook the Manzanares, she killed a bear of great size and ferocity, and the first impulse of her pious mind was to give San Isidro, the patron saint of Madrid, all the credit for the fortunate adventure, and in thanksgiving for it she built him a new chapel near the church of San Andres.

We can hardly appreciate what the fierce wild joy of the chase was in those bygone times when the

rough country often came close up to the walls of the towns. As Michelet writes : "Toute la joie du monde, tout le sel de la vie, c'était la chasse ; au matin le reveil du cor, le jour la course au bois et la fatigue ; au soir, le retour, le triomphe, quand le vainquer siégeait a la longue table avec sa bande joyeuse."

Save for the opportunities of sport with such big game, the palaces elsewhere, such as Valladolid, Medina del Campo, and Segovia appear to have been more popular as royal residences at this period.

During the brief respite from the Moorish war, Fernando, as King of Sicily, had taken a keen interest in the affairs of Italy, and his ambassador at the Papal Court took part in the negotiations which Sixtus IV. carried on so successfully. The practice of sending an envoy in a dignified position to reside at a foreign Court is said to have originated with this wily King, and the old English "embassador" is derived by some writers from the Spanish *embiar*, to send. But the attentions of the Catholic sovereigns were specially directed towards Navarre, which was always a cause of contention between France and Spain.

We have already seen how the unfortunate Blanche of Navarre was done to death by her sister Leonore, who herself died in 1479, leaving the kingdom to her grandson François Phœbus, whose mother Madeleine, the sister of Louis XI., was Regent during his minority. Gaston de Foix had been killed at a tournament in 1469, and must not be confused with the more famous Gaston Phœbus de Foix, his ancestor, who lived a hundred years before, and being called Phœbus, either from his personal beauty or his love for the chase (concerning which he wrote the great mediæval

handbook), he took the sun for his device. Young François is said to have inherited his personal beauty and golden hair, as well as his flamboyant name. Louis XI. is credited with having set on foot a dark intrigue to marry this young nephew of his to the Beltraneja, who had taken the veil some years before ; but probably this crooked policy was merely a threat to the Castailin rulers. When Fernando heard the rumour, he immediately set to work at checkmaking his rival, by offering the hand of his little daughter Juana, who was scarcely more than three years old, to the young King of Navarre. In these matrimonial alliances, the age of the children in question was of no account whatever. We cannot tell who would have won the day, for both the arch-schemers were defeated by the sudden death of the beautiful youth, and poor François Phœbus was succeeded on the throne of Navarre by his sister Catherine. Nothing daunted, Fernando now suggested that the young princess, who was just thirteen, should marry his son Juan, the heir of Castile, aged four. The Regent Queen Madeleine had certainly a good excuse for her refusal, when she pleaded how unsuitable they were in point of age.

Meantime Louis XI., who never trusted any one, even his sister, was taking steps to secure a hold over various strongholds in Navarre, and Fernando and Isabel, ever on the alert, at once moved their Court to the frontier town of Logroño, on the river Ebro, standing in the midst of a fertile plain enclosed by hills, on the confines of Castile and Navarre. Here they could keep watch over the contested province and endeavour to counteract by force of arms any aggres-

sion on the part of the untrustworthy and perfidious King of France. It was not until his death in August, 1483, that all fear with regard to the mountain kingdom, which served as a shield between Spain and France—and held the key of the Pyrenean passes—was set at rest.

In the interval much had happened. The Moorish war had been carried on fitfully with forays and skirmishings, until in the spring of 1483 a serious disaster befell the chivalry of Andalusia. The Marquess of Cadiz, the Grand Master of Santiago, and other great warlike lords, wishing to retaliate on old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan for a more audacious inroad than usual into Christian territory, assembled in the ancient frontier town of Antequera, once an important Roman station. They held a council of war to decide upon their point of attack, and on information received from certain Moorish scouts, they resolved to invade the mountainous region near Malaga, called the Axarquia. Here there were fertile valleys full of flocks and herds, many villages and outlying hamlets totally unprotected, and if Malaga itself were unprepared for their approach, it was even possible that they might take it by assault. They would thus have the supreme satisfaction of bearding the fierce old King Muley in his den, for the Moors in their folly had now split up their province under two sovereigns, Boabdil ruling in Granada and the surrounding district, while his father and his warrior brother—"El Zagal," the Valiant at Malaga.

It was a goodly sight to behold the gallant company which set forth on that March day from the gates of the old Moorish city. "Never was the pomp of war

carried to a higher pitch than among the proud chivalry of Spain. Cased in armour, richly inlaid and embossed, decked with rich surcoats and waving plumes, and superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, they pranced out of Antequera, with banners flying, their devices and armorial bearings ostentatiously displayed." . . . So sure were they of victory that the army was actually followed by traders, who proposed to buy up the rich spoils of the enemy!

"They marched all day and night, making their way secretly, as they supposed, through the passes of the mountains. . . . Their path was often along the bottom of a barranco, or deep rocky valley, with a scanty stream dashing along it, among the loose rocks and stones which it had broken and rolled down in the time of its autumnal violence. Sometimes their road was a mere rambla, or dry bed of a torrent, cut deep into the mountains and filled with their shattered fragments. These barrancas and ramblas were overhung by immense cliffs and precipices, forming lurking places of ambuscades. . . .

"As the sun went down, the cavaliers came to a lofty part of the mountains, commanding to their right a distant glimpse of a part of the fair Vega of Malaga, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and they hailed it with exultation as a glimpse of the promised land. As the night closed in they reached the chain of little valleys and hamlets, locked up among these rocky heights, and known among the Moors by the name of the Azarquia. Here their vaunting hopes were destined to meet with the first disappointment. The inhabitants had heard of their approach; they had conveyed away their cattle and effects, and, with their wives and

children, had taken refuge in the towers and fortresses of the mountains."

In their rage the soldiers set fire to the deserted villages, and this was their undoing, as it showed their position to the Moorish peasants, who had found shelter in the watchtowers above. From the cliffs which overhung the ravine, darts and stones were hurled down upon them, amid the shouts of their invisible foes, and in their ignorance of the wild country, the unfortunate Christians plunged deeper and deeper into still more dangerous glens and defiles.

"The surrounding precipices were lit up by a thousand alarm fires. . . . the mountaineers assembled from every direction: they swarmed at every pass. . . . garrisoning the cliffs like so many towers and battlements. . . . Suddenly a new cry was heard resounding along the valley, 'El Zazal!' 'El Zazal!' echoed from cliff to cliff." It was indeed the fierce old Moorish general, whose name alone was a host in itself. The Master of Santiago made a desperate effort to collect his scattered followers, and at least die fighting. "Horse and foot followed his example, eager, if they could not escape, to have a dying blow at the enemy. As they struggled up the height, a tremendous storm of darts and stones was showered upon them by the Moors. Sometimes a fragment of rock came bounding and thundering down, ploughing its way through the centre of their host. . . . the horses losing their footing among the loose stones, or receiving some sudden wound, tumbled down the steep declivity, steed and rider rolling from crag to crag, until they were dashed to pieces in the valley. In this

desperate struggle, the alferez or standard-bearer of the Master, with his standard, was lost, as were many of his relations and dearest friends, having neither banner nor trumpet by which to rally his troops."* . . . The Grand Master was at last induced to see that hope was at an end, and with bitter reluctance was persuaded to save his life by flight.

"The moment the Master put his horse to speed, his troops scattered in all directions, some endeavoured to follow in his traces but were confounded by the intricacies of the mountains. They fled hither and thither, many perishing amidst the precipices, others being slain by the Moors, and others made prisoners." The gallant Marquess of Cadiz and Don Alonzo de Aguilar, with the other divisions of the ill-fated army, met with no better success. They too were overwhelmed by their foes from the vantage-ground of the steep cliffs, and only a forlorn and scattered remnant ever reached the gates of Antequera. Of the remainder "some were thrown into the dungeons of frontier towns; others led captive to Granada, but by far the greater number were conducted to Malaga, the city they had threatened to attack. Two hundred and fifty principal cavaliers, alcaydes, commanders and hidalgoes, of generous blood, were confined in the Alcazaba or citadel of Malaga, to await their ransom; and . . . the common soldiery were crowded in the courtyard to be sold as slaves."*

"Great spoils were collected of splendid armour and weapons taken from the slain or thrown away by the cavaliers in their flight; and many horses richly caparisoned, together with numerous standards; all which were paraded in triumph into the Moorish towns. The

* Washington Irving.

merchants also who had come with the army, intending to traffic in the spoils of the Moors, were themselves made objects of traffic," and had to purchase their freedom at a grievous cost.

This terrible disaster is still recorded in Spanish calendars as "The Defeat of the Mountains of Malaga," and the place where the greatest slaughter took place is pointed out as "La cuesta de lamatanza."

This was the tidings which reached the Catholic sovereigns far away in the north, and filled all Andalusia with horror and consternation, and a burning desire for vengeance. Meantime Abu Abdallah, "Boabdil," at Granada, heard with secret envy of the triumphant success of his father and El Zagal, whose praises filled the city, while his subjects looked with discontented eyes at his peaceful pomp and luxury. He saw that immediate stirring action was absolutely necessary if he wished to remain King of Granada; even a brief delay might find Muley-Abu-l-Hassan recalled, and prison or a dagger for himself. He was not wanting in courage, and his ambition now was to do some great deed of arms which would win glory and renown far beyond that of El Zagal.

All the chivalry of Granada was eager to follow him, and welcomed his summons with enthusiasm, while Boabdil was wise enough to strengthen his army with the veteran soldiers who served old Ali Atar, the brave defender of Loja, who was specially bound to him as being the father of his young wife. This fiery warrior, to whom fighting was the very salt of life, was keenly eager to invade the Christian frontier, and he pointed out that the town of Lucena had no strong garrison and was in the midst of fertile pasturage, rich in cattle,

with fair vineyards and olive gardens, and within easy reach of the capital.

"Boabdil el Chico listened to. . . . this veteran of the borders. He assembled a force of nine thousand foot and seven hundred horse. . . . the most illustrious and valiant of the Moorish nobility gathered round his standard, magnificently arrayed in sumptuous armour and rich embroidery. . . . As the royal cavalcade issued from the palace and descended through the streets of Granada, the populace greeted him with shouts. . . . but in passing through the gate of Elvira, the King accidentally broke his lance against the arch. At this certain of his nobles turned pale and entreated of him not to proceed, as they regarded it as an evil omen. Boabdil scoffed at their fears. . . . but another evil omen was sent. . . . At the rambla of Beyro, scarcely a bowshot from the city, a fox ran through the whole army. . . . and escaped to the mountains. . . . The King, however, was not to be dismayed, and continued to march forward."*

Cautious as was the advance of the Moorish army, news had reached the governor of Lucena, Don Diego Fernandez de Cordova, "alcayde de los donzeles," captain of the royal pages. In all haste he caused alarm fires to be lighted, and sent word to his uncle, the Conde de Cabra, alcayde of the castle-crowned city of Baena, which was not far distant, although a rude mountain region lies between. Don Diego also lost no time in waiting for help, but set to work at his fortifications which needed repair, laid up provisions and made ready for defence, first gathering within his walls the women and children from the near hamlets.

*—Washington Irving.

At dawn the next morning Don Diego saw from afar the approach of the Moorish army, devastating the country, but it was evidently bent on a marauding foray in the rich lands towards Cordova, before the alarm should be given to the peasants and the flocks and herds driven into safety.

The Conde de Cabra on receiving his nephew's urgent message had lost no time, but set forth with all the retainers and men-at-arms he could muster, having sent couriers to the neighbouring towns and caused signal fires to be lighted in all directions. By the time he arrived within sight of Lucena, the Moors, laden with spoil, were preparing to lay siege to the city, and taken by surprise, supposed the relieving army to be come in great force, as it was partly hidden by the hilly ground and the misty atmosphere. At the same time Don Diego made a sortie from the city, and the rank and file of the soldiers from Granada, only intent on saving their precious booty, hastily began a cowardly retreat, leaving the brunt of the battle to the horsemen. All this had taken time, for the Conde de Cabra, expecting reinforcements, had played a waiting game and drawn back to the higher ground as if in retreat, only to rush forward with tremendous impetus shouting the battle-cry of "Santiago!"

At this moment an Italian trumpet sounded on the opposite side from a copse of oak trees, and old Ali Atar exclaimed: "The whole world seems in arms against us!" It was in fact only the alcayde of Luque with a small force, but it seemed to the enemy that they were closed in between two armies. Gallantly as the Moorish knights had fought, this was too much for them, and they began to give way with the feeling of

such immense odds against them, and retreated fighting with desperate courage. Many times they turned upon their pursuers, but the Christian leader kept his battalion in splendid order with a body of picked lances always in front; skirmishing was in vain against the solid phalanx of steel which faced them, and again the Moors fled.

The way was strewn with the flower of the King's guard, until at length they were driven back as far as the little river Mingozalez, swollen by rain and now a rushing torrent. Here Boabdil made a bold stand with a few of his most devoted cavaliers, fighting hand to hand with the Castilian knights, scorning to yield or ask for quarter, and soon the ground was covered with wounded and dead. The King's faithful guard closed in around him to cover his retreat, and, having dismounted from his horse, he tried to hide amongst the willows and tamarisk on the bank. But here he was discovered by a soldier who attacked him with a pike; and, as he sought to defend himself, others joined in, when to save his life, Boabdil offered a large ransom and expressed himself willing to surrender to their general. Don Diego behaved with knightly courtesy and sent him under a guard of soldiers to the castle of Lucena, but the accounts differ as to whether the alcayde merely took him at the time for a man of high rank.

All that day the Castilian army continued the fierce pursuit, which was a constant danger, for if the enemy had turned to bay they might easily have overmastered their pursuers. The retreat was along the valley of the Xenil, opening through the mountains towards Loja, and the alarm fires had so roused the country that armed men kept pouring in from the towns and villages,

and this kept up the panic. Don Alonzo de Aguilar, with a band of companions who had been in the rout of the Axarquia, were amongst those who joined in the pursuit and their war-cry was "Remember the mountains of Malaga!" as they made a desperate charge on the retreating Moors. Old Ali Atar heard the cry and spurred his horse to meet the new foe; he rushed at him hurling his lance, but missed his aim, and in the fierce struggle which followed, the veteran warrior was killed and his body washed away by the waters of the Xenil.

Well for him that he escaped the knowledge of his country's shame that day.

The fall of Ali Atar was the last and most crushing blow to the Moors, who lost all heart and struggled no more against the decree of fate. Nearly the whole of that gallant army, which had sallied from the walls of Granada full of hope and valour, had perished by the waters of the Xenil or fallen captives in the hands of the enemy. The Christians were full of triumph and exultation, for within one brief month the humiliation of their rout in the mountains of Malaga had been blotted out. Once more the chivalry of Andalusia could face the world with pride and honour. But this battle of Lucena had other and more far-reaching consequences. When the Conde de Cabra found that his prisoner was no other than the King of Granada, he realised the importance of his prize, and at once sent urgent messages to his sovereigns, who were still in the north at Vitoria, a mediæval city on the frontier of Navarre.

Fernando at once hastened southward to secure the greatest fruit from the important capture of Boabdil, a matter of diplomacy such as his soul loved. A council

of war was held at Cordova, and there was much difference of opinion; some counsellors suggesting that the Moorish prince should be kept in captivity. as his loss would be so great to his party that the final conquest of the kingdom would be rendered easy. On the other hand, both Cardinal Mendoza and the Marquess of Cadiz strongly advised that he should not only be released and become a vassal of Castile, but that he should be supplied with men and money to promote the civil war in Granada, as this would do more for the interest of the Christians than all their conquests. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

The astute King had probably made up his own mind on the subject, but he sent an envoy to state all the arguments to Queen Isabel, and ask her opinion on the weighty question. Her answer was prompt and decisive; she advised that the King of Granada be set at liberty without delay. Naturally of a generous disposition, she always inclined to the magnanimous view of a subject, while at the same time her judgment was shrewd and far-reaching. Thus the matter was decided, but there were many preliminaries to be arranged. Boabdil was ready to promise anything to regain his freedom, and the following humiliating terms were at length agreed upon: The Moorish King was to pay all arrears of the tribute, which was fixed at twelve thousand doblas of gold annually, and he was to surrender four hundred Christian captives without ransom. He was to become a faithful vassal of the Christian sovereigns, to suffer their troops to pass through his land and furnish them with provisions; he was to attend the Cortes when summoned,

and to give his only son as hostage with several other noble youths.

There was to be a truce for two years, during which time the Christian sovereigns would help Boabdil to recover the rest of his kingdom, now in the possession of his father Muley-Abu-l-Hasan.

Having thus sold his country and his honour as the price of his liberty, the wretched Abu Abdallah el Chico was received with great ceremony at Cordova by King Fernando, loaded with costly presents and conducted in state to the frontier by a guard of Andalusian cavalry.

CHAPTER X

"REMEMBER THE MOUNTAINS OF MALAGA." SUCCESS OF THE SPANISH ARTILLERY

ON the watch-towers of Granada anxious vigil was kept on the night of that 21st day of April, in the year 1483. The city was full of restless eagerness and a hungry longing for news of battle, as there was scarcely a household from which one or more members had not gone forth to the attack on Lucena. "The people looked to behold the King returning in triumph, at the head of his shining host, laden with the spoil of the unbeliever." * But on the morrow, when the messenger entered the gate of Granada, their hearts were filled with foreboding. "Cavalier," said they, "how fares it with the King and the army?" He cast his hand mournfully towards the land of the Christians. "There they lie!" exclaimed he, "the heavens have fallen upon them! All are lost! All are lost!"

The voice of horror and lamentation went through the city. From the highest to the lowest all mourned some dearly-loved one. In the towers of the Alhambra

* Washington Irving.

the Sultana Zoraya learnt that her hopes were crushed and her son had fallen in battle, while Boabdil's young wife Morayma bewailed in that dark hour the loss of her gallant father Ali Atar and her husband.

"All Granada," say the Arabian chroniclers, "gave itself up to lamentations; there was nothing but the voice of wailing from the palace to the cottage. All joined to deplore their youthful monarch, cut down in the freshness and promise of his youth. Many feared that the prediction of the astrologer was about to be fulfilled, and that the downfall of the kingdom would follow the death of Boabdil, while all declared that, had he survived, he was the very sovereign calculated to restore the realm to its ancient prosperity and glory."

As the fugitives made their way home, a downcast, scattered remnant, the truth became known. The young King, whose untimely loss was thus mourned had not fallen in battle but had surrendered to the Christian foe, and the feelings of his subjects entirely changed. "They decried his talents as a commander, his courage as a soldier. They railed at his expedition, as rash and ill-conducted, and they reviled him for not having dared to die on the field of battle."

In a moment old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan became the hero; he alone should be their King, and the fickle populace threw open their gates to receive him. He took triumphant possession of the Alhambra, for the Sultana Zoraya and the partisans of her son had retreated to the other citadel, the Alcazaba, in the Albaycin quarter of the city. As the captivity of Boabdil still lasted, so the power of his father grew, for one town after another returned to his allegiance.

When the unfortunate King was set at liberty by the Christian sovereigns, his troubles were only beginning, for he had to creep back to his capital in secret and enter its walls by stealth. With two kings in the distracted city a time of horror and anarchy followed, until the people could endure it no longer, and Boabdil was compelled to retreat to Almeria, on the sea coast, the "Portus Magnus" of the Romans, but under the Moorish rule a pirate port of evil repute. Yet, as the Arab poet sung, "It was a city where, if thou walkest, the stones are pearls, the dust gold, and the gardens a paradise," as they still continue in their luxuriant growth of the fig-tree, the orange, the lemon, and even fields of maize and sugar-canes.

The fiery old king, Muley-Abu-l-Hasan, was thus left in sole possession of Granada, but long experience had taught him not to put much trust in his present popularity. He knew well that a successful foray into the land of the unbeliever would do more to strengthen his cause than anything else, and that, in his position, constant fighting was an absolute necessity. With the keen eye of a warrior veteran he looked around for a promising foray and a leader.

His choice fell upon a certain Bexir, the alcayde of Malaga, who had grown grey in border warfare. This grim old Moor welcomed with enthusiasm the call to arms, and sent a summons round to the commanders of the neighbouring frontier towns to meet him with their picked troops at the city of Ronda, on the very edge of the frontier. This mountain stronghold was a very nest of organised brigands, the most fierce and daring of the hill people, to whom a plundering inroad into Christian territory had ever been the aim

and joy of life from their childhood. The alcayde of this impregnable rock-girt city was worthy of his post, Hamet el Zegri, a great fighter who kept in his own service a legion of African Moors of the tribe of the Gomeres, who formed a band of mountain cavalry perhaps unmatched in the world for strength and speed. "Rapid on the march, fierce in the attack, it would sweep down upon the Andalusian plains like a sudden blast from the mountains and pass away as suddenly, before there was time for pursuit."

The gallant Bexir looked with pride on the splendid war material so quickly and secretly gathered together from all the neighbourhood, and "the infidel host sallied forth full of spirits, anticipating an easy ravage and abundant booty." Some of the Moorish knights even wore, in mockery and defiance, the splendid armour of the Christian cavaliers slain not long since on those fatal mountains of Malaga.

But history has a way of repeating itself when men commit the same mistakes and are vain-glorious and over-confident. They trusted to secrecy, but the most wary leader is never safe from discovery; some vagabond scouts got wind of the expedition and the Christian governors of the neighbourhood were all warned. Meantime the Moorish chief crossed the rugged mountains, the Serrania de Ronda, guided by Hamet el Zegri, who was familiar with every pass and defile, and when they reached the rocky height from whence the smiling plains of Andalusia were outspread before them, Bexir made his usual crafty manœuvre. He divided his host into three parts, leaving the foot soldiers to guard the pass, placing a strong ambush on the wooded banks of the river

Lopera, while the main body of hardy cavalry dashed forward to ravage the great plain, full of flocks and herds.

They little knew that the alarm had already spread through all the country round, and that the border captains of the Santa Hermandad, knights of Alcántara, Puerto Carrero of Ecija, and above all the formidable Marquess of Cadiz, were already out on the warpath.

"Remember the mountains of Malaga" should have been their watchword on that fatal day! Again it was the old story of invaders scattered over the plain, of well-laid ambush, of fierce and sudden attack, and headlong flight through the steep narrow mountain defiles, where a few soldiers well placed were a match for an army in disorder. This time the fortune of war was on the side of the Christians, for they had knowledge of the enemy's position and were masters of the situation. The unfortunate Moors, though taken by surprise in every way, fought with desperate fury and sold their lives dearly; while a scattered remnant reached the pass guarded by their own men, who "seeing them come galloping wildly up the defile with Christian banners in pursuit, thought all Andalusia was upon them and fled without awaiting an attack." The pursuit was terrible, for a fresh storm of war seemed to break upon them every side, and lasted until night fell.

The Moorish army had sallied forth from Ronda full of hope and exultation, but it was a sad and heart-broken band which crept back, bringing tidings of death and disaster. The flower of Moorish chivalry had fallen that day, the garrisons of all the neighbouring towns were half-destroyed, and the pride of Islam

was laid low in the dust. This battle of Lopera was fought on September 17, 1483. The news reached the Christian sovereigns in the north at Vitoria, whence they were on the point of removing their Court, as they had just heard of the death of their old enemy Louis XI. on August 30, 1483, and it was no longer necessary for them to keep watch and ward over the frontier of Navarre.

We next hear of Fernando and Isabel in the Alcazar, the Moorish palace of Cordova, where they had the pleasing task of heaping honours and rewards on the gallant cavaliers who had fought so well against the Moors. The Marquess of Cadiz received from the King the royal robes which he had worn on the day of rejoicing over the battle of Lopera, with the privilege for him and his heirs of wearing them on our Lady's day in September, to commemorate the victory. Queen Isabel did the same with regard to the wife of Puerto Carrero, sending her the brocaded robe which she had worn that day.

But the highest honours were reserved for the Conde de Cabra, and his nephew Don Diego, the Alcayde de los Donzeles, who had taken captive the King of Granada. The count was met at the gate of the city by a company of prelates and grandees of the realm, and he rode through the streets at the right hand of the Cardinal Mendoza, in stately procession with martial music and the blast of trumpets, and the acclamations of the people. He was received by the sovereigns in the Hall of Audience, and they came forward to meet him with cordial greetings, and bid him be seated in their presence. "The conqueror of kings should sit with kings." After this there

was festive music and a stately dance, and the Conde de Cabra was dismissed with many expressions of regard.

A few days later, the young Alcayde de los Donzeles was also received with great honours but somewhat less in degree. A great feast was held at the Court when there was a stately and ceremonious dance. On this occasion, we are told, "the King led forth the Queen in grave and graceful measure: the Conde de Cabra was honoured with the hand of the Infanta Isabel, and the Alcayde de los Donzeles danced with a lady of high rank. The dance being concluded, the royal party repaired to the supper table . . . here in full view of the Court, the Conde de Cabra and his nephew supped at the same table with the King, the Queen, and the Infanta . . ."

When we consider the stately etiquette of the Spanish Court, we see in these gracious marks of royal favour the winning condescension of Queen Isabel, who with her marvellous instinct seemed to know exactly how best to win the hearts of her subjects. She next bestowed on these fortunate nobles as armorial bearings, a Moor's head crowned with a gold chain round the neck, in a sanguine field, and twenty-two banners round the margin of the escutcheon. They also received the more substantial reward of a large revenue for life.

During the next few years no very decisive event occurred in the Moorish war, although in effect the Christians were gradually narrowing the circle which they had drawn round the doomed province. One fortress after another was taken, but the war was chiefly carried on by a series of destructive forays, in which

the unfortunate land was ravaged and laid desolate. We read of the invading host "sweeping away the flocks and herds from the pasture, the labourer from the field, and the convoy from the road . . . leaving the rich land of the infidel in smoking desolation behind them. . . . destroying all the cornfields, vineyards and orchards, and plantations of olives . . . laying waste the growth of almonds, and the fields of grain, and destroying every green thing. It pursued its slow and destructive course, like the stream of lava from a volcano . . . leaving all these fertile regions a smoking and frightful desert."

The farmhouses, the granaries, and all the little mills by the riverside were ruthlessly demolished, and when we remember that beside this merciless devastation, the fleet on the Mediterranean cut off all supplies from the coast of Barbary, we can only wonder how any remnant of the wretched peasantry survived.

The strength of the Moors lay chiefly in the number of their fortified places which stood on the crest of some precipice or mountain height, for it had ever been their custom to build on high places. These strongholds were in many cases absolutely impregnable to any form of assault which could be brought to bear upon them before the fifteenth century, and thus a small determined garrison could defy an army, until reduced by the slow process of famine. In this early stage of the war, Fernando and Isabel clearly saw that the war would be chiefly one of sieges, and that for this purpose it was needful for them to obtain a supply of the best artillery which the world could produce. It will be interesting to consider what this amounted to in the fifteenth century.

Cannon balls propelled by gunpowder had been known in the East from very early times, and the Moors, always in advance of Europe, had certainly made use of artillery during their early wars in Spain. But they appear to have made no great progress since the twelfth century. We are told that Edward I. at the siege of Stirling used an "engine-a-virge" which threw stones of three hundred pounds weight, and Edward III. seems to have surprised the French by using cannon at the Battle of Creçy. In Italy, Petrarch, writing in 1358, describes cannon as "no longer rare or viewed with astonishment and admiration."

Gibbon gives a minute description of the great cannon used at the siege of Constantinople in 1453—a year after the birth of Fernando of Aragon, which event in the eyes of monkish chroniclers, almost redeemed that great disaster to the Christian world.

Mohammed II. asked his foreign artisan: "Am I able to cast a cannon capable of throwing a ball of sufficient size to batter the walls of Constantinople?" "I am ignorant of their strength; but were they more solid than those of Babylon I could oppose an engine of superior power." On this assurance a foundry was established at Adrianople; the metal was prepared, and at the end of three months Urban produced a piece of brass ordnance of stupendous and almost incredible magnitude; a measure of twelve palms is assigned to the bore, and the stone bullet weighed above six hundred pounds. . . . For the conveyance of this destructive engine, a carriage of thirty waggons was linked together, and drawn along by a team of thirty oxen; two hundred men on both sides were stationed to poise and support the rolling weight; two hundred and fifty workmen

walked before to smooth the way and repair the bridges, and near two months were employed in a laborious journey of one hundred and fifty miles." "The great cannon could be loaded and fired no more than seven times in one day. The heated metal unfortunately burst. . . ." as was so often the case with these engines of destruction, making them quite as much a terror to the attackers as the attacked.

We have a formidable list of "bumbardos, canones, culverynes, fowelers, serpentynes et alios canones quoscumque. . . ." The "bombards" were made of iron bars fitted together lengthways and hooped with iron bars, and usually cast stone balls; they were firmly fixed on their carriage, and had neither horizontal nor vertical movement. We cannot wonder that Machiavelli some years later doubts their use in battle, and advises that the enemy's fire should be avoided by "intervals in the ranks being left open opposite to his cannon."

Queen Isabel appears to have taken the lead in the important matter of providing the best artillery with the help of a great expert, Francisco Ramirez. She sent agents to collect skilled artisans from Flanders, Italy and France; she obtained all the requisite material and set up forges to carry out everything that the highest military science of her day could suggest. But when these clumsy cannons were ready for use, there remained the extraordinary difficulty of transport, often through rugged passes hard to climb on foot. "An immense body of pioneers was constantly employed in constructing roads for the artillery across the sierras, by levelling the mountains, filling up the intervening valleys with rocks or with cork-trees and other timber

. . . and throwing bridges across the torrents and precipitous 'barrancos.'"

The same minute and diligent care which was bestowed upon the artillery was turned to the other branches of military science. It was an immense work, for the army assembled at Cordova we find stated at the lowest estimate to be often ten thousand horse and twenty thousand foot. Then we have to consider the needful supplies for this host, the beasts of burden for carrying provisions through a country laid waste and desolate, and for providing food to the conquered cities and fortresses. We are told that the Queen took a great share of this burden upon herself, that she moved from one frontier town to another, receiving constant intelligence from the seat of war, and sending well protected convoys wherever they were needed. To her womanly compassion for the sick and wounded we owe the first recognised camp hospital, for she had a certain number of tents set apart for their use and supplied with all necessary attendance and materials.

The whole heart of Isabel was in this war for the Faith, and she succeeded in infusing somewhat of her own spirit into her people, but the hopes and aims of Fernando were for a long time only those of Aragon; and even in 1484, when the sovereigns were so deeply committed to the war with the Moors, the King's strongest desire was to take advantage of the death of Louis XI. and turn his forces to the conquest of Roussillon. It was only the unswerving determination and energy of Isabel which at last overcame his wavering desires, and induced him to postpone his ambitious designs in France and Italy.

We cannot dwell upon all the changing fortunes of

that long guerilla warfare, but a few more striking events stand out in prominence. Before the end of 1483, the gallant Marquess of Cadiz, who had already so greatly distinguished himself in the war, was fortunate enough to take by surprise the famous mountain stronghold of Zahara ; the first town which the Moors had defiantly taken at the very opening of the campaign. The Marquess had no means of carrying on a long siege, and was glad to offer the brave defenders most favourable terms. They were allowed to march out of the city with all the goods they could carry, and were permitted to cross over in safety to Barbary. The Catholic sovereigns heard of this conquest with great satisfaction, and bestowed upon the brave cavalier the title of the Duke of Cadiz and Marquess of Zahara; but he preferred to be known as Marquess Duke of Cadiz.

King Fernando himself took the field in June 1483, and with his new lombards and heavy artillery gained by assault the fortresses of Alora and Setenil, which had been considered impregnable ; he also spread ravage and destruction through the southern chain of valleys, even burning villages and destroying the riverside mills close to the very city of Granada. After visiting the various garrisons of the cities taken from the Moors, and seeing that they were well supplied with provisions, he returned in triumph to Cordova, with his splendid bodyguard of cavaliers whose equipment looked rather like that of knights bound for a tourney than engaged in serious warfare.

Meantime, of the two Kings of Granada, old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan remained in the capital, his fierce spirit broken by the infirmities of age and increasing blind-

ness, while the real sovereignty was in the hands of his brother Abdallah el Zagal, "the Valiant," who had shown his mettle in the unforgotten defeat of the Christian chivalry in the mountains of Malaga. Boabdil, the renegade King who was in the pay of Fernando, kept up a poor pretence of state in the sea-coast town of Almeria, hoping against hope that the fickle citizens of Granada would summon him back to reign in lovely courts of the Alhambra. But one day in February in the year 1485 he was startled from his dream of security and empire; a hurried warning reached him that his uncle, the fierce old El Zagal, his deadly foe, was at the gates, and he had barely time to escape the massacre which fell upon his followers and his kinsmen. The wretched fugitive was friendless and homeless; his subjects had been taught to look upon him as an apostate and a traitor, and in his mad despair he turned towards Cordova and sought a refuge with the enemies of his country and his faith. It was a fatal step, as it alienated from him the last sympathy of his race, and made El Zagal henceforth the real King of Granada.

The most important event of the campaign in this year, 1485, was the siege of Ronda, which was led up to by the taking of various strong towns and fortresses in the valleys of Santa Maria and Cartama. Benemaquex, Coin and Cartama were taken by means of the new and powerful artillery of King Fernando, and the inhabitants were put to the sword or carried into captivity; where the fortifications could not be defended by a small garrison, they were demolished, and these successes so terrified the Moors that in many

cases they abandoned the neighbouring towns and fled with their goods to the capital.

Ronda, which had for its alcayde the indomitable Hamet el Zegri, had always hitherto been looked upon as impregnable. "It was situate in the heart of the wild and rugged mountains, and perched upon an isolated rock, crested by a strong citadel, with triple walls and towers. A deep ravine, or rather a perpendicular chasm of rocks of frightful depth, surrounded three parts of the city; through this flowed the Rio Verde, or Green River. There were two suburbs to the city fortified by walls and towers, and almost inaccessible from the natural asperity of the rocks. Around this rugged city were deep rich valleys, sheltered by the mountains, refreshed by constant streams, abounding with grain and the most delicious fruits and yielding verdant meadows; in which was reared a renowned breed of horses, the best in the whole kingdom for a foray."* It was known that the Christians had been bent on the attack of Malaga, and the Alcayde of Ronda, deeming his city secure, had gone forth on a foray. He was returning laden with spoil when he saw that the unexpected had happened; that the besiegers had brought their batteries in position against the walls, and that the King himself, with his royal standard floating in the wind, was encamped before the beleaguered city. Mad with rage, Hamet el Zegri poured down with his Gomeres upon the enemy's camp, only to be driven back with terrible slaughter, and he was driven to watch from the cliffs above the downfall of his beloved stronghold. "He smote his breast and gnashed his teeth in impotent

* Washington Irving.

fury . . . . every thunder of the Christian ordnance seemed to batter against his heart. He saw tower after tower tumbling by day, and at night the city blazed like a volcano. 'They fire not merely stones from their cannon, but likewise great balls of iron, cast in moulds which demolished everything they struck.' They threw also balls of tow, steeped in pitch and oil and gunpowder, which . . . . set the houses in flames."

When all hope of help was given up, the inhabitants were driven to yield ; but they received very merciful terms, for they were allowed to depart with their property, and those who wished to remain in Spain had lands given them, and were suffered to enjoy the free use of their religion. All the captives in the dungeons were released and sent to Queen Isabel at Cordova, where she received them with great kindness. She caused their chains to be hung outside her beautiful votive church of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo, where they may be seen to this day.

The news of the fall of Ronda was received with dismay at Granada, and there was an outrry through the city that nothing could save them from the Christians unless the valiant El Zagal were their sole King, and old Muley-Abu-l-Hasan and Boabdil were both deposed. A message was sent to the old warrior at Malaga, and he set out at once for his capital with a company of three hundred cavaliers. On his way across the rugged hill country he had the supreme satisfaction of taking by surprise a company of knights of Calatrava, who were carelessly resting after a foray. "He entered Granada in a sort of triumph. The eleven knights of Calatrava walked in front. Next

were paraded the ninety captured steeds bearing the armour and weapons of their late owners, and mounted by as many Moors. Then came seventy Moorish horsemen, with as many Christian heads hanging at their saddle-bows. Muley Abdallah el Zagel followed, surrounded by a number of distinguished cavaliers, richly attired; and the pageant was closed by a long cavalcade of the flocks and herds and other booty recovered from the Christians."

Thus did El Zagal make his triumphant entry into Granada, and was proclaimed King amid the rejoicings of the populace, who saw in his late success an omen of coming good fortune.

CHAPTER XI

QUEEN ISABEL TAKES THE FIELD. A WAR OF SIEGES

It was late in the month of August 1485, when Queen Isabel, in her desire to be in close touch with the seat of war, set forth from Cordova with her daughter the Infanta Isabel, who was now fifteen, of an age to be a companion to her, her son Juan, a boy of seven, and his little sisters Maria and Juana, with a stately retinue and her special adviser the Cardinal Mendoza. Their road lay through wild scenery; villages perched on high like eagles' nests, and mountains studded with watch-towers, while at the end of the day's journey they reached the ancient town of Baena on a lofty hill girdled by massive walls and ramparts. In this stronghold Isabel would be near at hand to give help and counsel, for the next attack was to be on the fortress of Moclin, at no very great distance. The coming of the Queen always put new life and vigour into the war, and her host, the Conde de Cabra, was burning to distinguish himself again, and before her very eyes. With full instructions from the King, who was at Alcalá la Real, he set out at midnight with his troops, when a scout brought word that El Zagal had

sallied forth from Granada, and had encamped near Moclin.

A sudden wild idea took possession of De Cabra; he had already taken one king of Granada prisoner, when Boabdil fell into his hands; why should he not take another? What a prize to offer his royal lady! The King's commands and all else were forgotten; in eager haste he pushed forward to swoop down on his prey, and had reached the bottom of a deep glen when the war-cry of the Moors rose above him; his troops were soon hemmed in and a scattered remnant barely escaped by flight with terrible loss; indeed only the arrival of the Bishop of Jaen and the Master of Calatrava with an armed force saved his men from complete destruction.

Instead of a royal gift, the unfortunate Conde de Cabra had brought the Queen only dismay and trouble; but with her usual generosity she would not hear a word against him. "The Conde may have been rash, but had his rashness succeeded as in the case of Boabdil, it would have been praised as the highest heroism."

Fernando heard of the disaster when he was within a few leagues of Moclin and held a council of war to decide on the next move. But the wily old Bishop of Jaen had plans of his own for the good of his diocese, and he hurried on to Baena to win the Queen's assent. He pointed out to her that his domain had long been harassed by two Moorish castles Cambil and Albahar —built on lofty precipitous rocks on each side of a river, the Rio Frio—commanding the road, and the scourge and terror of the country round. From thence there were constant forays, driving off the

cattle and sheep; and the good bishop was thus continually robbed. Why not postpone Moclin and take these brigand castles? The Queen was quite willing to follow his advice, and sent a letter to Fernando to suggest the plan, which was at once adopted. Isabel certainly had her full share of personal courage, for her next move was to establish herself in the castle of Jaen, which stands like a sentinel commanding the mountain road, and where the warrior bishop was joyfully preparing to fight for his diocese. The Alcayde of these giant fortresses, which guarded the pass and commanded the surrounding region, watched the approach of the royal army and scoffed at the threatened attack, for he knew that the dreaded artillery of the Christians could never ascend the rugged path up the crags and precipices. But he little knew with whom he had to deal. Isabel had understood the difficulty, and taking counsel with her great engineer, Francisco Ramirez, the result was the making of a new road constructed on the most daring plan. "Six thousand men with pickaxes, crowbars and every other necessary implement were set to work day and night, to break a way through the very centre of the mountains. . . . The Bishop of Jaen acted as pioneer to mark the route and superintend the workmen . . . valleys were filled up, trees hewed down, rocks broken and overturned . . . and in little more than ten days this gigantic work was accomplished and the ordnance dragged to the camp. No sooner was the heavy artillery arrived than it was disposed in all haste upon the neighbouring heights; Francisco Ramirez superintended the batteries and soon opened a destructive fire upon the castles."

The result was a triumphant success, for the large stones discharged by the lombards demolished some of the towers and the battlements which guarded the portal. Driven to extremity, the brave garrison was compelled to yield, but with all the honours of war, and the gallant alcayde exclaimed: "Of what avail is all the prowess of knighthood against these cowardly engines that murder from afar?"

It is satisfactory to learn that after the destruction of these ever-threatening castles, the Bishop of Jaen was able to enjoy his fat bishopric in quiet and security; "the husbandmen tilled their fields in peace, the herds and flocks fattened unmolested in the pastures and the vineyards yielded their increase . . . and in the approbation of his conscience, the increase of his revenues, and the abundance of his table, the good man found a reward for all his toils and perils."*

Meanwhile there were changes in the kingdom of Granada. After El Zagal had been proclaimed King, old Muley Abu-l-Hasan retired with his treasure and his last wife to the little town of Almunecar on the Mediterranean coast, where he remained blind and bedridden, until his brother caused him to be taken to the castle of Salabrena, in which he soon died. If El Zagal had deserved the suspicion caused by this event, he soon had reason to repent of it, for when they heard the old King was dead, the people began to think of his ancient deeds of prowess and to lament for him. They even turned their thoughts to his son Boabdil, who was still in ignominious safety at Cordova, under the careless protection of the Christian sovereigns. But no sooner did Fernando see that he might be of

* Washington Irving.

any political importance, than his interest revived, and he supplied men and money to enable his renegade vassal to raise once more conflicting interests amongst the Moors. With this assistance Boabdil set up the semblance of a Court at Velez el Blanco, a fortified town on the frontier of Murcia, where he could encourage his faction in the Albaycin quarter of the capital, amongst the poorer class; while all the chivalry and wealth of Granada rallied under the standard of El Zagal.

An important event in the history of Europe occurred before the close of the year. Fernando and Isabel had taken up their winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Madrid, at the ancient town of Alcalà de Henares, fortified by massive walls, with square towers and flanking bastions, standing on a green river bank in the midst of a vast plain. It is a cold wind-blown place, although lofty sand-hills—"drab in sunlight, purple in shadow"—screen it to the north, and the broad landscape has its dreamy charm as it glows beneath the sunset light. It was a city beloved by the great Archbishops of Toledo, who had a stately palace here surrounded by many churches and monasteries. Here, in the Moorish castle, girt round by gardens and courtyards, was born on December 5, 1485, the Infanta Catalina, known in after years as Katharine of Aragon, the wife of King Henry VIII. of England. She was the fifth and youngest child of Isabel, and was destined by her gallant courage and eventful life to become a striking and pathetic figure in our history.

In the busy life of this many-sided Queen of Spain, her children may appear to us somewhat of an episode. But she took the duties of a mother as seriously as

her other occupations, and, as we shall see at a later period, she neglected nothing which concerned their welfare or their education. It is, of course, possible that had she been less engaged in the cares of State, and had devoted her strong energy and splendid intelligence only to her children, she might have so moulded their character as to escape pitfalls in the high estate which awaited them. The "little more and how much it is" might have changed the fate of her daughters and the destiny of nations. But for her and for us the future rests ever shrouded in the mists of time.

The campaign against the Moors began with renewed vigour in the spring of 1486, and partook more of the nature of a general crusade, for the Spanish troops were joined by volunteers from other parts of Europe, amongst whom the Earl of Rivers, "Conde de Escalas," is specially mentioned.

The King had never forgotten his defeat before Loja, and this important town, called the key of Granada, was the first object of attack. It stands on a high hill between two mountains on the banks of the river Xenil, and was only about twenty-eight miles from the Moorish capital, although very difficult of approach from Cordova. At the time of this siege it was held by Boabdil, who had made a kind of treaty with his uncle and sent a messenger to Fernando, offering to hold it as his vassal, but this was indignantly refused and the siege was commenced in earnest. Lord Rivers and his company of three hundred retainers, armed with long-bow and battle-axe, distinguished themselves very much on this occasion, and astonished the Moors by their vigorous style of warfare. The

English knight had a narrow escape of his life as he fell from a scaling-ladder, struck by a stone; but he recovered, received splendid gifts from the Queen, and lived to fight another day, for he was slain two years later, fighting in France for the Duke of Brittany.

The siege of Loja lasted for thirty-four days, and again it was the heavy fire of the improved artillery which shattered the walls and brought down the towers, and at length compelled the surrender, after a gallant defence in which Boabdil had greatly distinguished himself and been seriously wounded. The garrison received favourable terms, and the people were allowed to take away their portable property, and retire to Granada, while the unfortunate Boabdil did homage once more as a vassal to Fernando.

The next capture was that of the strong town of Illora, whose castle, on a high isolated rock, was called the right eye of Granada, which was about four leagues distant. The alcayde fought with desperate courage to the last extremity, but the fortifications once more fell before the powerful engines of destruction, which they had not been built to withstand. One interesting incident is related of this siege, when the Duke del Infantado pleaded for permission to lead the storming party. He was one of the young nobles who had been remonstrated with by the King for his gorgeous attire and the splendour of his retainers, and now in the sternest hour of danger this dandy duke was eager to prove that velvet and brocade may cover hearts as brave as those of men who wore fustian, and that swords inlaid with gold and silver may be as deadly as those of mere iron. In the forefront of the assault the gallant young warrior and his gay company carried the

day by their splendid valour, and when they came out of the conquered city—victorious, though thinned in number, wounded and bloodstained—there was never after a taunt at their emblazoned finery.

It is interesting to note that when the fortress of Illora was repaired and strengthened, King Fernando appointed as alcayde, the younger brother of Don Alonzo di Aguilar, Gonzalvo de Cordova, afterwards known to fame as the Great Captain.

The Spanish sovereigns might rebuke the magnificence and ostentation of their great nobles, but at the same time they perfectly understood the value of royal state and magnificence. Queen Isabel was guided by a marvellous instinct, almost amounting to genius, which taught her when the hour had arrived for her to be all glorious in her raiment and lavish in her expenditure. As De Maulde remarks: "Une seule femme peut-être, répandit dans les camps un vrai enthusiasme chevaleresque; mais c'était en Espagne, et il s'agissait de foi et de patrie. . . . Elle était rude pour elle-même dans son particulier, et fasteuse en public. . . . Jamais un roi n'aurait exercé le même ascendant."

We have a very minute account of the coming of the Queen in state to an interview with the King in the camp before Moclin in June 1486, when her advice and encouragement was thought desirable. She set out from Cordova with the Infanta Isabel and the ladies of her Court, attended by a numerous retinue of cavaliers and guards. As the splendid cavalcade reached the banks of the river Yeguas, the Queen was met by the Marquess Duke of Cadiz and a train of knights, and as she drew near the camp, the Duke del Infantado with other nobles magnificently accoutred, came

W. A. Mansell & Co. *In the National Portrait Gallery, London*

QUEEN KATHARINE OF ENGLAND

forward to receive her. With them came the standard of Seville, to which she made her obeisance. "The Queen rode a chestnut mule, seated in a saddle-chair embossed with gold and silver. The housings were of crimson cloth embroidered with gold, the reins and bridle were of satin, curiously wrought with letters of gold. The Queen wore a royal skirt of velvet, under which were others of brocade, a scarlet mantle ornamented in the Moorish fashion, and a black hat embroidered round the crown and brim.

"The Infanta was also mounted on a chestnut mule richly caparisoned. She wore a skirt of black brocade, and a black mantle ornamented like the Queen's. . . . All the battalions sallied forth in military array, bearing the various standards and banners of the camp, which were lowered in salutation. The King now appeared in royal state, mounted on a superb chestnut horse, and attended by many grandees of Castile. He wore a jubon or close vest of crimson cloth, with "chausses" or breeches of yellow satin; a loose cassock of brocade over his cuirass, a hat with plumes, and a rich Moorish scimetar girt by his side. . . . The King and Queen approached each other with three formal reverences; the Queen taking off her hat and remaining in a silk net or caul, with her face uncovered. The King then approached and embraced her and kissed her respectfully on the cheek. He also embraced his daughter the princess, and making the sign of the Cross, he blessed her and kissed her on the lips." * The English Lord Scales appears to have been present, and the chronicler dwells at length on his gorgeous array.

In a War of the Faith, a holy crusade such as the

* "Cura de los Palacios" (quoted by Prescott).

conquest of the Moorish kingdom was considered, we can well understand that no means were omitted to emphasise the pious nature of the work. Isabel herself was deeply religious, and full of the most fervent thanksgiving for every success gained over the infidel, probably attributing it to the special interposition of God on her behalf. But at the same time she was a great stateswoman, and cannot have failed to see the policy of enlisting the mighty forces of religion on her behalf. News of every triumph was at once forwarded to the Pope, who sent back his benediction, with more substantial help in the way of Bulls of Crusade and taxes on ecclesiastical rents. In the early days of her reign, when success trembled in the balance, we are told that the clergy of the realm actually delivered into the royal treasury half the amount of plate belonging to the churches throughout the kingdom, to be redeemed in the term of three years, for the sum of 30 "cuentas," or millions of maravedis. This, we may mention, Isabel punctually repaid.

During the whole of the Moorish War we learn that "The Queen at Cordova and elsewhere celebrated the tidings of every new success, by solemn procession and thanksgiving with her whole household, as well as the nobility, foreign ambassadors and municipal functionaries. In like manner Fernando, on his return from his campaigns, was received at the gate of the city and escorted in solemn pomp beneath a rich canopy of state to the cathedral church, where he prostrated himself in grateful adoration to the Lord of hosts." Whenever a city was conquered, there was a great religious ceremonial to purify the place from the infidel, and dedicate it to the Christian Faith. "The

royal alferez" raised the standard of the Cross, the sign of our salvation, on the summit of the principal fortresses, and all who beheld it prostrated themselves on their knees in silent worship of the Almighty, while the priests chanted the glorious anthem, "Te Deum laudamus." The ensign of Santiago, the chivalric patron of Spain, was then unfolded, and all invoked his blessed name. Lastly was displayed the banner of the sovereigns enblazoned with the royal arms; at which the whole army shouted forth, as with one voice, "Castile! Castile!" After these solemnities, a bishop led the way to the principal mosque, which, after the rites of purification, he consecrated to the service of the true Faith.

The standard of the Cross, of massive silver, was a present from Pope Sixtus IV. to Fernando, in whose tent it was always carried throughout these campaigns. An ample supply of bells, vases, missals, plate and sacred furniture, was also borne along with the camp, being provided by the Queen for the purified mosques." *

Moclin, the shield of Granada, which stood in defiant majesty on the frontier of Jaen, could not hold out long against the artillery of the Spaniards, which was constantly being improved by Francisco Ramirez, and was worked chiefly by a band of trained German engineers. But the fierce old King El Zagal kept constant watch on the invaders and was ever at hand when least expected; cutting off means of communication, surprising foraging parties, and constantly making desperate inroads across the borders. At the siege of Moclin he surprised and defeated the Conde

* Prescott.

de Cabra one night, and nearly made him pay dear for his capture of Boabdil.

Before the end of the year many other strong places had fallen into the hands of the Christians, and they had advanced the border of their kingdom more than 20 leagues within the frontier of the Moorish dominion. Still their progress was very slow, for the country bristled with fortresses, every one of which was defended with heroic patriotism until the garrison was well-nigh buried beneath the ruins of tower and walls. Of the strong places still remaining, the most important was the coast city of Malaga, which from its position enabled the Moors of Barbary to help their race in Spain. To the taking of this strong place, the second city of the realm, all the energies of the Christian sovereigns were devoted in the campaign of 1487.

At this time El Zagal had become unpopular with the people of Granada, who bitterly resented the success of their enemies and the loss of so many strong places, and they once more recalled Boabdil to be their King. With the help of Spanish troops, he fortified himself in the Albaycin, while his uncle remained master of the Alhambra, and the hapless city was torn asunder by the constant fighting between the two factions. Of a sudden, tidings reached the capital that the whole forces of Spain were investing Velez Malaga, which was looked upon as an outpost of Malaga, and El Zagal seized the opportunity of redeeming the past by setting forth at once with all his army to relieve the beleaguered city, leaving his nephew in possession of Granada.

Velez Malaga is built on the slope of a rocky isolated hill, of which the crest above is crowned by a strong

castle, which commands the beautiful valley below, stretching down to the sea, covered with vineyards and olive-trees, with groves of oranges and pomegranates. After a long and toilsome journey through the rugged mountains, following in the track of an army of pioneers sent in advance to make the road passable for artillery, Fernando had at length arrived within sight of the city on April 17, 1487. While he was encamped on a height overlooking the fortress, a sudden attack was made by the enemy, and the King rushing out with his usual courage, found himself surrounded by the Moors, and was in perilous case, for having discarded his lance he could not draw his sword from the scabbard. In this moment of peril, the Marquis of Cadiz and other cavaliers galloped to the spot and succeeded in rescuing him. In memory of this narrow escape, Isabel granted to the city for its escutcheon the figure of Fernando on horseback, piercing a Moor with his javelin.

El Zagal had lost no time in making his way through unfrequented mountain roads until he reached the heights above Velez Malaga and formed a well-laid plan to combine in a night attack upon the garrison. But the message was intercepted, and the midnight assault on the camp was met with so fierce and unlooked-for reception that the relieving army was driven to flight with terrible loss. It is said that a strange panic seized them. "They were terrified, they knew not why or at what. They threw away swords, lances, breast-plates, cross-bows, everything that could burden or impede their flight, and speading themselves wildly over the mountains fled headlong down the defiles. They fled without pursuers, from the glimpse of each

others arms, from the sound of each others footsteps." . . . * In vain did El Zagal try to rally them, he had no choice but to consult his own safety by flight; and when at length he reached Granada, the story of his disaster had preceded him, and he found the gates closed against him.

It was a cruel blow, but the brave warrior knew of old that with his fickle subjects success was the only key to empire, and as he saw the banner of Boabdil flaunting on the tower of the Alhambra he turned away with despair in his heart.

The people of Velez had watched the mountain watch-fires on the heights around them with eager hope, for their scouts had brought word of the coming rescue, but when the morning dawned the relieving army had melted away like a cloud. Evil tidings continued to pour upon the devoted garrison; they learnt that the heavy ordnance of the Christians had at length made its laborious way through the defiles, that the blockade by sea and land was now complete, and, worse news of all, that Boabdil now reigned in the capital, and there was no help for them. They were driven to capitulate, and Fernando, eager to commence the siege of Malaga, granted them favourable terms. They were free to depart with their goods, and live under secure protection for themselves and their religion at any place distant from the sea. The surrender of Velez Malaga was followed by that of all the neighbouring towns and fortresses in the Axârquia, so that Fernando now found all the approaches open to Malaga itself, the special object of the campaign.

* Washington Irving.

CHAPTER XII

THE BESIEGING OF MALAGA

THE city of Malaga was one of the most valuable and important in the Moorish kingdom. It was splendidly fortified with massive walls and strong towers, protected on the land side by a natural barrier, an amphitheatre of mountains, while on the other, open to the sea, the citadel fortress rose defiant and hitherto impregnable. On the craggy height above was the great castle of Gibralfaro, once an ancient lighthouse, which commanded alike the city and the alcabaza and could stand a siege alone if they should surrender. This ancient city of immemorial antiquity, which had made terms with Carthage and Rome, was an important seaport, whose ships traded to every port of the Levant and thence to the far Indies. The spacious harbour, in a deep-water bay with sheltering promontories, could be entered with any wind, and was the chief centre of Moorish shipping and of communication with Barbary.

With its hanging gardens, its groves of orange and pomegranate, its palms and aloes, and a peerless climate where every exotic flower and shrub grew in luxuriance, it had ever been the delight of that southern

race who called it the "paradise of earth." El Zagal had placed here as Alcayde the dauntless Hamet el Zegri, who so gallantly fought for his stronghold of Ronda, and the citadel was garrisoned by his band of African Gomeres. But within the city there were many wealthy merchants, who thought so much of their own safety and prosperity that to ensure them they would gladly submit to the Christian sovereigns.

Fernando was not slow in hearing of this, and, through the Marquess of Cadiz, he tried to enter into negotiation with Hamet el Zegri, offering him an immense bribe on condition of immediate surrender. But the gallant Alcayde dismissed the envoy with scornful courtesy, and the reply, "I was set here not to surrender but to defend." His deeds were on a par with his words, for never was a besieged city defended with more desperate and persistent valour. The heights around and the rising ground near the sea were first taken by assault, and a line of defence with deep trenches and embankments was made all round the city, while the blockade was completed by a fleet of armed vessels, caravels, and galleys, which took possession of the harbour. The forces under the command of Fernando are said to have numbered twelve thousand horse and forty thousand foot, while his artillery was infinitely superior to anything which the defenders of Malaga could oppose to him. His most formidable cannon, called the "Seven Sisters of Jimenez," was placed in position with immense labour and concentrated its fire upon the Gibralfaro, smothering the fortress in smoke and flame; but when a breach was made, and

the Spaniards sought to scale the walls and take the tower by assault, the alcayde and his men poured down boiling pitch and hurled huge stones on the storming party till they were compelled to retreat with terrible loss.

Never before had such powerful engines of destruction been brought together, and the camp was filled with armourers and smiths, carpenters and engineers, who constructed new and strange machines under the supervision of the famous Francisco Ramirez. We hear of moving wooden towers which were brought forward to attack the battlements, of a "testudo" of shields used as a protection for the men as they crept close to undermine the walls; as in this siege, for the first time in Spanish warfare, mines were dug under the fortifications, which were blown up with gunpowder.

Yet still the garrison held out, and even inflicted severe loss upon the Christians with their daring and vigorous sallies under the brave Hamet el Zegri, who was the very soul of the defence. Time wore on, and the report spread that the attacking army was growing weary of the slow work and would not keep the field much longer. On this reaching the ear of Fernando, he resolved to dispel such an illusion by inviting the Queen to join him in the camp. She gladly set forth without delay from Cordova with the Infanta Isabel and a courtly retinue of ladies and cavaliers, accompanied, as usual, by the Cardinal Mendoza and other prelates, amongst whom we may notice Hernando de Talavera, Isabel's confessor. She was greeted with enthusiasm on her arrival in sight of Malaga; the soldiers of Castile had quite a superstitious belief in

the value of her presence, and all combined to look upon her coming as an omen of victory.

At her request the firing ceased for a time, and the King took advantage of this pause to summon once more the city to surrender. He offered the most generous terms ; but in case of refusal he vowed that, "with the blessing of God, he would make them all slaves." He also informed the inhabitants of the Queen's coming, and of their resolution to encamp in front of the city until it should be taken. Unfortunately the silence of the batteries made the garrison believe that there was a scarcity of powder, and the fierce Hamet el Zegri, declaring that any one who should speak of capitulation would be put to death, dismissed the Christian messenger without a reply.

After this final decision the siege continued with more terrible energy than ever. Furious sallies were made from the city, at every hour of the day and night, and more than once the camp was in serious danger ; mine and countermine went on beneath the walls and the soldiers fought hand to hand underground, while all the time the besieging army kept up the fearful cannonade which battered down walls and towers. There was great loss of life, and the Queen's hospital tents were always full of sick and wounded. Fresh supplies of powder and ammunition reached the camp by sea from Germany and the ports of Valencia, Barcelona, Sicily and Portugal. All the resources of the kingdom were concentrated against the devoted city, which had still more deadly foes within—disease and famine. Even in his exile the brave El Zagal collected troops, and was about to make a last despairing effort to raise the siege, when

the wretched Boabdil, in his mad insensate jealousy, actually sent his soldiers from Granada to intercept and disperse the relieving force and set the seal on his ignominy by sending presents to the Christian sovereigns and assuring them of his fidelity.

All hope was now at an end, and no words can describe the sufferings of the unfortunate people within the walls, who, driven to the deepest extremity by famine, dared to rebel against their grim defenders and insisted on surrender. The last desperate sally of Hamet el Zegri had been repulsed with terrible slaughter, and he was at length forced by his fierce soldiers to thrown open the gates of the citadel—and meet the reward of his heroism in chains and captivity.

The long siege was over; it had lasted from the middle of May to August 18, and King Fernando was so indignant with the *obstinacy* of the patriotic defenders that he refused to listen to their passionate appeals for mercy, and declared that he would keep his cruel vow. This was carried out with the full consent of his advisers, who decided that an example must be made, and that such wholesome severity would cause the other Moorish cities and strongholds to surrender without a blow. These were the conditions granted to the proud city of Malaga, "the beautiful and renowned." The African garrison were condemned to immediate slavery, and the rest of the inhabitants were allowed to ransom themselves, on these deceptive terms; that they should at once deliver up all their property to the King as part payment of the vast sum demanded, and if the rest were not paid within eight months, they should all, men, women and children to the number of fifteen thousand, be sold as slaves.

In the end this was what befell them, after remaining captives at Seville for those long weary months of anxious waiting, and thus the crafty device of the King was successful.

There were a few exceptions made; some rich merchants had succeeded in obtaining better terms, and were suffered to remain as vassals, and a wealthy Jew of Castile was able to ransom 450 Moorish Jews with 20,000 doblas of gold. A noble Moor by name Abraham Zenete, in the latest sortie from Malaga, had come upon a number of Spanish children who had strayed from the camp. He touched them lightly with the handle of his lance, exclaiming, "Get ye gone, varlets, to your mothers," and this kindly chivalry saved his life and household when the place was taken. The capture of Malaga was celebrated as usual by a solemn procession through the streets, of the King and Queen, the great nobles and prelates of the Church, the ladies of the Court and cavaliers, all in magnificent array, with crosses and banners, followed by a haggard company of released Christian captives with their chains. In the great mosque, which had been purified for Christian worship and named Santa Maria de la Encarnacion, a thanksgiving service was held, and Malaga was made into a bishopric.

We are tempted to wonder how far the pious Isabel, as she knelt in prayer before the high altar, realised the awful cruelty with which the wretched citizens had been treated? Did she in any measure appreciate how the verdict of posterity would condemn such ruin of a whole people? It is possible that we do not clearly see and judge that which passes before our eyes, and that the deeds which appear to us so mon-

strous in the clear perspective of history, may have been to her less terrible, and in a way inevitable.

The fall of Malaga may be said to have sounded the death-knell of Moorish dominion in Spain, for Granada was foredoomed to follow. She was now deprived of most of the great ports from whence she could hope for supplies and foreign help; all the western part of her realm was in the hands of the Christians, and what was left was torn asunder by the rival Kings, for Boabdil reigned in Granada, while El Zagal had collected under his standard all that remained of courage and patriotism amongst his people. From his special city of Almeria with its port and harbour on the Mediterranean, to Jaen in the north, he was master still; the strong cities of Guadix and Baesa remained loyal to him, and the mountain race of the Alpuxarras owned him as their lord.

After the tremendous energy expended on the conquest of Malaga, the Spanish sovereigns had need of breathing space to recruit their strength and collect fresh levies. They had also much important work in the way of internal administration. Late in the autumn of 1487, Fernando and Isabel, with their children, travelled in state to Zaragoza, the time-honoured capital of Aragon, in order that their only son Prince Juan, now nine years old, might obtain formal recognition of his right to the throne in succession, and receive the homage of the Cortes. Zaragoza stands on the banks of the broad, rapid Ebro, in the midst of a fertile plain, and the Kings of Aragon always took up their abode in the ancient palace of the Moorish Khalifs, a massive irregular citadel outside the Portillo or north-west gate of the city. The Archbishop of

Zaragoza was one of the most important prelates of the realm and there are two splendid cathedrals, one of which, "Del Pilar," is so called from its proud boast of enclosing the identical jasper pillar on which the Virgin came down from heaven.

The Cortes assembled in the beautiful Casa de Deputacion, or Parliament House, and loyally carried out all the requests of the sovereign. Juan, Prince of Asturias, was acknowledged with acclamation, and a large sum of money was voted for the continuation of the Moorish war. The King also gave his sanction to the Santa Hermandad of Aragon, which had been recently organised on the plan of that which had long been so useful in Castile. This was a democratic measure, popular with the city burghers, but a serious grievance to the great feudal nobles, whose power was much diminished. From the capital, Fernando and Isabel travelled across the province of Aragon to Valencia on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, the splendid city of the Cid. Here they took measures to strengthen the authority of the law, and to make some changes in the ruling of the city, and the Court then continued its progress to Murcia, and remained there until, in the month of June 1488, Fernando set forth again on his annual campaign against the Moors. But this time he had a much smaller army than usual, for nothing could ever restrain him from interfering in the affairs of France when an opportunity occurred. He had recently sent forces from Biscay which he could ill spare, to help the Duke of Brittany in his opposition to Charles VIII., or rather his sister Anne of Beaujeu, the Regent. In the disastrous defeat of the rebels at St. Aubin du Cormier on July 27, 1488, we

find that over a thousand Spaniards were killed or taken prisoners.

In this battle was slain the Earl of Rivers who had distinguished himself at the siege of Loja. During this year there was no great success to record, although some outlying fortresses fell into the hands of the Christians; they met with a decisive check when approaching the walls of Baza, being drawn into an ambuscade by the crafty old warrior King El Zagal, and they only made their escape with much loss from the surrounding gardens and water-courses. El Zagal, encouraged by his success, laid waste all the country recently conquered by the Spaniards, sweeping away the cattle and sheep, and harassing the land with his forays. There was no triumphant procession that autumn when King Fernando returned from his campaign and joined the Queen at Valladolid.

It is at this period that we first hear of the alliance, afterwards so important for Spain, with the Emperor Maximilian, son of Frederick IV. This prince had married Mary the heiress of Burgundy, and for her broad dominions there had been a constant struggle with Louis XI. On her death in 1482, at the age of twenty-five, fresh troubles had arisen, and although by the Treaty of Arras in December 1482, it had been arranged that Margaret the young daughter of Maximilian should marry the Dauphin Charles, now King of France, the Emperor, with well-justified mistrust, was anxious to make a secret alliance-treaty with Fernando, engaging to assist him in recovering the provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne. The Flemish ambassadors were received with great honour, and splendid entertainments were given for them, as the politic King gladly welcomed

any political alliance which might help him against France, the hereditary enemy of Aragon, although he could not take any important action while all his energies were needed by the Moorish war. All that winter fresh levies were made, and great care was given to the artillery which had proved so valuable already in capturing the strongholds and fortified cities of the South. It was a most disastrous season, long remembered in all Andalusia, where disease and famine had spread, after a stormy season with heavy rains and inundations which washed away the crops and almost destroyed whole fertile valleys.

In order to be near the seat of war, where her presence was now looked upon as indispensable, Queen Isabel moved with her children and her Court to the mountain city of Jaen, where she once more took up her abode in the grim old castle which stands like a sentinel commanding the mountain gorges. It was here that her ancestor the young King Fernando IV., El Emplazado, had died, summoned to meet those he had wronged, before the Judgment-seat of God; and even setting aside this and other stern associations, it cannot have had many attractions in the way of luxury and entertainment. But the household of Isabel had learnt by this time what a serious view she took of life, and were thankful when they did not find themselves in actual danger.

It was in the spring of 1489, late in the month of May, that Fernando set forth with a large army and all the flower of the chivalry of Castile and Aragon to undertake, in serious earnest this time, the siege of Baza. On the way, after a short but desperate resistance, the stronghold of Cuxar had been taken, and

Alinari, phot. *In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence*

KING CHARLES VIII. OF FRANCE

several outlying fortresses, which left the road open for the invaders. The old King, El Zagal, was at Guadix, a few leagues away, and had taken every measure for the defence of Baza, which he entrusted to the care of Cidi Yahye, the Alcayde of Almeria, who brought ten thousand of his own picked warriors to add to the strong garrison. The town was provided with food calculated to last for fifteen months; it was well equipped with cannons and gunpowder, and the fortifications were of enormous strength. "The old monarch was battling like a warrior on the last step of his throne," and here he was about to make his final stand for empire and all that life could offer him.

Of this siege of Baza we have very full and circumstantial accounts from two eye-witnesses, for both Hernando del Pulgar and Peter Martyr, of whom we shall soon have more to say, were present in the King's camp. The city stands in a great valley where two rivers meet, whose waters are spread about to fertilise the whole surface of the Vega, then a great tangled wilderness of groves and gardens, making all approach difficult. On one side Baza was protected by the precipitous mountain heights and a strong fortress, and on the other by fortified walls and massive towers. A low earth-wall and trench protected the suburbs of the City of Gardens, as it was called. It was towards the "garden" that the first attempt was made as soon as the Christians had encamped before the walls, for until this was in their hands it would be impossible to enforce a complete blockade. It was nearly a league across and studded with small towers, which could provide excellent cover to the defenders.

The assault was made by the King in person and the Grand Master of Santiago with a charge of cavalry, but the broken surface of the ground and the thick growth of the orchards gave such an advantage to the Moors, who were on foot and knew the ground, that the Spaniards had to dismount and fight at a great disadvantage. It was not so much a general engagement as a series of petty fights amid the dense foliage, the pavilions, and the towers. Hand to hand they fought with desperate courage on both sides all that spring day, until when the evening closed in, the defenders were driven back within their entrenchments. The Spanish army tried to make good their position within the gardens, but they were harassed by constant alarms all through the night, and the next morning Fernando reluctantly gave orders that the camp should be pitched farther up the valley.

A council of war was held to consider the next move, and there was a general feeling of dismay at the difficulties presented by the peculiar position of a place which could not readily be either taken by assault nor blockaded. On the other hand, it was even suggested that, with El Zagal at Guadix, within twenty miles, they might themselves be besieged ; and also that if heavy rains came on, the whole valley might be flooded and their communications cut off. There was so much general despondency even among the bravest cavaliers that Fernando resolved to consult the Queen, to whom he was sending constant messengers. Her reply came at once : she had full confidence in the Providence of God, who had led them already so far, and if they decided to continue the siege, she pledged herself to send all needful supplies of men, money, and pro-

visions. This hopeful message turned the scale, and the army welcomed it with enthusiasm.

The obvious thing was to destroy and level this labyrinth of garden, and within a short time we are told that four thousand "taladores," or pioneers, were set to work at cutting down the trees and clearing the ground. But the task was so difficult, and the constant sallies from the city were so fierce and bloodthirsty, that it was more than forty days before the devastation was complete, and the people of Baza made bitter lamentation for the loss of their beautiful groves and gardens—the joy and protection of their homes. When this was once accomplished, the besiegers set themselves with dogged perseverance to invest and isolate the devoted city; digging deep trenches, fortified by palisadoes and strong towers all across the valley, draining the waters into one channel and closing in the line of defence on the slopes of the mountain behind the fortress. This immense work was continued for two months, and it is said that ten thousand workmen were employed, with large bodies of troops to defend them from the attacks of the garrison. The feud between the rival Kings of Granada and of Guadix was the salvation of the Christian camp, for a strong combined assault from the rear of the valley might have had most serious consequences. But neither El Zagal nor Boabdil dared to leave his territory open to a rival, and thus the last hope of the Moorish kingdom was destined to end in destruction.

A strange embassy reached King Fernando in the camp before Baza; the Soldan of Babylon sent two Franciscan friars from Jerusalem to protest against the injury done to the Moors of Spain, who were of his

faith and race, and to threaten that he would retaliate on the Christians of Palestine. A diplomatic and courteous reply was returned, with costly presents, and Isabel presented rich needlework, of her own embroidery, for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and later, Peter Martyr was sent on a diplomatic mission to the Soldan, which was quite successful, and of which he wrote a most interesting account, entitled "De Legatione Babilonicâ."

Meanwhile, the siege continued with fierce energy on both sides, and as time passed on, the autumnal storms threatened to sweep away the camp of the besiegers and destroy the roads by which their supplies arrived. But Isabel, with her usual energy, caused new roads and bridges to be made at immense cost, for which she pawned her jewels and mortgaged her private estates, so that her daily supplies were resumed, and long convoys of baggage-mules continued to cross the Sierra, laden with corn and other provisions for the camp. Still the beleaguered city gave no sign of distress; while the investing army was wasted with sickness and the wear of constant fighting. They are said to have lost twenty thousand men during the six months' siege. The time had come when, as usual, the presence of the Queen was ardently desired, and on November 7 she arrived with great state at the camp, accompanied by her usual retinue, with banners floating in the air and a flare of trumpets, as though it were a festal tournament, and she had not just accomplished a very dangerous and wearisome journey across the hills from Jaen. "Her presence seemed at once to gladden and re-animate our spirits, drooping under long vigils, dangers, and fatigue," says Peter Martyr.

But the coming of Isabel always sounded a knell of despair to the enemy, who knew that she would take up her abode in the camp until the day of surrender.

In this crusading war, where Isabel ascribed her inspiration and her triumph to the direct guidance of the Almighty, the intensity of her earnest faith was irresistible, and she inspired the whole army with her supreme courage and tenacity of purpose. The gallant Cidi Yahye and the alcayde of Baza had the wisdom to appreciate this and to bow before the inevitable. The fate of Malaga rose before their minds as an awful warning, and, with a more difficult heroism than the mere lust for fighting, they thought of the helpless multitude whose fate hung upon their decision, and at length sought parley with the foe. An armistice was arranged in order to obtain final instructions from the old King El Zagal, who held a grim council of war at Guadix, and as he fully realised the dark outlook before him, could only take refuge in the fatalism of his race: "Allah achbar!" ("God is great. To his will I bow.")

There was no difficulty about the terms of surrender, for the Christian sovereigns were only too anxious to meet the besieged half way. Most favourable terms were readily granted; the foreign mercenaries were to march forth with the honours of war, and the inhabitants might remain in the suburbs as vassals of Castile, or choose any other place of abode, paying the same tribute as of old, and secure in the enjoyment of their goods, their faith, their laws, and their customs.

It was on December 4, 1489, that Fernando and Isabel made their solemn entry into Baza at the head

of a splendid procession, with the customary banners and trumpets, and ringing of bells and roar of artillery, while the standard of the Cross was planted on the topmost height of the conquered citadel. Interesting traces of this period may still be seen in the fifteenth century cannon which stand, stern relics of the past, on the rose-planted Alameda, girdled with its immemorial poplars. Cidi Yahye and the alcayde were loaded with honours and gifts, and, as the Moorish chronicler remarks, "Isabel's compliments were repaid in more substantial coin," for these former comrades of El Zagal were won to the Queen's service, and had so much influence on their old master that they persuaded him of the hopelessness of his position, and induced him to make terms with the victorious Christians.

The brave old warrior saw plainly that all chance of success was at an end, and that nothing remained for him but the long-drawn-out misery of seeing one strong place after another fall into the hands of the Christians. He yielded to his unlucky fate, and promised to surrender all the cities and territory remaining to him into the hands of the Spanish sovereigns, who were at once to take possession of them. With the extraordinary energy which distinguished her, we see Isabel on December 7 leaving Baza in charge of the rear-guard of the army, the King being in the centre. "Their route lay across the most savage districts of the long Sierra, which stretches towards Almeria, leading through many a narrow pass. . . . over mountains whose peaks were lost in clouds, and valleys whose depths were never warmed by the sun. The winds were exceedingly bleak and the weather in-

clement; so that men as well as horses, exhausted by the fatigues of previous service, were benumbed by the intense cold, and many of them frozen to death."*

As they drew near to Almeria, El Zagal came forward to meet them, with an escort of Moorish cavaliers, and would have done homage, but Fernando induced the fallen prince to ride by his side. Peter Martyr says: "His appearance touched my soul with compassion; for although a lawless barbarian, he was a King, and had given signal proofs of heroism." The beautiful city of Almeria, that "garden of the Hesperides," as it seemed to the weary travellers in its sunny luxuriance, passed into the power of the Christians, and soon after, Guadix and all the other places on the fertile slopes of the mountain chain, which extends from Granada to the Mediterranean, on the same favourable terms to the people as Baza. As for the deposed King, El Zagal, he received the district of Andarez, and the shadowy title of its king, the valley of Alhaurin, and half the salt-pits of Maleha, with a large sum of money. But he found life unbearable in the land of his past glory, and after a while he sold his possessions and went over to Africa, only to be robbed and cruelly treated, and to end his days a wretched outcast.

Well had it been for him had he never listened to the tempting offer of his hereditary foes, but had fallen on the field of battle—fighting for his crown, his country, and his faith.

* Prescott.

CHAPTER XIII

ISABEL—HER COURT AND HOME LIFE

AFTER the submission of the Moorish King El Zagal, there was a lull in the war, while strenuous efforts were made to collect an overwhelming force for the closing campaign against Granada. We will take advantage of this brief interval to dwell awhile upon the personal life and influence of Queen Isabel. With her keen insight and broad grasp of intellect, her rare discretion and political wisdom which almost amounted to genius, she was so great a stateswoman that her decision was final in every council and camp. Her husband had the highest appreciation of her judgment and did nothing without asking her opinion.

If her own education had been somewhat incomplete in the seclusion of her widowed mother's palace at Arévalo, that of Fernando had been almost entirely neglected, as before he was ten years old he began to take part in the wars of Catalonia, and his boyhood was spent in a camp and not in a school. If he did not owe much to book-learning, his natural intelligence enabled him to attain a very high position in the science of diplomacy. Machiavelli says of him:

"Nothing causes a prince to be so much esteemed as great enterprises and setting a rare example. We have in our own day Fernando King of Aragon, at present King of Spain. He may almost be termed a new Prince, because from a weak King he has become for fame and glory the first King in Christendom, and if you regard his actions you will find them all very great and some of them extra ordinary. At the beginning of his reign he assailed Granada, and that enterprise was the foundation of his State. . . ." So much for his reputation in other lands, and if he was no scholar and understood no other language, at least he wrote and spoke Spanish well.

With regard to Isabel, her marriage at the age of eighteen, and the high position to which she was raised, called forth all the hidden strength of her character, and she played her part with supreme distinction in the school of real life. Her strong mind was ever eager for knowledge, and we are told how, when the wars with Portugal for her succession were at an end, she resolved to learn Latin, which at that time was a most important medium of communication not only for learned men, but for foreigners at Court, and above all for ambassadors. To this task she devoted herself with so much diligence and talent that "in less than a year her admirable genius enabled her to attain a good knowledge of the Latin language, so that she could understand without much difficulty whatever was written or spoken in it." There is also a letter from Pulgar to the Queen inquiring about her progress, wondering that she can find time for study amidst all her absorbing occupations, and assuring

her that she will learn Latin as easily as the other languages which she had mastered.

Isabel inherited from her father a love for collecting books, or rather manuscripts, and when she founded the convent of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo, she endowed it with a library. Some beautifully bound volumes of hers which have seen much service are amongst the treasures of the Escurial.

We can understand that the education of her children would be to her a matter of the utmost importance, and that she neglected no learning which might prepare them for the part they would have to play in the world. We see this especially in the case of her only son, Prince Juan, a lad of infinite promise on whom the most ardent hopes of his parents and the nation were fixed. To counteract somewhat the dangerous isolation of an heir to the throne with no brothers, Isabel adopted the wise plan of giving him companions chosen from the sons of nobles at the Court. Five of these boys were about his age and five were somewhat older, and they all lived together in the palace as equals. The most learned professors were engaged in their teaching, amongst whom we find especially mentioned several great scholars from Italy, where the revival of classical learning had made such splendid progress. Two brothers, Antonio and Alessandro Geraldino were early chosen as tutors to the royal children, and later we find Lucio Marineo Siculo, a distinguished Sicilian who came to Spain in 1486, and was afterwards appointed professor of Poetry and Grammar at the University of Salamanca.

But the most important and interesting amongst the learned men on whom Queen Isabel relied, was the

Pietro Martire, or Peter Martyr as he is often called, whom we have already quoted. She alludes to him in one of her letters as: "Noster fidelis dilecte: el protonotarjo mycer Pedro martir, mio capellan y orador . . . ." He was of a noble family of Milan, and was born at Arona on the Lago Maggiore, in 1455, and at the age of twenty-two he went to Rome, where he continued his studies for ten years, when in 1487 he travelled with his friend the Castilian ambassador, Conde de Tendilla, to Spain. Here the romantic attraction of the Moorish wars attracted the student to "exchange the Muses for Mars," as he explains in his letters, but after the taking of Granada he returned to his proper duties, and was at once engaged by the Queen not only to teach her son and his ten companions, but also to found a school for the young nobility, as her zeal and energy were not limited to the training of her own family. If we may judge from a remark of his, the professor began with some distrust of his new pupils: "They hold the pursuit of letters in light estimation like their ancestors, considering them an obstacle to success in the profession of arms, which alone they esteem of honour." But after awhile, when Prince Juan has distinguished himself by his love of study and his progress in Latin scholarship, Pietro becomes more hopeful and dwells upon "the good effects likely to result from the literary ambition shown by the heir apparent, on whom the eyes of the nation are naturally turned."

In a letter written in September 1492, at Zaragoza, he gives this interesting account of his work: "The whole day my house is filled with noble youths who, won from unworthy pursuits to that of letters,

are convinced that this is no hindrance to the profession of arms but rather a help.

I earnestly persuade them that true excellence, whether in war or peace, cannot be attained without science. It has pleased our royal mistress, the pattern of every exalted virtue, that her own near kinsman the Duke of Guimareans, as well as the young Duke of Villahermosa, the King's nephew, should remain under my roof the whole day; an example which has been followed by the chief cavaliers of the Court, who, after attending my lectures in company with their private tutors, retire in the evening to study them in their own quarters."

In short, we see that at the Queen's word learning became the fashion. The Spaniards, a people of literary instinct, were quick to receive the wave of Renaissance learning which had already swept over Italy and France. The Universities of Salamanca and others had already famously gained new glory, while fresh colleges were endowed, and all the chivalry of Spain turned to study. The son of the Duke of Alva taught in the University of Salamanca, where the future Grand Constable of Castile read lectures on Ovid and Pliny, and another great noble was professor of Greek at Alcalá. No age was safe from the infection of learning, for the Marquess of Denia, who was past sixty, sat down eagerly to study the Latin grammar. The Queen's own special teacher of Latin was a learned lady, Doña Beatriz de Galindo, who became a widow while still young, was childless and immensely rich, and of whom we are told that in later years she "consecrated her many gifts to the religious life and to the building of convents and hospitals, one of which still bears her

name in Madrid." There were other distinguished women, some of high rank, who publicly lectured on the Latin classics, rhetoric and other subjects. A learned scholar, Antonio de Lebrija, wrote a special Castilian grammar for the use of the Court ladies. As Giovio said: "No Spaniard was accounted noble who held science in indifference." Peter Martyr gives an amusing account of the enthusiasm on one occasion at Salamanca, the "New Athens," when he was to give an introductory lecture on one of the Satires of Juvenal, for the hall was so crowded that he had to be carried in on the shoulders of the students.

Theology naturally flourished under the powerful patronage of Cardinal Mendoza, of Talavera and of Jimenez, who were all men of wide learning, while mathematics resumed their ancient importance, as well as astronomy and geography. History had always been a favourite study in Castile, but it now rose beyond mere chronicles, "charters and diplomas were consulted, manuscripts collated, coins and inscriptions deciphered . . ." and the public archives were collected and stored at Burgos.

The invention of printing, which reached Spain in the very first year of Isabel's reign, was of supreme help in the dispersion of knowledge. There is a royal ordinance of 1477, in which a German named Theodoric is mentioned as "being of the chief persons in the discovery and practice of the art of printing books, which he had brought with him into Spain at great risk and expense, with the design of ennobling the libraries of the kingdom." When we consider the extreme cost of manuscripts and the small number which it was possible for any ordinary scholar to

obtain, we can dimly realise the splendid boon which printing was to the world of learning. Valencia claims the honour of the first printing press, which is disputed by Barcelona and other cities. The first book set up in type was a collection of songs in the Valencian dialect to the praise of the Virgin, followed the next year by the works of Sallust. That popular romance of chivalry, "Amadis de Gaula," went through various editions, as did also translations of Dante and Boccaccio, and native lyrics and dramatic eclogues of Juan de Encina amongst others.

To all this marvellous progress Isabel gave her warmest encouragement by the most liberal help, by bestowing special privlieges on the printers and sellers of books, and she even caused literary works to be printed at her own expense. De Maulde describes her with a light touch: "Elle résumait étonnamment les divers héroismes; brave et ferme sans rien d'un virago; après une nuit passée à dicter des ordres, elle se remettait tranquillement à une broderie d'Eglise ou bien, comme Anne de France, à l'éducation pratique de ses filles . . . . c'etait une causeuse de premier ordre, elle aimait aborder les hautes questions philosophiques; ça et là elle jetait en travers de la discussion un mot original, quelque trait franc et net, en même temps que ses yeux bleu foncé s'animaient et lançaient à ses interlocuteurs un certain regard chaud et loyal qui est resté célèbre."

A stately Court was kept up by the King and Queen, and although in her private life she was abstemious and simple in her dress, yet on great occasions we are told that her magnificence was beyond belief, and that a single toilette cost 200,000 scudos, probably of the

splendid gold brocade of Valencia, which was famous throughout Europe. There was a general taste for extravagance in dress at the time, and we find the Cortes constantly complaining that even the lower class dress like people of rank, "whereby they not only squander their own estate but bring poverty and want to all." With the Queen it was not wasteful ostentation, but a calculated expenditure to appeal to the imagination of her people and exalt her royal position. She possessed magnificent and costly jewellery, one collar of rubies was worth a king's ransom, but she had so little personal avarice with regard to her jewels that she was ever ready to pawn them for the expenses of the realm, or, with lavish generosity, give them away for the dowries of her daughters.

The marriage negotiations in respect to the four princesses of Spain form a most interesting and instructive study. Fernando was first and above all things a diplomatist before he had time to consider that he was a father. All the alliances arranged for his children were a matter of deliberate policy. Thus, in 1486, we find him secretly offering his eldest daughter Isabel, who was then sixteen, to Charles VII. of France, who was the same age, quite ignoring the young King's betrothal to Margaret of Austria. But in this the King of Spain did not succeed, although he offered a dowry of 400,000 francs, and lavished flattery in vain on Madame de Beaujeu, who had other and more subtle plans which culminated in her brother's marriage with Anne of Brittany in 1491. Failing in this, Fernando returned to his original scheme of strengthening his alliance with Portugal, which had always proved so difficult a neighbour by

encouraging the claims of the Beltraneja to the crown of Castile and by constant rivalry. As far back as September 1479, the Infant Isabel had been betrothed to the young Affonso, the only legitimate son of Juan II., King of Portugal, who, after breaking the power of his feudal nobility, became such a benevolent despot that his people called him "the Perfect King." This marriage, or formal betrothal, was carried out with great pomp and magnificence in the spring of 1490, at Seville, where Don Fernando de Silveira acted as proxy for Prince Affonso. A succession of gorgeous festivals and tournaments were held outside the city, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in an enclosed space shaded from the sun by canopies embroidered with armorial bearings, with galleries for the ladies hung with silk brocade and cloth of gold. All the chivalry of Spain was gathered there in splendid array, with emblazoned banners and sumptuous retinues, glad to enjoy a respite from the stern realities of war. The King himself broke several lances, and made a goodly show with his fine appearance and horsemanship. The Queen and her ladies were present, and the young Princess Isabel was the cynosure of all eyes, with her train of seventy fair maids of honour and a hundred pages in glittering livery. The Portuguese ambassadors were much impressed by the stately banquets and great entertainments with music and courtly dances.

It was not until some months afterwards that the Infanta travelled to Lisbon, already a city of great wealth and commerce, with the Cardinal Mendoza, the Master of Santiago, and a magnificent retinue. She was received with a splendid welcome, and the

W. A. Mansell & Co. *In the National Portrait Gallery, London*

KING HENRY VII. OF ENGLAND

marriage ceremony took place with great state, on November 22, 1490. Her dresses and jewels were valued at 120,000 gold florins, and her dowry was far greater than any princess of Castile had received before. She was the Queen's favourite daughter; she had also, for so long, been the only child and loving companion, while her sweetness and docility had made her very dear to the mother who, tender as she was, could not brook rebellion.

Poor Princess Isabel! Her bright hopes of happiness were never destined to be realised, for within a few short months she was overwhelmed with sorrow by the loss of her young husband. In those days of political alliances, a daughter, even in the cradle, might be a useful counter in the game of diplomacy, which King Fernando was not one to neglect. It was of the utmost importance for him to cultivate the friendship of England, with whom he could combine to defend Brittany against France, their hereditary foe. The youngest Infanta, Catalina, born at the end of 1485, was only a few months older than Arthur, Prince of Wales, and early in 1487 the King of Spain began to enter into negotiation with Henry VII. for the marriage of these two babies. This suggestion being favourably received, at the beginning of 1488, a certain Doctor de Puebla was sent to England as a kind of permanent agent at the Court of Henry VII. His special business was to arrange this marriage and obtain the best terms he could, while he kept a watch over all that happened and sent constant information to Spain. On his arrival at Windsor De Puebla was very well received by Henry VII., who flattered him by friendly attentions, and even received him at the

royal table, where he saw thirty-two ladies "of angelic beauty" in attendance upon the English Queen.

Much of the correspondence between the Spanish sovereigns and their representative in England is now preserved amongst the royal archives at Simancas and elsewhere, and it throws a most interesting sidelight upon many subjects. We dimly realise the delays and dangers of travel in those days, when we hear that two copies of any important letter were sent by different routes in the care of special messengers. It is recorded that, in the case of twelve of these in the service of one ambassador, only three had escaped death or mutilation.

The letters are usually dictated by Fernando and Isabel to the Secretary of State, who, in the earlier part of their reign, was Ferdnan Alvarez, "whose rough drafts are incoherent and confused, with portions blotted out and marginal additions written in such small characters as to be scarcely discernible.* There is a letter of April 30, 1488, from the Spanish sovereigns to De Puebla, impressing upon him that he must conclude the treaty of marriage between the Princess Catalina and Arthur, Prince of Wales, and see to the amount of marriage portion. . . . and the question of repayment in case of the dissolution of the marriage. This is in Latin, for the King and Queen of England send a message that they cannot understand Spanish and desire Latin letters. The next letter, without a date, is on the amount and conditions of the jointure King Henry is to pay the Princess Catalina, and this is in Spanish, probably intended only for the eyes of De Puebla. In answer

* Bergenroth. Calendar of State Papers.

to this we learn that the Princess is to receive the third part of the revenue of Wales, Cornwall, and Chester, also 80,000 gold crowns a year, 30,000 vassals, hundreds of villages and castles, some towns, and many sea-ports.

In the haggling which followed, the two parsimonious kings, Henry and Fernando, are well matched. The former asks "Why the King and Queen of Spain should not be more liberal, as the money came not out of their strong boxes but out of the pockets of their subjects?" Then De Puebla adds, on his own account, "That England is a very dear place, for the smallest coin there is worth eight Spanish maravedis!" Next we are told that the Spanish ambassadors are invited to see little Prince Arthur asleep, and they find him to be "fat and fair, but small for his age," twenty months. King Henry sends a certain Doctor Saloage, as one of his ambassadors, to Spain, and he makes a long oration in Latin, to which the Bishop of Ciudad Rodrigo replies; but Roger Machado, Richmond King-at-Arms, says: "le bon evesque estoit si viel et avoyt perd tous ses dens, que a grant payne on peult entendre ce qu'il dissoit."

At length we have the satisfaction of hearing that the marriage treaty is signed on March 8, 1489, before the two children are five years old, the dowry of the Spanish princess to be 200,000 gold crowns, "of which half (or a third) is to be accepted in ornament and apparel for the Infanta and her household." But all this will have to be fought over again, for we are told that when "Fernando and Isabel concluded and ratified the second marriage treaty it was on less favourable terms than had been already agreed upon,

for no other reason than because they had not the earlier correspondence at hand!" *

We are not surprised at this when we learn that "many documents were placed in 'arcas,' wooden chests of exquisite work, enriched with carving and gilding," and there was an arca in each of the many palaces where the Court resided for a time. There is a very interesting letter from Fernando to the Queen of England, Elizabeth of York, written some months after the first treaty was signed, in Latin. It is dated December 4, 1489, from Baca (Baza), in which the King informs her that he has conquered the town of Baca, in the kingdom of Granada, and made great progress in the war against the Moors. As his victories interest all the Christian world, he thinks it his duty to inform the Queen of England." †

Another letter of De Puebla, of January 1490, repeats what he has heard, that the King of France tells Henry the Spanish alliance is of little value. . . . but the war against the Moors is almost finished, and Spain is very well situated for war with France by sea and land. . . . " We shall hear a great deal more about De Puebla at a later period, but meantime we will leave him to his distinctly uncomfortable life in England, where he is a kind of "souffre-douleur" to both crafty Kings. He does not appear to have been a very estimable or dignified person, and was either poor or miserly, for in town he lodged at some doubtful tavern, and in the country he dined every day at Court, where he was not especially welcome. The Queen and the King's mother inquired of him "if his masters did not provide him with food?" and

* Bergenroth. † *Ibid.*

Henry VII. asked his courtiers why De Puebla came? laughing with good-natured contempt at their reply: "To eat!" "Here comes the old Doctor a-begging!" he exclaimed, when the Spaniard applied for wine and bread for his servants' supper. Fernando and Isabel did not thoroughly trust De Puebla, yet they had to keep him in their service, for he seems to have understood the wily Henry VII.

With regard to other alliances, Fernando had made an effort, some years before, to secure Catherine, the heiress of Navarre, for his son Don Juan, but this move was checkmated by her mother, Queen Madeleine, whose interest was all for France, and who married her to Jean d'Albret. It is interesting to remember that Cæsar Borgia married his sister. Later on Fernando achieved his great and fatal success in the double marriage between his second daughter, Juana, and Philip, the son of the Emperor Maximilian, whose daughter Margaret married the Infante Juan. But this was not until the League of Venice against France had given a fresh stimulus to the restless ambition of the King of Spain.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN

THE Holy War against the infidels which had lasted through so many centuries, had intensified in Spain the passionate flame of devotion to the Faith, and it was with somewhat of crusading zeal that the terrible Inquisition first gained ground under Fernando and Isabel.

It is difficult to give an exact account of its origin, but we would hardly go so far back as the learned Parama, who declares "that God was the first Inquisitor, and that His condemnation of Adam and Eve was the model of the judicial forms observed in the trials of the Holy Office. The sentence of Adam was the type of the Inquisitorial "reconciliation; his subsequent raiment of skins was the model of the 'san benito'; and his expulsion from Paradise the precedent for the confiscation of the goods of heretics." We find intolerance in the early days when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire, and the Popes looked upon heresy as treason against themselves, but it appears first to have become an organised system in the hands of the Dominican friars, and we see the Inquisition definitely established at Toulouse

by St. Louis in 1233. Soon afterwards adopted by Italy and Germany, it was introduced into Aragon, where fresh rules were added by the Council of Tarragona in 1242, and it became the most formidable tribunal which the world had ever seen.

This engine of persecution fell heavily during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries on the unfortunate Albigenses, a sect which first started in Provence and passed on thence to Aragon, with which it was closely connected. But the Inquisition does not appear to have been fully organised in Castile before the days of Isabel, although her own father, Juan II., "had hunted the heretics of Biscay as if they had been wild beasts among the mountains," and in an earlier day St. Ferdinand "had heaped the faggots on the blazing pile with his own hands."

Probably the strong desire for national unity by means of the strict religious bond of faith, gave the first impulse towards the Inquisition in the days of Fernando and Isabel, after whose accession a Bull was obtained from the Pope to organise it afresh in Aragon and to establish it on a permanent basis in Castile. In the mixed population of Spain there was no uniformity of doctrine; there had been much intermarriage with Jews, and Judaism was the special heresy of the land. In the Cortes of Toledo in 1480, strong intolerance was shown and oppressive laws were passed against them; and it was only after this, in the next year, that the Pope's Bull was taken advantage of to establish the Inquisition at Seville in 1481, in the Dominican monastery of San Pedro and San Pablo. We are told that Isabel was strongly opposed to this measure and long resisted the arguments and eloquence of her

confessor, Father Torquemada, a violent and bigoted Dominican; but she was a deeply religious woman, and when she was at length persuaded that this was the will of God, and that it was her duty to sacrifice her merely human feelings of tenderness and compassion, she gave way after a bitter struggle.

No thought of self ever swayed the actions of Isabel; she was a warm-hearted friend and a loving daughter, who during the long years of her mother's sad mental disease, watched over her with unceasing patient devotion. We have seen with what wise charity she cared for the sick and wounded on the battlefield, and so full of tender pity was she, that she would not be present at a bull-fight unless the horns of the bull were so protected as to prevent dangerous wounds. She was a passionate lover of justice, and magnanimous in forgiving personal injuries. Yet this was the Queen who was induced to sign the dread charter to extirpate heresy "for the Glory of God and the exaltation of the Catholic Faith"—the death warrant of thousands of her innocent subjects.

This is so interesting a psychological question that I may be pardoned for dwelling upon it at some length, as we must first seek to recreate the atmosphere of that bygone time. "There can be no greater injustice than to condemn one century by the standard to which a later has arrived, through long ages of trial and a slow process of development."* We must remember that in this period the spirit of intolerance was shared by most of the greatest thinkers, the men of noblest character and purest motives, and with scarcely an exception, all the theologians, for the time had not yet

* Watt's "Story of the Nations."

come when toleration was thought of, or perhaps even possible. Take the instance of Reginald Pecock, the good Bishop of Chichester, a man of strong intellect and with a keen love of justice, who sought to win over heretics to the Faith by reason rather than by persecution. His fellow prelates looked askance at him, his people did not understand him; he was himself accused of heresy for his gentleness, forced to recant, and deprived of his bishopric in 1457. Thus did he pay the penalty of being before his times.

Bossuet, in much later days, clearly states the axiom that "the holy severity of the Church of Rome will not tolerate error." All the ancient chroniclers of Spain look upon the persecution of heretics as the most glorious work of kings and heroes, and the following quotation from Senor Menendez Pelayo is a clear and condensed statement of their views: "Never since the time of Judas Maccabæus has there existed a people which might with so much reason consider itself as *chosen* to be the sword and the arm of God. In Spain, even amid the wildest dreams of mediæval aggrandisement and of universal Monarchy, every earthly consideration was constantly subordinated to the supreme object of bringing all mankind into one fold, and under one Shepherd."*

That we may not look upon the persecuting spirit as characterising only the Church of Rome, it may be well to select a few instances of the same intolerance in the very stronghold of Protestantism. "John Knox regarded the extermination of idolaters as a counsel of perfection. . . . He relied on texts about massacring Amalekites, and Elijah's slaughter of the prophets of

* "Heterodoxus Espanoles," tom. ii. p. 679.

Baal. The Mass was idolatry, was Baal worship; and Baal worshippers if recalcitrant must die . . . Knox's opinion being accepted, Reformers must either convert or persecute the Catholics even to extermination. . . . Thus in Deuteronomy, cities which serve other gods or welcome missionaries of other religions are to be burned, and everything in them is to be destroyed. God wills that 'all creatures stoop, cover their faces, and *desist from reasoning* when commandment is given to execute His judgment.' Knox was wont to cite the massacre of Agag as an example to the backward brethren."* This may recall to our minds a passage in Dr. Arnold's sermon on the "Wars of the Israelites":

"It is better that the wicked should be destroyed from the world a hundred times over, than that they should tempt those who are as yet innocent to join their company. Let us but think what might have been our fate, and the fate of every other nation under heaven at this hour, had the sword of the Israelites done its work more sparingly."

Might not these words have been spoken by Isabel the Catholic? In the curious irony of fate which history so often records, in her day it was chiefly *against* the Israelites that the sword was turned! In Carlyle's "Cromwell" we find a sentiment akin to those above. Speaking of the storming of Drogheda, where Oliver Cromwell ordered an almost promiscuous massacre of the Irish inhabitants, he adds: "Terrible surgery this; but *is* it surgery and judgment, or atrocious murder merely? That is a question which should be asked, and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe

* "Life of Knox." Andrew Lang.

in God's judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of surgery; which, in fact, is this editor's case too!"

The "rose-water" methods are far more to our taste at the present day, still we can scarcely deny that when men are in desperate earnest, toleration seems only another name for indifference.

There is another point to consider. In those stormy times of constant feud and bloodshed, human life was of no account—as with silver in the days of Solomon—only the fine gold of the priceless undying soul was to be considered. Who would reck of a few fleeting hours on the burning pile for the earthly body, when the eternal, unspeakable torments of Hell were suspended in the balance and might be so redeemed? The gate of salvation stood open to the last fatal moment, and fear of the stake might drive thousands to baptism. So the true believer would look upon an *auto de fé*. In the days of Queen Isabel, life had not the apparent stability with which we are wont to credit it in these piping times of peace, when we go forth to our daily labour with the comfortable assurance that we shall return home at night. Then, perils waylaid alike the noble and the peasant on every side. A chance meeting with a secret foe, an angry word, and a stab in the dark; or a touch of ever-lurking fever in the pestilential byway, in the street or palace; and a man's place would know him no more. When our own existence hangs ever by a thread, we are not disposed to place a very high value upon human life, and this may have been a strong element in the readiness of any tribunal to sign a death-warrant.

As the Inquisition was chiefly directed against the

Jews at this time, it will be interesting to give a brief glance at their history in Spain. They are said to have flocked hither originally in great numbers after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and under the Empire and the first Gothic kings they dwelt in peace and prosperity. But after the fourth Council of Toledo, 633, they were cruelly persecuted by the Spanish bishops; their baptism was made compulsory, and many fled from torture and death to the shores of Morocco or to France. When the Moors conquered Spain, the Jews are accused of being on their side, and if so they were fully justified, for then followed a palmy time of toleration and equal rights under the Moslem rule. "While the Arab fought, the Jew trafficked," and when the fighting was over, joined in the study of the arts and sciences and flourished amazingly. The Jews of Cordova especially distinguished themselves in reviving the philosophy of the Greeks, and in the darker days which followed the fall of the Omeyyad kings, they kept alight the lamp of learning.

Banished and persecuted in many lands, accused of poisoning the wells in France, and set upon by the people, there was yet a Jewish physician in every Court in Europe, and everywhere we find most of the commerce and banking in their hands. For their wealth they were protected and made use of by kings and nobles, while they were hooted at and ill-treated by the ignorant populace. All through Europe this has ever been the case, for they excited envy by their ostentation in dress, and hatred by their sharpness in bargaining, called usury and extortion, their mysterious religious observances, and the fact that they remained a caste apart. Endless calumnies were believed; they were

accused of desecrating all that Christians held most dear, and of sacrificing a Christian child at their Passover.

"Slain with cursed Jewes, as it is notable." *

When the Holy Office was established at Seville it was received with jealousy and suspicion by the higher classes, who had to a considerable extent intermarried with wealthy Jewesses, but the populace applauded and rejoiced, for their hatred had been freshly roused by the preaching of fanatical priests. Then the Queen made one last effort at a compromise ; and by her command a simple catechism of the Catholic Faith was drawn up to teach the Jews and win them over to conversion. But there cannot have been much result, for in that year we are told that more than two thousand people were burned for heresy in Andalusia alone. After Torquemada was appointed chief Inquisitor in 1483, an immense number of unfortunate men and women, many of whom had been apparently converted and were under suspicion of having relapsed, were convicted by the Dominican tribunal and suffered a cruel death on the flat plain outside the walls of Seville, called the Quemadero, or burning-place of the terrible Inquisition.

This was the method of procedure under the rule of Torquemada. On the first two Sundays of Lent an edict was published in every church, calling upon the people who knew or suspected any one to be guilty of heresy to lodge information against him before the Holy Office, even in the case of his nearest and dearest. Should he neglect to do so, he was refused absolution

* Chaucer's "Prioress's Tale."

by his confessor. Every accusation, even anonymous, was received, and the accused was at once taken to the secret chambers of the Inquisition, where he saw no one but his gaoler and a priest specially appointed, both of whom may be looked upon as spies. He was not fully told the charges against him, and he was not allowed to meet the advocate who with a show of fairness was appointed to defend him.

When his trial came under these embarrassing circumstances, if he was suspected of evasion or refused to confess his guilt, the unfortunate prisoner was put to the torture. Instead of presuming his innocence until his guilt was proved, the sin of heresy was taken for granted unless he could clear himself. It is true that he had the right of challenging any witness whom he knew to be his enemy, but as he did not know the names of his accusers until he met them on the day of judgment, this privilege was of little avail, and the whole proceedings were shrouded by absolute secrecy. Confiscation of goods was the invariable penalty of heresy, and the profits went first to pay the expenses of the Holy Office. The final sentence was death by burning, but it was not until after the days of Isabel that the awful ceremony of the *auto de fé* was countenanced by the presence of royalty. The dread tribunal is thus spoken of by a pious and learned writer of the time.

"The Church, who is the mother of mercy, and the fountain of charity, content with the imposition of penance, accords life to many who do not deserve it. While those who persist obstinately in their errors, after being imprisoned on the testimony of trustworthy witnesses, she causes to be put to the torture, and con-

demned to the flames: some miserably perish, bewailing their errors, and invoking the name of Christ, while others call upon that of Moses. Many again who sincerely repent, she, notwithstanding the heinousness of their transgressions, merely sentences to perpetual imprisonment." * So profound was the belief of the oppressors that the Almighty was on their side, that they inscribed above their portal at Seville: "Exurge Domine; judica causam tuam; capite nobis vulpes."

It must be remembered that the original victims of the Inquisition were nominal Christians, probably converted Moslems or Jews, who were suspected of falling from the Faith. But we cannot leave this short sketch of the course of persecution in Spain without touching on that culminating disastrous measure, the fatal crime of the expulsion of the Jews after the conquest of Granada. The popular feeling against them had become envenomed, and no scandalous rumour was too outrageous for the credulity of the masses. Nameless crimes and dark mysterious orgies were hinted at, and the Jews were accused of bringing strong pressure to bear on any of their race who had become converts to Christianity. The Inquisitors declared that they had tried all gentle means, but the Israelites were an obstinate and stiff-necked people, whose hearts were hardened like that of Pharaoh, and the only way to extirpate the heresy of Judaism, and to ensure not only the orthoxdoy of Spain but the union of the nation, was to get rid of these aliens at once and for ever.

The Jews were not long in hearing of their danger, and they hastened to make an appeal to the sovereigns,

* "Marineo" (quoted by Prescott).

with the munificent offer of 30,000 ducats towards the expenses of the war with the Moors. We are told that the Jewish envoy had obtained an audience with Fernando and Isabel within the palace at Granada when the Dominican Torquemada boldly entered unannounced into the council chamber, and "drawing a crucifix from beneath his mantle, held it up, exclaiming: 'Judas Iscariot sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Your Highnesses would sell Him anew for 30,000; here He is, take Him and barter Him away." So saying the frantic priest threw the crucifix on the table and departed.

We see here the kind of influence which was brought to bear on the acutely sensitive religious feeling of the Queen. It had always been impressed upon her that gentleness and compassion were elements of treachery to the stern will of the Most High, which was made known to her by the voice of her confessor; the habits of a lifetime asserted themselves, and at any cost to herself she was ready to do what she believed to be her duty. She overcame her scruples and at length agreed to sign the irrevocable proscription. We can easily believe that the motives of Fernando were more mixed, for with the end of the war with the Moors all his hereditary ambitions for Aragon resumed their full sway over him, and to carry them out, money was an absolute necessity for him. If he was to become the dictator of southern Europe, his treasury must be filled, and there was no simpler way of doing so than to confiscate with a semblance of legality most of the immense property of this ancient people, ever persecuted, but ever saving and wealthy. We know what a master of diplomacy the King of Spain proved himself

J. Lacoste, phot. *In the Prado, Madrid*

ALTAR-PIECE

Castilian School, about 1491

FERNANDO AND ISABEL KNEELING

INFANTE JUAN INFANTA JUANA

TORQUEMADA

to be, as Machiavelli says of him : "There is a certain prince of the present time who never preaches aught but peace and good faith, and yet of both he is the greatest foe."

It was on March 30, 1492, in the palace of conquered Granada,that the fatal edict was signed for the expulsion of the Jews. The original is still in existence, and begins in stately form :

> "Nos Ferdinandus et Elisabeth dei gratia, Rex et Regina Castelle, Leononis . . . . "

The document then sets forth the danger of allowing further intercourse between their Christian subjects and the Jews, who obstinately continued to try and convert them to Judaism in defiance of commands and penalties. When a college or corporation is convicted of any great and terrible crime, it is right that it should be disfranchised, the less suffering with the greater, the innocent with the guilty. If this be the case with temporal concerns, it is much more so in those which affect the general welfare of the soul . . ." At length follows the decree that all unbaptized Jews, of whatever age, sex, or condition, should depart from the realm by the end of July next ensuing; forbidding them to return on any pretext whatever, under penalty of death and confiscation of property. No subject was to give shelter or help to any Jew after those four months had expired. The condemned people were allowed to sell their property but not to take away the value in gold or silver.

This last was a very important clause, for under the existing condition of commerce it was impossible for bills of exchange to be obtained to any great amount;

In the limited time, moreover, which was granted, a whole people could not sell their goods as the market was over-stocked at once, and in this forced sale we hear of a house being given in exchange for an ass, and a vineyard for a garment. The cruel doom of exile fell with crushing, overwhelming force upon the hapless race, but in that darkest hour of despair they remained true to the faith of their fathers. In vain the Spanish priests preached to them in the synagogues and the public squares, and used every argument and inducement for their conversion; very few were found ready to sacrifice their religion even for the sake of their country—the land of their inheritance, of their birth: the home of their ancestors, where all their loved ones had lived and died.

When the day of doom arrived, to the number of nearly a quarter of a million they were driven forth, men and women and little children, all mingled together as they thronged the chief roads, mostly on foot and often destitute. Tenderly nurtured women, accustomed to every luxury, men distinguished in art and science, rich and poor, joined together in that terrible pilgrimage, encouraged by their rabbis, who compared this persecution to that which the chosen people had suffered in the days of Pharaoh. Many fell by the way, dying at the roadside with none to help or pity, while of the survivors a large number passed through Portugal, paying a tax to King Juan II., and of the remainder some travelled to Italy, and even as far as France and England. The seaports on the Mediterranean were crowded with the

unfortunate exiles who crossed over to Barbary, where they were robbed and illtreated by lawless tribes, and many of them were murdered.

As we read with horror the story of this cruel exodus, we cannot forget that the same religious bigotry has expelled the Jews from other countries—England, France, Portugal, Russia, and from Vienna—in 1669. When the Jews were banished from England in 1290, Holinshed relates how the captain who took away the richest of them drowned them all in the Thames, and he implies that this act was approved by many Englishmen, even in the time of Elizabeth, when he wrote his chronicle. The famous historian of the Inquisition thus enumerates the motives which led to this disastrous step in Spain. "The measure may be referred to the fanaticism of Torquemada, to the avarice and superstition of Fernando, to the false ideas and inconsiderate zeal with which they had inspired Isabel, to whom history cannot refuse the praise of great sweetness of disposition and an enlightened mind."*

With regard to her fatal acceptance of the Inquisition, we have seen that she was not alone in that infirmity of noble minds—the passionate desire to vindicate the cause of her faith by stern intolerance—to grasp the avenging sword of the High and Mighty One, as though He needed the puny hand of man to assert His Majesty!

No words of mine can express the horrors of that dread tribunal of the Inquisition, more cruel and vindictive in Spain than in any other land; behind

* Llorente.

whose hateful portals all hope was left behind. Like a poisonous upas-tree, as it grew in power under the successors of Queen Isabel, it became more terrible and deadly, until the very name has become almost a synonym for hell itself.

CHAPTER XV

THE FALL OF GRANADA. THE GREAT SURRENDER

WHEN tidings of the brave El Zagal's defeat reached Boabdil in Granada, he is said to have cried aloud in his exultation: "Henceforth let no man call me El Zogoybi (the Unlucky); the stars have ceased their persecution!" But his triumph was short-lived. The next messengers who reached the city gates were from King Fernando to remind him of his promise made when a captive—that when Baza, Guadix and Almeria should have fallen, he would surrender Granada to the Catholic sovereigns—who now called upon him to fulfil his treaty.

It was a bitter reminder, and if the hapless King of Granada had wished to comply with the stern summons, it was not in his power to do so. The city was full of tumult and rage at the Christian conquests, crowded with refugees from the conquered cities, who all reviled Boabdil as the cause of their misfortunes, and he dared not leave the sheltering walls of the Alhambra. He sent humble messages of submission, imploring for time, but Fernando's haughty reply cast him off as of no account, and called upon the com-

manders of the citadel to surrender at once with all their artillery and arms. If the inhabitants complied, they would receive the same favourable terms as Baza and Almeria; but if they refused the fate of Malaga would be theirs. It was a terrible alternative, and the city council was torn asunder by hot disputes, for the wealthy merchants and the older citizens dreaded the horrors of war and possible slavery, and were ready to secure peace on such easy terms. But Granada was full of ruined and desperate men, who lived by the sword, and were eager only for revenge; while the gallant chivalry of Granada had inherited a fierce hatred of the Christians from a long line of fighting ancestors, and for them to yield this last stronghold of the Moorish faith would be infamy worse than death.

One of these brave cavaliers, a certain Musa ben Abil Gazan, took the lead at this critical moment and roused the enthusiasm of the people, so winning them over that a defiant reply was sent to King Fernando: they would choose death rather than surrender, and if he wished for their arms he must come and take them.

It was a bold challenge and the people roused themselves to make it good. Through the gates of Granada once more there poured forth companies of light cavalry which harassed the country round, sweeping off flocks and herds, and carrying their depredations to the very gates of the fortresses which the Christians had conquered. They even took some strong places, such as Alhendin, by surprise, and awoke the spirit of rebellion in Guadix and elsewhere. When Musa returned with his cavalry from a victorious foray, the people of Granada forgot all their past troubles and

thought the Golden Age had come again. But Fernando bided his time; he waited till the Vega was restored to all its "luxuriance and beauty; the green pastures on the borders of the Xenil were rich with sheep and cattle; the blooming orchards gave promise of abundant fruit, and the open plain was waving with ripening corn. The time was at hand to put in the sickle and reap the golden harvest, when suddenly a torrent of war came sweeping down from the mountains, and Fernando, with an army of five thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, appeared before the walls of Granada. He left the Queen and Princess at the fortress of Moclin, and came attended by . . . renowned cavaliers. For the first time he led his son Prince Juan into the field, and bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood . . . high above them rose the resplendent red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst delicious groves; with the standard of Mahomet waving defiance to the Christian arms." *

This was the beginning of a series of devastating forays over the fertile land of the Moors; villages were sacked and burnt and the whole country was laid desolate. The King's theory was that before besieging the city he would carry on his desolating plan and his enemies would be starved into submission. But the Moors under their brave leader, now joined by Boabdil, who saw that he had nothing more to hope for, made incessant counter-sallies and obtained several minor successes in their attacks on the Christians, yet all this was but a last glimmer of light before the final eclipse. The winter of 1490 was entirely occupied by the Spanish sovereigns in preparation for one great and overwhelm-

* "Chronicles of Granada." Washington Irving.

ing campaign against the devoted city. In the month of April 1491, Fernando and Isabel set forth at the head of an immense army, resolved to lay siege to the Moorish capital and never leave until the final surrender.

Robbed of all her strongholds and defences, Granada was still formidable from her natural position and her host of eager defenders within the walls. The Sierra Nevada, with its snow-clad heights, formed a mountain barrier to the east, and the side facing the Vega was defended by massive walls and embattled towers. The Christian army encamped on the banks of the Xenil in full view of the city, from which they were only divided by an open plain. Hither the young Moorish cavaliers would sally forth and challenge the Spaniards to meet them in equal encounter, performing feats of valour as if it were a tilting-ground, until King Fernando had to forbid these duels, as he lost some of his bravest knights. His tactics were those he usually adopted—he laid waste the Vega again, closely invested the city, and resolved to wait until the inhabitants were compelled by famine to surrender.

Queen Isabel and her daughters, with a train of Court ladies, had also established themselves in the camp, where her encouragement, and the eager interest which she took in all the military preparations, filled the army with enthusiasm. Some historians speak of her as riding on the field in complete armour, and a suit of armour is still shown at Madrid in the Armeria Real, with the monogram "Isabel" worked on the vizor. But when we consider the extreme decorum and overscrupulous etiquette of Spanish ladies, it appears extremely improbable that she ever wore that for-

bidding costume. It has been suggested that it more probably belonged to the husband of Isabel, daughter of Philip II., Regent of Flanders, who used his wife's cypher from gallantry.

It was not necessary for the Queen to wear a man's armour to show her splendid courage and indomitable spirit. On one occasion she wished to have a nearer view of the Alhambra, and she rode with the King across the little rivulet Dilar to the village of Zubia, whence she could have a fine prospect of the beautiful palace. The Marquess of Cadiz with a company of soldiers was stationed beyond for the protection of the sovereigns, when an unexpected sortie took place from Granada, and for a short time Isabel was in much danger. A thicket of bay is shown in which it is said that she hid as the enemy went by. After the conquest she built a hermitage in honour of the Virgin to commemorate her escape, and it still stands amid tall cypresses with faded portraits of Fernando and Isabel on the walls. In this desperate sally, Musa and Boabdil fought with heroic courage at the head of their cavalry, but the foot soldiers, partly composed of the lower class, were thrown into confusion, and beaten back to the gates with great slaughter.

Late in the summer, the Queen had another narrow escape. She had taken up her abode in a magnificent tent belonging to the Marquess of Cadiz, when by some accident this caught fire, and the flames spread through the camp until it was threatened with destruction. With much difficulty the Queen and the royal children were saved, and there appears to have been no loss of life, although much valuable property was burnt. To avoid such danger in future, it was resolved

to build a besieging city on the site of the encampment, and the work was started at once. The soldiers were turned into artisans, and within eighty days the whole stupendous task was achieved. The new town was crossed by two broad streets, meeting each other at right angles in the middle, in the form of a cross, with great gates at each of the four entrances, and was solidly built of stone and mortar. Isabel gave it the name of Santa Fé, and it stands to this day—a monument of the Spanish sovereigns' constancy and resolution.

As we may well imagine, the building of this city over against them, did more to shake the confidence of the unfortunate people of Granada than any victory could have done. In such terrible persistence as this, they saw themselves confronted by inexorable fate, and their hearts failed them. They were threatened with famine, for the blockade was so strict that no provisions could enter—all communication with the outside world was cut off, and there was no relief from their old allies in Africa. A council of war was held, and Boabdil was convinced by his advisers that the city could not be defended much longer. The first secret negotiation was begun in October, and the Moorish vizier met Fernando's secretary and Gonzalvo di Cordova, afterwards known as the Great Captain from his supreme knowledge of military science gained in these wars with the Moors. The discussion took place at night in the most private manner, either in Granada or in the little village of Churriana, outside the walls, and these were the terms at length agreed upon :

"The inhabitants of Granada were to retain possession of their mosques, with the free exercise of their

religion and all its peculiar rights and ceremonies; they were to be judged by their own laws, under their own cadis or magistrates, subject to the control of the Castilian governor; they were to be unmolested in their ancient usages, manners, language, and dress; to be protected in the full enjoyment of their property, with the right of disposing of it on their own account, and of migrating when and where they would; and to be furnished with vessels for the conveyance of such as chose, within three years, to pass into Africa. No heavier taxes were to be imposed than those customarily paid to their Arabian sovereigns, and none whatever before the expiration of three years.

"King Abdallah was to reign over a specified territory in the Alpujarras, for which he was to do homage to the Castilian crown. The artillery and the fortifications were to be delivered into the hands of the Christians, and the city was to be surrendered in sixty days from the date of capitulation. Such were the principal terms of the surrender of Granada, as authenticated by the most accredited Castilian and Arabian authorities."* The original deed is to be seen in the archives of Simancas.

This treaty is given at full length, as it is most important to understand thoroughly the favourable conditions which induced the Moors to surrender the last stronghold of their ancient kingdom. The act of capitulation was signed by the sovereigns on November 25, 1491, and the sixty days of truce would not have expired until near the end of January, but in the troubled state of the inhabitants it was thought well to shorten the time of misery and suspense.

* W. H. Prescott.

THE FALL OF GRANADA

January 2, 1492, beheld the last sad scene in the drama which the whole Christian world was watching from afar. Fernando and Isabel, surrounded by their retinues in magnificent attire, set forth in stately procession from Santa Fé and rode slowly across the Vega, while Cardinal Mendoza and his household troops had passed on in advance to take possession of the Alhambra, where they placed the great silver cross on the Torre de la Vela, and reared the banner of Santiago and the standard of Castile and Aragon by its side. At this triumphant sight, which set the seal upon their conquest, the King and Queen fell upon their knees in thanksgiving to God, and the whole army joined in a solemn Te Deum, for this supreme and glorious triumph of the Cross. The march toward the city continued: "the King and Queen moving in the midst, emblazoned with royal magnificence; and as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain." *

At the foot of the hill of Los Martires, outside the Puerta de los Molinos—where a chapel to San Sebastian still marks the spot—Boabdil the ill-fated, with a small band of cavaliers, met the royal procession, and delivered up the keys of the city to Fernando, making humble obeisance to his conqueror. Thence he rode on across the plain and joined the sad company of his wife and mother, who climbed together the moun-

* Quoted by Prescott.

tain height, where Boabdil paused to look once more on the fair kingdom which he had lost. "Allah Akbar!" he cried as he burst into tears. He was spared no last touch of bitterness, for his mother's words must have stung him to the quick.

"You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!" Tradition still points out the hill as "la Cuesta de las Lagrimas," and the rocky point whence the last view of the Alhambra's towers meets the eye is called "el ultimo sospiro del Moro" (The last sigh of the Moor). The unfortunate King soon wearied of his petty domain in the barren Alpujarras, and having sold it to the Spanish sovereigns, he crossed over to Africa, and there, unlucky to the last, he fell in battle fighting for the cause of another, whom death had passed by when he fought for his own. Well for him had he followed the example of the gallant Mūsa, of whom the legend tells us that he would not consent to the surrender, but that he rode forth in his armour from the gate of his beloved city, challenged the foe and died a hero's death.

"There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down;
Some calling on the Trinity; some calling on Mahoun.
Here passed away the Koran—there in the Cross was borne—
And here was heard the Christian bell—and there the Moorish horn.

"'Te Deum Laudamus!' was up the Alcala sung;
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile display;
One king comes in with triumph—one weeping goes away.

THE FALL OF GRANADA

"Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear,
Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city without peer!
Woe, woe, thou pride of heathendom! seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore!

"Thou wert the happy mother of a high-renownèd race;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee,
The enemies of proud Castile, the bane of Christentie.

. . . . . .

"Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,
Or for the Prophet's honour, and pride of Soldanry;
For here did valour flourish and deed of warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces in which was our delight.

"The gardens of the Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone and scattered all their flowers!
No reverence can he claim—the king that such a land hath lost—
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host;
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There weeping and lamenting alone that king shall be.*

Granada is still haunted with the memories of the Moors, who had ruled in that beautiful land for more than seven centuries, since Roderick, the last of the Goths, had been vanquished on the banks of the Guadalete. The gateway of the Alhambra is still pointed

* Lockhart "Spanish Ballads."

out through which Boabdil left his home for ever, and which, the legend tells us, he prayed no man might ever pass through again. It is in the centre of an immense tower, "la Torre de los Siete Suelos," great masses of wall lie scattered about, buried in the luxuriant herbage or overshadowed by vines and fig-trees. The arch still remains, . . . but the portal has been closed by loose stones . . . and remains impassable.* "In the palace of the Generalife hangs the portrait of Boabdil; the face is mild, handsome and somewhat melancholy, with a fair complexion and yellow hair."*

Everywhere the enchanted past meets us face to face in the peerless Alhambra with its noble halls and exquisite courts, and on all sides the motto of the founder: "Wa la ghaliba illa Allah" ("There is no conqueror but Allah"). As we look upon the glorious palace, even in the day of its decay, we cannot wonder at the words of Peter Martyr when he first saw it, in the train of Isabel in the hour of victory, "Alhambram pro! dii immortales! qualem Regiam! unicam in orbe terrarum crede!"

The war of Granada has often been compared by the writers of Castile, for its length, to the siege of Troy, and its gallant story may take a place with that of old, in adventures of romance and valour. The fall of the Moorish kingdom was a triumph of the Cross which rang out through all the Christian world, whose present gain was deemed to atone for the loss of Constantinople, half a century before. On receiving the news, the Pope, Innocent VIII., and Cardinals

* Irving.

made a solemn procession of thanksgiving to St. Peter's, where high mass was celebrated, and there was much rejoicing in Rome. Great satisfaction was also felt in England, for Henry VII. was proposing to enter into close alliance with the Spanish sovereigns by the marriage of Prince Arthur with the Princess Catalina.

In his life of Henry VII. Lord Bacon gives an interesting account of the reception of these good tidings. "Somewhat about this time came letters from Fernando and Isabel, King and Queen of Spain, signifying the final conquest of Granada from the Moors, which action, in itself so worthy, King Fernando, whose manner was never to lose any virtue for the showing, had expressed and displayed in his letters at large, with all the particularities and religious punctos and ceremonies that were observed in the reception of that city and kingdom, showing amongst other things that the King would not by any means in person enter the city, until he had at first aloof seen the cross set up upon the greater tower of Granada, whereby it became Christian ground. That likewise before he would enter, he did homage to God above, pronouncing by a herald from the height of that tower that he did acknowledge to have recovered that kingdom by the help of God Almighty, and the glorious Virgin, and the virtuous Apostle St. James, and the Holy Father Innocent VIII., together with the aids and services of his prelates, nobles and commons.

"That yet he stirred not from his camp till he had seen a little army of martyrs, to the number of seven hundred and more Christians, that had lived in bonds and servitude as slaves to the Moors, pass before his

eyes, singing a psalm for their redemption, and that he had given tribute unto God by alms and relief extended to them all for his admission into the city. These things were in the letters, with many more ceremonies of a kind of holy ostentation.

"The King, ever willing to put himself into the consort or choir of all religious actions, and naturally affecting much the King of Spain, as far as one king can affect another, partly for his virtues and partly for a counterpoise to France, upon the receipt of these letters sent all his nobles and prelates that were about the Court, together with the mayor and aldermen of London, in great solemnity to the church of Paul, there to hear a declaration from the Lord Chancellor, now Cardinal. When they were assembled, the Cardinal, standing upon the uppermost step, or half-pace between the choir, and all the nobles, prelates, and governors of the city at the foot of the stairs, made a speech to them, letting them know that they were assembled in that consecrated place to sing unto God a new song.

"For that, said he, these many years the Christians have not gained new ground or territory upon the infidels, nor enlarged and set farther the bounds of the Christian world. But this is now done by the prowess and devotion of Fernando and Isabel, sovereigns of Spain, who have to their immortal honour recovered the great and rich kingdom of Granada and the populous and mighty city of the same name from the Moors, having been in possession thereof by the space of seven hundred years and more; for which this assembly and all Christians are to render laud and thanks unto God, and to celebrate this noble act of the

King of Spain, who in this is not only victorious but apostolical, in the gaining of new provinces to the Christian faith. And the rather for that this victory and conquest is obtained without much effusion of blood: whereby it is to be hoped that there shall be gained not only new territory, but infinite souls to the Church of Christ, whom the Almighty as it seems would have live to be converted. Herewithal he did relate some of the most memorable particulars of the war and victory. And after his speech ended, the whole assembly went solemnly in procession, and Te Deum was sung."

It is curious to notice the keen appreciation of Fernando's character which Bacon shows in that dry remark: "whose manner was never to lose any virtue for the showing." We see how naturally he assumed his proud position as Champion of Christendom; indeed the conquest of this last corner of the Moorish kingdom made a profound impression upon the whole of Europe, and Christian Spain rose from a secondary state to a first-rate power. One great result of the war against Granada had been to make all the different provinces of Spain forget their mutual jealousy and to knit them together by a bond of union which made them indeed, and for the first time in their history, one strong and united people.

From a military point of view the progress of Spain during this constant warfare was very great, for here masses of soldiers had been collected and kept in the field, not only for irregular service, or through definite campaigns, but from one year to another. Thus the men-at-arms had been trained to that endurance and splendid discipline which in the foreign wars of Spain

were to make them invincible under their famous captains. We have already seen the immense improvements in the artillery and munitions of war, in which Spain was now on a level with or indeed superior to any other European country.

King Fernando could now see before him an open road for carrying out his old ambitions.

CHAPTER XVI

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

WHILE all Europe was ringing with the fame of Christian triumph in Spain, there passed almost unnoticed another incident which was destined to have far greater influence not merely on Castile and Aragon, but on the history of the world.

Near the little seaport of Palos in Andalusia stands the Franciscan Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, and here one autumn day a traveller paused at the gate to beg a little bread and water for his child. It was Christopher Columbus, who, wearied out with waiting and vain hopes of attention from the Court of Portugal, was on his way to France, and had been driven by a storm into the harbour of Palos. "Lo dicho Almirante Colon venendo a la Rabida, que es un monasterio de frailes en esta villa, el qual demando á la porteria que le diesen para aquel ninico, que era nino, pan i agua que bebiese."*

So runs the familiar legend, and there is reason to believe that the good prior, Juan Perez, who had been confessor to the Queen, did much to smooth the way for making Columbus and his projects known to her.

* Garcia Fernandez.

We can picture to ourselves the eager meetings in that quiet monastery when the prior and his friend Garcia Fernandez, the village doctor, who seems to have had some knowledge of physical science, and Martin Alonzo Pinzen, the shipowner from Palos—all listened to the Genoese mariner who was so full of enthusiasm about his enterprise, and who pointed out on his charts the way to reach Asia by sailing due west. This was the great scheme which Columbus had proposed to Juan II. of Portugal, who thought it was most unlikely to meet with success, and refused to agree to the terms which this foreign adventurer demanded.

Still there were possibilities in the air, and the Portuguese had already done much in the way of discovery, having sailed round Africa and arrived by sea at various ports in Asia. The King listened to the crafty suggestion of the Bishop of Ceuta that a caravel should be secretly got ready and sent out to see if this theory had any good foundation; but the sailors, "alarmed at the mysterious sea of Sargasso" (that great track of sea-weed), were soon disheartened and turned back. When Columbus heard of this treachery, he left Portugal in disgust, although it had been his home for many years. He had married Donna Felipa Perestrela, the daughter of a captain of Prince Henry the Navigator: and he appears to have earned his living by making maps and charts for sale. His wife was dead, and now the last link was severed with the land of his adoption when he set sail with his little boy Diego from Lisbon.

The future discoverer was a man well equipped with all the knowledge of his day on the subject of geography, and in his native Genoa he would have learnt

to look with longing eyes upon the sea, as the great field of enterprise and adventure. He appears to have taken part in many voyages, to have sailed southward as far as the Gulf of Guinea, while in a cruise to the North he had visited Iceland, and there may have heard vague rumours of discoveries in the Northern Atlantic. As he himself says: "I have been seeking out the secrets of nature for forty years, and wherever ship has sailed, there have I voyaged."

From the time he decided to make his application to the Spanish Court, a long and dreary while of waiting and hope deferred was in store for him. He was looked upon as a dreamer or an adventurer by most of the courtiers, while the sovereigns themselves were too much occupied with the War of Granada to take much notice of this scheme of maritime exploration, but they referred it to a committee of learned men. The doctors of the University of Salamanca pronounced that the plan of Columbus to "make a voyage to the East by a westward passage across the Atlantic," was "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of government"; and they also called him an atheist and refuted him with texts from St. Augustine. Some one gravely asserted that, "even if he should depart from Spain, the rotundity of the earth would present a kind of mountain up which it was impossible for him to sail, even with the fairest wind, and so he could never get back." Still even then, in the darkest hour, there must have been a kind of magnetism in the man's passionate enthusiasm, for we find the friars of the Dominican convent, where he dwelt with Deza the Inquisitor, were won over to his views and upheld him. In gratitude for their

support, Columbus made use of the first virgin gold brought from the New World, to gild the retablo of their church, San Esteban of Salamanca, where it still shines in gorgeous reminder, seen under the dark elliptical arch of the coro.

Time passed on, and the suppliant grew weary of seeking in vain to win the ear of princes whom he followed from city to city, scoffed at by the common herd of courtiers, while pleading and argument seemed of no avail. "Eight years was I torn with disputes, and in a word, my proposition was a mockery," is his pathetic cry. But in true greatness there is an invincible fibre which outlives disappointment and failure, and which from defeat itself can wrest a final victory. As in his dream by the tower of Belem, so an unknown voice ever whispered to the Great Adventurer:

"God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean which are closed with strong chains."*

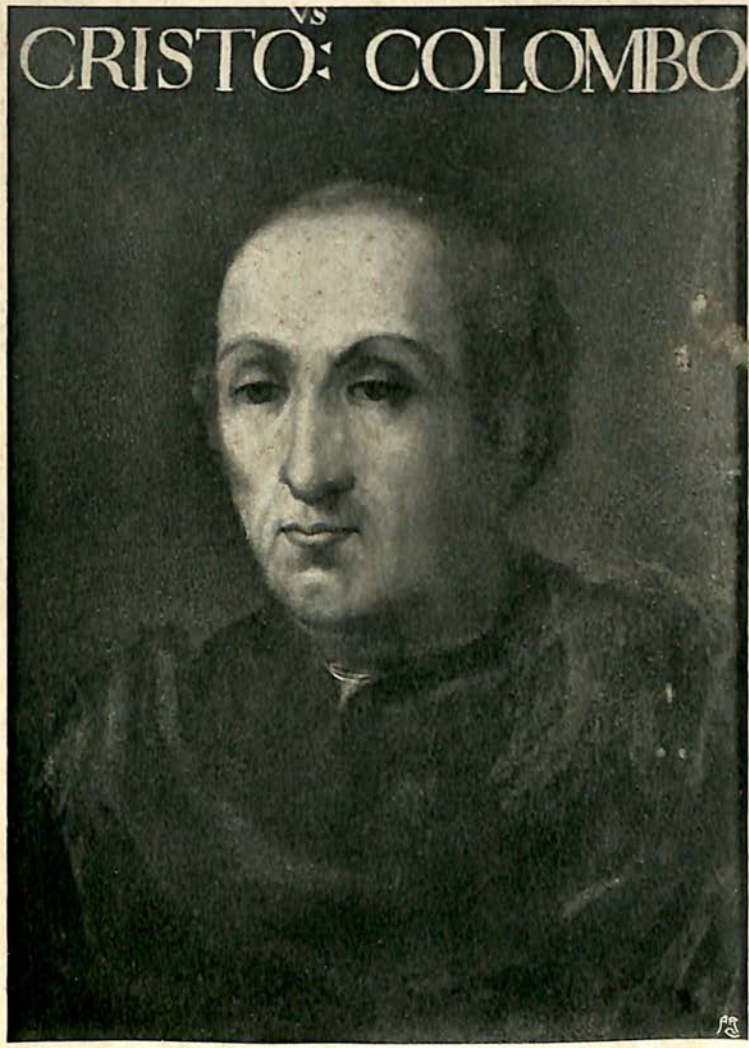
With regard to the apparent apathy of the Spanish sovereigns, we must remember that the aims and hopes of Aragon were turned to the Mediterranean and not to the Atlantic. But the mind of Isabel was moved to wider issues, and she could not forget the mighty future which success in this adventure might open out for Castile. She was encouraged in these thoughts by some of her most trusted counsellors, among whom were Cardinal Mendoza, Juan Cabrero, the King's chamberlain, and his treasurer, Luis de Santangel, of Jewish descent; besides her former confessor Juan

* Columbus quotes it in a letter to the Spanish sovereigns, July 9, 1503.

Perez and others. Wearied out at length, Columbus was on the point of carrying his offer to the Court of France, when he was summoned to meet the sovereigns once more, and he travelled in all haste to Santa Fé. This was at the end of 1491, when the army was encamped before Granada, which was on the point of capitulation. Again the ardent enthusiast repeated all his arguments for this western route, and pictured in glowing colours the realm of Cathay, with all its wealth and splendour, which he might reach by the way. So far his audience was with him, and he had almost won the day, when there arose a fresh stumbling-block in the princely terms which he demanded with all the proud assurance of genius.

We can imagine the dismay of King Fernando when this Genoese mariner calmly made claim for himself and his heirs after him to be Grand Admirals and Viceroys of the unknown lands for ever, to have a tenth part of all the profits, pearls, jewels, minerals and all other things found or bought there, and also an eighth share in all the ships which might traffic thither. All protest was vain for—possibly with some exalted vision of providing funds for a new crusade to redeem the Holy Sepulchre—the foreign adventurer would consent to nothing less. The thing was impossible, and he was dismissed, "this pauper pilot promising rich realms."

But the last word was not yet spoken. Columbus had scarcely departed when Santangel and others pleaded so vehemently on his behalf that Queen Isabel insisted upon his recall. Her messenger overtook him at the bridge of Pinos, four miles from Santa Fé, and brought him back to the royal presence. "I will assume the undertaking," said Isabel, "for my own



Alinari phot. *In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the gold in the treasury be not sufficient." These words were worthy of "Isabelle la Catholique, cette noble reine qui crût le genie sur parole et dota l'univers d'un nouveau monde." All the terms of Columbus were accepted, and the agreement, in the careful style and writing of Miguel Perez Almazan, the new secretary, is still in existence. It was signed at Santa Fé, in the Vega of Granada, April 17, 1492, and we have no doubt that Fernando did so with a mental reservation, for he was wont to keep only that half of a bargain which was to his own advantage.

A very curious kind of passport, in Latin, was also given to Columbus, that he might present it to any Eastern prince, such as Prester John, whom he should come across. "Fernando and Isabel to King. . . .

"The sovereigns have heard that he and his subjects feel great love for them and for Spain. They are also informed that he and his subjects very much wish to hear news from Spain; and send therefore their Admiral, Ch. Colombo, who will tell them that they are in good health and perfect prosperity. Granada, April 30, 1492."

The quiet assumption that the unknown potentate is dying to hear about Spain and its rulers is a delightful touch.

Santangel advanced the necessary sum of money, about £308. Three vessels were provided, manned with ninety sailors and provisioned for a year. The *Santa Maria* was commanded by Columbus, and the two others, called caravels, with decks only fore and aft, were the *Pinta*, with Martin Alonzo Pinzen

captain, and the *Nina*, under Vicente Yanez Pinzen. It was difficult to collect the crews, which, as Peter Martyr tells us, "had to be soothed and encouraged," before they plunged downhill into a sea without a shore. It was on a Friday, August 3, 1492, after they had all made confession and received the Sacrament, that they set sail from Palos, under Columbus, who is henceforth always known as "El Almirante." They delayed awhile at the Canary Islands to refit the *Pinta*, and on September 6 they left the roadstead of Gomera, and after three days there sprang up a breeze which swept the three caravels across the Atlantic. As we understand the theory of the admiral, he believed the world to be a sphere, but he greatly under-estimated its size, while he thought that Asia extended far beyond its real limits. It is interesting to remember that he never corrected this impression, and that to the day of his death he always believed that he had only arrived at the eastern part of Asia. Not until thirty-two years later—when Magalhaës fell a martyr to science—was the general outline of the New World made out, Cape Horn rounded, the Pacific Ocean crossed, and the first journey round the world accomplished in three years less fourteen days.

Yet nothing can dim the fame of that five weeks' voyage, in which the great dreamer made his dream come true, and flooded the ancient world with knowledge when he "unbarred the gates of ocean." The whole story of Columbus is of the most absorbing interest, but it is so well known that we need but lightly touch upon the most striking points.

A few entries in the log-book of that first voyage are

worth quoting. On September 6 they set forth from Gomera, one of the Canary Isles.

14th. The sailors of the *Nina* see two tropical birds.

15th. All saw a meteor fall from heaven, which made them very sad.

16th. Came upon those immense plains of seaweed, the Mar de Sargasso.

17th. The needle declines a whole point to W.; sailors begin to murmur.

18th. They see many birds, and a cloud in the distance.

19th. They see a pelican in morning; another in evening; drizzling rain without wind, a certain sign of land.

The days pass, but the land does not come; the men lose hope, and in their grim despair El Almirante knows his own deadly peril.

October 11th. A table board and carved stick are found; a branch of haw tree with fruit drifts by. Columbus sees a light on shore.

Friday, 12th. Land seen from the *Pinta*.

Columbus went ashore in his ship's boat, wearing the costume of Admiral of Castile, and holding aloft the Castilian banner: then he knelt down and returned thanks to God, and with tears of joy, he kissed the earth. He called the small island San Salvador; it was one of the Bahamas, of which he formally took possession. He thus mentions it in the first of the only two letters of his in the original Spanish which are known to exist:

"Ala primera q̄ yo falle puse nōbre sant salvador a coemo racion de su alta magestad el qual marauillosa mēte todo esto andado los jndios la llamā guanaham."

(To the first island I discovered I gave the name of San Salvador, in commemoration of his Divine Majesty, who has wonderfully granted all this) . . . "Esto es harto y eterno dios nr̄o señor el q̄l da a todos aq̄llos que andan su camino victoria de cosas que parecenin posibles y esta señalada mente fue la vna por que a vn quel destas tierras ayan fallado o escripto todo va colectu ra sin allegar devista saluo comprendiendo a tanto quelos oyentes los mas escuchauan & juzgauan mas por fabla q̄ por poca cosa." (The eternal and almighty God our Lord it is Who gives to all who walk in His way victory over things apparently impossible, and in this case signally so, because although these lands had been imagined and talked of before they were seen, most listened incredulously to what was thought to be but an idle tale.) . . . . "Esto segun el fecho asi en breue fecha enla ca la uera sobre las ysta de canaria a. XV. de febrero. Mille. & quatrocientos & nouenta y tres años.

Fara lo que mandareys. El almirante."

(Thus I record what has happened in a brief Epistle written on board the Caravel, above the Canary Isles, on February 15, 1493.

Yours to command, The Admiral.)

Space will not allow us to give the whole of this most interesting letter, written by Columbus to Luis de Sant Angel after the first eventful voyage, a precious relic. He tells of the other islands which he discovered in the West Indian Archipelago, and greatly admires the beauty of the tropical scenery, with frequent exclamation of "Es maravilla!" As we see above, in

his strong religious feeling he ascribes all honour and glory to the Divine help which he had received.

It is pathetic, in the light of future events, to be told that the poor natives with boundless confidence exclaimed: "Come! Come! and see the men come from heaven!" The admiral continued his voyage on October 24, more eager than ever to pierce the great mystery of the ocean, and to discover those spicy groves and splendid cities of Cipango (Japan), the constant object of his golden fancies. He next found an island which he named Santa Maria de Concepcion, then "Fernandino," "Ysabella," and "Juana." The beautiful land of Cuba was surely the elysium he sought, and for awhile he believed that it was indeed "his Cipango." Full of the teaching of his oracle Marco Polo, he thought he must be near the land of Kublai Khan, and when he reached Hayti, to which he gave the name of Hispaniola, he took it for the ancient Ophir, from whence came all the riches of Solomon. This he describes in his letter as: "larger in circumference than all Spain from Catalonia on the sea-coast to Fuenterabia in Biscay." "In Hispaniola, in the most convenient place, most accessible for the gold-mines and all commerce with the mainland, on this side and on the other, that of the great Khan, with which there would be great trade and profit, I have taken possession of a large town, which I named the city of Navidad, and made fortifications there . . . with arms and artillery and provisions for more than a year . . ."

He believed Cuba to be part of the mainland of India, and it was owing to this mistake that all the natives of America have been called Indians.

On his return, after many troubles and adventures, the admiral was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the people of Spain, and the sovereigns prepared a solemn reception for him at Barcelona, in April 1493. He was met at the city gates by the magnates and great nobles, and in his procession through the streets there were natives of the New World in their barbaric costume and ornaments, and strange unknown birds and beasts. Fernando and Isabel, with their son Prince Juan, rose from their thrones on his approach, gave him their hands and bade him be seated before them. He told his story of travel and adventure, and the sovereigns with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in thanks to God, while the choir sang the Te Deum to commemorate this victory over the mysterious unknown.

Application was made to Pope Alexander VI. to confer upon Castile all lands discovered in the "Indies," as the new discoveries were called, under the belief that they were on the eastern coast of Asia. A Papal Bull was issued limiting the area of Spanish possession by a meridian line to be drawn from pole to pole, 100 leagues west of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands. This was followed by a later decree of September 25, 1493, declaring the whole globe to be open to Spain by the westward passage and to Portugal by the eastward route. This assumption of authority by the Pope has been ridiculed, but in fact both nations were at first willing to accept an umpire for the new game of discovery. The whole world was roused by the success of this first voyage to the Far West, and all the chief Powers of Christendom were seized with the craving for adventure, and the greed of do minion and gold.

England as we know had barely missed the prize which fell to Spain, for Columbus had sent his brother to negotiate with Henry VII. Fernando's Ambassador writes to him on July 25, 1498, that: "Merchants of Bristol have for the last seven years sent out annually some ships in search of the island of Brazil and the Seven Cities."

"O what a great thing had been then,
If that they that be Englishmen
Might have been the first of all
That there should have taken possession,
And made first building and habitation
A memory perpetual!" *

The Portuguese were full of eagerness to continue the work of enterprise they had so well begun, but it is with Spain we have chiefly to deal. Now that Granada had fallen and "the task of centuries was complete, a nation which for generations had lived to fight could not lie down to sleep. The blood of the people boiling with excitement, turned to adventure rather than to war, to the sea rather than to land . . ." Here were wild dreams to be realised "before which those told in the books of chivalry faded to nothingness. Here was the glittering mirage of boundless wealth, to be had for the grasping . . . What wonder that Spaniards lost their mental balance, and that rapine, lust, and cruelty, marked their way with a broad red track whithersoever they went?" †

On September 25, 1493, Columbus set forth from Cadiz on a second expedition, with seventeen ships and 1500 men, and he had so singularly pros-

* Old Play, "The Four Elements," 1515.
† Martin Hume.

perous a voyage, that on November 3, being Sunday, he came in sight of an island which he called Dominica. Sailing northward, he came to a small island which he called Maria Galante from his own flagship, and another larger one received the name of Guadeloupe, from a monastery in Estremadura. Here there were cannibals, and his exploring party had a narrow escape in the jungle. Sorrow and disappointment were in store for the admiral, who, after discovering Porto Rico and other islands, found that his little colony in Hispaniola, La Navidad, had been completely destroyed, probably through the evil conduct of the settlers. It was unfortunate that Columbus could not give sufficient time to the careful establishment of his colonies on a firm basis, for the Spanish sovereigns, in their jealousy of the advance of Portugal, were constantly urging him to push onward for more discoveries. In the course of the voyage which followed, he gained important knowledge and came upon Jamaica, and the cluster of small islands called the "Garden of the Queen," where the sailing was so intricate that he took no sleep for thirty-two nights. Then he was attacked by illness, and after many troubles, he returned against the trade winds to Cadiz on June 11, 1496, with his vessels laden with slaves, prisoners of war.

It was nearly two years later when the admiral started out for his third voyage, which had the important result of his actually landing on the American continent. We may notice that one of the special instructions he received this time from the Catholic sovereigns was that "the Indians of the islands are to be brought into peace and quietude, being reduced

into subjection *benignantly*, and also, as the chief end of conquest, they are to be converted to the sacred Catholic faith, and have the Sacraments administered to them." He set sail from the port of San Lucar on May 30, 1498, with six vessels and two hundred men, in addition to the needful sailors. He had to avoid a French squadron as France and Spain were at war, and then he made for the Cape Verde islands; when a favourable breeze sprung up and he took a westerly course. He had resolved to call the first land he should discover "Trinidad," and the story goes that three lofty hills first met the view from the maintop-sail of the admiral's ship, on July 31. He passed on in a westerly direction in search of a port, the next day the low lands of the Orinoco were visible, and for the first time the great explorer looked upon the continent of America.

He sailed into the Gulf of Paria, and when he saw the land before him, he came to the conclusion that he was now at the base of the Earthly Paradise, and that the waters of the Orinoco formed one of the great rivers which proceeded from the Tree of Life in the midst of Paradise. This celestial approach the admiral at once claimed, as he had done with all the islands, for the Catholic sovereigns of Spain, and erected a great cross upon the shore. "I found some lands the most beautiful in the world and very populous," he says, and he had previously compared the appearance of the island of Trinidad, to Valencia in Spain during the month of March. Many valuable pearls were found in this neighbourhood. But Columbus was broken in health, and was obliged to return to Hispaniola, where he appears to have busied himself in sending home a

number of Indians as slaves. On their arrival in Spain, Queen Isabel was very indignant, and commanded proclamation to be made at Seville, Granada, and other places, that all persons who were in possession of Indians, sent to them by the admiral, should under pain of death send those Indians back to Hispaniola. The colonial policy of the Spanish sovereigns is an intricate subject, which had most disastrous results for the unfortunate natives, and cannot be fully dealt with here, as it would need a volume to itself.

Meantime the unfortunate admiral was overwhelmed by a very sea of troubles; he had enemies on every side, and envy and calumny did their worst against him. He was not successful as Viceroy, but the position was extremely difficult. He was urgently required to send home gold, but the supply was scanty, and slaves were the only products readily available; although in fact these islanders proved too feeble to be of much value as labourers. When an envoy was sent out to make inquiry, Columbus was sent home in chains, a disgrace from which his proud spirit never rallied, although the action was disclaimed by the sovereigns, who received him with outward marks of favour. But he was no longer the idol of his country, and although his invincible enthusiasm induced him to make a fourth voyage in 1502, he did not add much to the sum of his discoveries, and at length came home, through mutiny and disaster, to end his days with ruined hopes and shattered fortune. On May 20, 1506, his tempest-tossed bark reached at last the haven of peace.

Through the overshadowing clouds, we fix our eyes only on the heroic figure of the great seaman who—in seeking to justify his enthusiastic belief in the existence

of a new and shorter ocean-path westward across the Atlantic to the Indian Empire—came unawares upon a New World; the great continent which barred his way to those fabled glories of the East.

The immortal fame of Christopher Columbus scarcely needs the proud motto on his coat-of-arms:

"A Castilla y a Leon
Nuevo Mundo dio Coloñ."

CHAPTER XVII

DIPLOMACY OF FERNANDO. WARS IN ITALY

WHEN the long Moorish war was at an end, and the Spanish sovereigns had accomplished the final conquest of Granada, when Christopher Columbus had set forth on his first voyage of discovery, then Fernando and Isabel were at leisure to attend once more to the internal affairs of their kingdom. At the end of May 1492 they left Granada and spent two months in visiting various cities of Castile before travelling to Catalonia, where they proposed to take up their abode for the winter.

Fernando had a strong reason for remaining near the frontier of France, as with strange pertinacity his aims and desires were ever set upon regaining those ancient provinces of Aragon,—Roussillon and Cerdagne—which had been mortgaged by his father to the French King. The moment was favourable, for Charles VIII. was bent on asserting his claim to the crown of Naples, and was willing to bribe Fernando not to interfere on behalf of his kinsman King Ferrante. Charles VIII. had recently achieved a great diplomatic success by his marriage with Anne, the

heiress of Brittany, on December 16, 1491, with the help of his clever sister Madame de Beaujeu. He was twenty-one at the time, and his bride not quite fifteen; but their youth can scarcely excuse a double breach of faith, for Anne was already betrothed to Maximilian of Austria, whose young daughter Margaret had been sent to France and educated in Touraine as the future wife of Charles VIII.

Maximilian, thus doubly insulted by the loss of his promised wife and the sending back of his daughter, would prove a deadly foe to the French king, who now had urgent need for an alliance with Spain. A treaty was therefore concluded at Barcelona (also at Narbonne) in January 1493, by which the counties of Roussillon and Cerdagne, on the northward slope of the Pyrenees, were returned to Aragon without payment of the 300,000 crowns for which they had been mortgaged. Fernando promised that he would not oppose the invasion of Naples, and also undertook not to make any marriage alliance with Austria or England.

Now we know that at this very time his daughter Catalina was betrothed to the son of Henry VII., and he was considering a marriage for his elder daughter Juana with the son of Maximilian. Truly Fernando deserves the character of "a master of pretence." "He was probably the most dishonest and unscrupulous politician of a peculiarly unscrupulous age. . . . with an affectation of frankness his ingratiating falsity deceived again and again those whom he had cheated before." *

Only a month before that treaty of Barcelona was

* Martin Hume.

signed, the King of Spain had a narrow escape of his life. According to ancient custom he had presided in person at the tribunal of justice held one day a week, and as he left the palace at noon was suddenly attacked from behind and stabbed in the neck. The point of the weapon was fortunately arrested by the gold collar he wore, but the injury was serious, and for a time his life was in peril. The Queen, who ever faced personal danger for herself with undaunted courage, was deeply affected and nursed him with tender devotion. It was at first feared that the attack was part of a conspiracy, but the people of Barcelona showed so much concern and indignation that there could be no doubt about their loyalty. An interesting letter of Isabel to her confessor, Talavera, which was written at this time, reveals the strong affection for the husband, who, at any rate, had the merit of appreciating her value. On one occasion he writes to her in playful loving style:

"Mi Señora,

Now, at least, it is clear which of us two loves best. Judging by what you have ordered should be written to me, I see that you can be happy while I lose my sleep. . . . You are in Toledo and I am in many villages. . . . Write to me and let me know how you are. . . . The affairs of the Princess must not be forgotten. For God's sake remember her as well as her father, who kisses your hands and is your servant." EL REY.*

If Fernando, "one of the most thorough egoists,

* Bergenroth Calendar of Spanish State Papers.

who ever sat upon a throne,"* had a tender place in his heart, it was for his wife, as from the cold-blooded manner in which he carried out diplomatic marriages for his daughters we cannot credit him with any real love for them; indeed, his conduct towards both Juana and Catalina in after years, often appears to us heartless in the extreme.

After the treaty of Barcelona and the recovery of his longed-for provinces on the slopes of the Eastern Pyrenees, Fernando turned his undivided attention to the political affairs of Italy. Charles VIII. was first roused from his youthful inexperience when, early in 1494, he claimed the help of the King of Spain against Naples, and was met with well-feigned dismay and surprise. But Charles had set his heart on world-wide dominions; he had already assumed the title of King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and was obstinately resolved on the conquest of Naples. He started in August with "3600 lances, 6000 Breton archers, the same number of cross-bow men, 800 Gascons, 8000 Swiss pikemen, and a number of volunteers. His artillery was the finest in Europe, 40 siege and field pieces, 1000 smaller ones, worked by 12,000 men and drawn by 8000 horses." With this formidable array he marched in triumph through Italy and took possession of Naples.

Then Fernando of Aragon entered the lists with his guileful diplomacy; he induced the Borgia Pope to form a "holy league" with himself, the Emperor, the Venetians, and Ludovico, Duke of Milan, arming against the Turk, they said, but in reality against the French, in February 1495. It was about this time

* Voltaire.

that Alexander VI. bestowed upon Fernando and Isabel the proud title of "Los Reyes Catolicos," as champions of the Church.

Gonzalvo di Cordova, better known as "the Great Captain," a title gained in Calabria, was the general chosen by Isabel to command the army of 5000 picked men for taking part in the Italian wars, where they proved themselves the finest infantry in Europe. Charles VIII. left the Duke of Montpensier with less than 10,000 men to hold Naples while he began his retreat across Italy, meeting with no serious resistance until he came to the duchy of Parma, where he found the army of the Italian league drawn up in battle array, near the village of Fornova, July 1495. With stubborn valour the French fought their way through forces three times their own number, and thus "obtained the fruits of victory although the enemy claimed the honour of the day," and rejoiced in the splendid spoils of the French camp and baggage.

We cannot dwell upon all the details of the disastrous and futile French expedition, or all the vicissitudes of the tangled politics and warfare of the Italian States. But the French fleet was defeated at Rapallo by the Genoese, all the booty brought from Naples being lost, and Charles, having been compelled to yield Novaro, was willing to sign a treaty with the Duke of Milan before he crossed the Alps on October 15.

Meanwhile Gonzalvo had landed at Reggio and was fighting his way through Southern Calabria, a rude mountainous country something like the Alpujarras, studded with fortified places. The wily tactics of the

Gerlach & Wiedling, phot. *A drawing of Albrecht Durer*

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN

war of Granada here made up for want of real strength, and his night surprises, ambuscades and forays greatly disconcerted the French troops, who were quite unused to anything of the kind. Placing small reliance on Calabrian recruits, the Spanish general garrisoned some strong places with his own soldiers, and as an instance of the mutual suspicion with which the allies looked upon each other, we are told that this excited the Pope's jealousy. King Fernando thereupon sent instructions that Gonzalvo was only to keep places of importance; as "he was unwilling to give cause of complaint to any one unless he were greatly a gainer by it." The Great Captain only lost one battle, and that was near the beginning of his long and prosperous career, when he was over-ruled by the impatience of the young King Ferrante into meeting the enemy without sufficient preparation. The French army was strengthened by a formidable company of Swiss veterans armed with pikes twenty feet long, far outnumbering the Spanish infantry, who trusted to short swords and bucklers; and unfortunately at a critical moment of the engagement, the Calabrian levies mistook a rapid tactical movement of the light Spanish calvalry for retreat, and thinking the battle was lost, they fled in wild panic before they were even attacked. In his effort to rally the fugitives, Ferrante had a narrow escape with his life, but Gonzalvo succeeded in bringing most of his cavalry safely across the plain to the little town of Seminara near the sea-coast. Nothing daunted by his defeat, the King of Naples at once set sail from Messina, in the fleet of the Spanish admiral Requesens, with a small number of men, and boldly attacked Naples itself, where the people sounded the

tocsin, rose to arms and joined him, while the French under Montpensier, after retreating to the citadel, were at length compelled to capitulate. Thus by a *coup-de-main* the young prince, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, once more found himself in possession of his capital.

So the shifting fortune of war continued, but Gonzalvo steadily continued his course of victory through Calabria, taking stronghold after stronghold, although always short of men and money. The French army was in still worse case. Charles VIII. appeared to have forgotten them and sent no supplies, the Swiss mercenaries deserted in large numbers for want of pay, and Montpensier found himself obliged to retreat to the more fertile district of Apulia, where he still held some fortresses. He was overtaken by Ferrante at the town of Atella, which stands in a broad valley surrounded by hills, and finding his forces insufficient for the siege, the King of Naples sent a summons to Gonzalvo to join him. The Great Captain resolved to strike a decisive blow before leaving the scene of his conquests, and set forth across the mountains to surprise Laino, where a company of Angevin nobles were awaiting the coming of d'Aubigny. In this he was as usual completely successful, and not only took most valuable spoils but had the satisfaction of sending as prisoners to Naples twenty Barons who would command a princely ransom. He then hastened by forced marches to Atella, which he reached early in July, and was welcomed with all honour by the King of Naples, the Marquis of Mantua and the Papal Legate, Cæsar Borgia.

On the very day of his arrival, he discovered a flaw in the blockade of Atella. A small river supplied the town with water and also turned some water-mills which ground the flour of the besieged; these were strongly defended, but on the approach of the dreaded Gonzalvo and his men, the Gascon archers fled before him; the Swiss pikemen were soon defeated, and the mills were quickly destroyed. The French held out gallantly until reduced to the last extremity by famine, when they were compelled to capitulate on these terms:

"That if no help arrived within thirty days the French leader would surrender Atella and every other fortified place he had taken in the kingdom of Naples, with its artillery, on condition that his foreign mercenaries should be allowed to return home, and that his soldiers should be provided with vessels to take them back to France." . . . This was signed on July 21, 1496, and Comines at the Court of France thus describes the treaty as "most disgraceful, without parallel, save in that made by the Roman consuls at the Caudine Forks. . . ."

Before the conditions were carried out, a fever broke out at Pozzuolo amongst the soldiers, and the brave Gilbert de Montpensier fell a victim to it. He had refused to leave his men and find safety for himself, as he was urged by his brother-in-law, the Marquess of Mantua, whose sister, Chiara Gonzaga, he had married. During much of this disastrous campaign she had been living with Isabella d' Este at Mantua. It was but a very small remnant of King Charles's gallant army which ever reached France again, after a terrible journey across Italy in destitution and suffering.

Only a few months after this triumphant end of the campaign, the young King Ferrante died suddenly, and was succeeded by his uncle Federigo. Within the course of a brief three years, this was the fifth king who had reigned over Naples.

With the defeat of the French in Calabria, the work of Gonzalvo di Cordova appeared to have come to an end. But he did not leave Italy without another brilliant adventure. An application came to him from Pope Alexander VI. that he would deliver Ostia, the sea-port of Rome, from a nest of brigands, who had been left there in possession by the French King, under the command of an adventurer from Biscay, Menaldo Guerri. Gonzalvo was not likely to refuse so congenial an invitation, and he lost no time in arriving before Ostia with his force of about sixteen thousand men-at-arms and three hundred horsemen. Guerri was summoned to surrender, and on his refusal, the place was attacked by artillery for five days before a breach could be made in the walls. The Castilian Ambassador, Garcilossa de la Vega, with a few of his own men, attacked Ostia on the other side, and thus surrounded, Guerri and his companions yielded themselves prisoners of war. A few days later they graced the procession of the victor into Rome, which had all the pomp of an ancient Imperial triumph. With banners flying and martial music, the Great Captain rode in front greeted by tumultuous cries from the people, who hailed him as the "Deliverer of Rome!" At the Vatican the Pope received him under a canopy of state, with cardinals and nobles around him; and when the Spanish General knelt to ask his blessing, Alexander VI.

raised him up, gave him the kiss of peace, and rewarded him with the Golden Rose.

This reception in Rome was only a foretaste of the honours which he received on his return to Spain, where the Queen congratulated herself on her wise choice of a Castilian general, and the King declared that the war in Calabria had brought more glory to his throne than even the conquest of Granada.

There was now peace for a time between Spain and France, for a treaty had been concluded with Charles VIII. shortly before the death, by an accident, of that young King, at the age of twenty-seven, on April 7, 1498. He was succeded by Louis XII., the grand-nephew of Charles V., who on coming to the throne assumed the title of Duke of Milan, as inheriting from his grandmother, Valentina Visconti, thus throwing down the gauntlet to the Italian state and showing whither his ambition pointed. But his first aim was to secure the rich province of Brittany, and he at once made an appeal to the Pope for a divorce from his wife, Jeanne, on the plea that he had been forced to marry her. This was granted by Alexander VI., and his son Cæsar Borgia who brought the Bull to Louis, was made Duke of Valentinois, with a large income, and received Charlotte d'Albret, sister of the Lord of Navarre, as his bride. Such was the fine paid for the French King's shameful divorce.

Louis XII. was then at liberty to marry the young widow of his predecessor, Anne of Brittany, all obstacles, including poor Queen Jeanne, having been removed; and he was now free to carry out his other ambitious schemes, in which Spain was closely concerned. As

we shall see more clearly later, all Fernando's campaigns in Naples and Calabria had his own personal profit in view, and he was intoxicated with gorgeous plans of aggrandisement and universal dominion, by conquest and alliance. If Aragon could but extend its grasp "from Sicily, along North Africa, to Syria, and along the Adriatic and Ægean toward Constantinople, until the ancient claim to the Empire of the East became a practical and solid one. The Genoese and Venetians, overawed by the dominant Mediterranean power, would decay, and Fernando's descendants might rule unquestioned from the Pillars of Hercules to the Golden Horn. The plan was a splendid one, and Fernando's crafty brain through his long life laboured for its partial fulfilment; but death and disaster stepped in, and it brought a curse instead of a blessing to the posterity of the plotter." *

He little dreamed that in the very success which he attained lay the seeds of ruin for that small province of Aragon so fondly idolised.

* Martin Hume.

CHAPTER XVIII

LITERATURE IN SPAIN

IT will be interesting to take a brief survey of the literature for which Spain has so splendid a record, and to trace the influence of the past on learning in the days of Queen Isabel.

As a province of the Roman Empire, the Iberian kingdom produced writers who were distinguished amongst the greatest scholars of their day. The oratory of the elder Seneca, the over-florid declamations of the younger Seneca of Cordova, the Pharsalia of Lucan, and the writings of Martial and Quintillian added a lustre to classical Rome, and the Spanish poets of Cordova received the praise of Cicero. A strong taste for theology had always distinguished this country, and in the fourth century we find the Christian writer Juvencus turning the Gospels into a kind of Virgilian hexameters, and Prudentius of Tarragona writing Christian poems strongly flavoured with Pagan sentiment. Sant Isidore, Bishop of Seville in the seventh century, was a most distinguished scholar, a Platonic philosopher who brought classical eloquence to adorn his Christian homilies. Many other learned ecclesiastics followed in his steps, amongst whom was

St. Martin, Bishop of Braga, who converted a whole Pagan nation to the faith, and founded an academy of learning in Galicia.

After the Moslem conquest of Spain in the eighth century, all the culture and learning of the East found its way to the great cities of the Peninsula, where knowledge was cultivated as it had never been before. The rule of the Omeyyad dynasty in Cordova has been compared to that of the Medici in Florence. Abd-er-Rahman's successor Alkamen was himself a diligent student; he is said to have collected a library of 600,000 volumes, and to have read most of them and even enriched them with his marginal notes. He encouraged learned men from all parts, and eighty free schools were opened in Cordova alone; and this at a time when "scarcely a priest south of the Thames could translate Latin into his mother tongue."

It is noteworthy that with this Eastern race, women devoted themselves to letters, and Valadata, daughter of the Khalif Mohammed, was foremost in eloquence amongst the professors, while other women studied history, philosophy and even jurisprudence. The young Moslem knight too was wont to refresh his mind after the fatigue of the tournament with "elegant poetry and florid discourses of amorous and knightly history." Indeed, to deserve a place amid the flower of chivalry, ten qualities were essential: "Piety, valour, courtesy, prowess, the gifts of poetry and eloquence, and dexterity in the management of the horse, the sword, lance and bow."*

It was during the twelfth century that the Jews of Cordova studied the philosophy of the Greeks, and

* Prescott.

Alinari, phot. *Vatican, Rome*

POPE ALEXANDER VI. (RODRIGO BORGIA)

Pinturicchio e scolari

"became the schoolmasters of the 'schoolmen,' pouring a flood of ancient learning into Europe." The great Ibn-Raschid (1120--1190) whose name was latinised to Averroes, was the most distinguished commentator of Aristotle and spread far and wide his doctrine of "Monopsychism" with its famous dictum that "individuality consists only in bodily sensations, which are perishable, so that nothing which is individual can be immortal, and nothing which is immortal can be individual." Averroes knew no Greek, and his commentaries were made on Arabic versions of Aristotle which he brought to the notice of Europe, and had hundreds of disciples in Oxford, Paris and Padua.

In the Arab treatises on logic and metaphysics we find a wonderful love of detail, subtle perception rather than breadth of thought, while in philosophy they were often almost servile in following authority. Yet in fiction their extravagance was unbridled, and the Moorish romances and ballads are flowery and allegorical beyond anything the world has ever seen.

Meantime, the Christian States were steadily growing, and with the gradual formation of the language, learning and literature flourished under the sovereigns of Aragon and Castile. One immense work was accomplished, the compilation of a code of laws, the basis of Spanish jurisprudence, derived from the "Lex Visigothorum," of very early times. This was revised and extended by San Fernando into the "Fuero Juzgo" consisting of six hundred laws, comprised in twelve books. Every deed and condition of life, every bond between man and man, every right and every duty is provided for to the minutest detail. It begins quite at the

beginning, and dwells upon the heavenly system, and the obedience of the angels to God, and so the code continues by degrees to describe the whole duty of man and the punishment awaiting him if he fails to do it. It is curious to notice that there is no such principle as equality, and that every offence is measured by the position of the man who commits it, and also that of the person offended, as for instance between freeman and slave.

This Fuero Juzgo was supplemented in the reign of Alfonso X. by the "Siete Partidas," a whole code of morality and religion, which deals with the entire condition of society, if possible in a still more comprehensive manner, and is imbued with the spirit of the Latin Code. Thus it was that Spain carried down the law of Ancient Rome to Modern Europe.

We have already alluded to that Moorish poetry, bold and impassioned, with gorgeous imagery, sparkling with metaphors, Oriental tales of fancy and enchantment brought by the Saracens into Spain. These were probably the first germ of the lays of the "trouvères," and of Italian romances, but above all they were the earliest inspiration of Provençal and Castilian poetry. Of the Spanish ballads handed down from mouth to mouth for generations until some were collected when printing was invented more than two thousand are extant; * they would require a volume in itself to do them justice, for "They are not merely ballads, but historical and national poems; they record events and popular notions; they speak out for the whole nation what lies in every man's heart: they are the means of expression to those who want words, not

* See Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads."

feelings." * One of the most famous of these is the Poem of the Cid, an epic in Castilian verse, in imitation of the French "Chansons de Geste." All these ballads are, indeed, the basis of history, and, as we shall see later, are probably more trustworthy than much other so-called historical writing.

On the subject of poetry, the Castilian priest and poet, Berceo, was the creator of a new school at the beginning of the thirteenth century; he wrote of miracles and martyrs, and Dante appears to have adopted his metre. A nephew of Alfonso the Learned, Don Juan Manuel, wrote a series of forty-nine didactic apologues, the "Tales of Count Lucanor," which were the forerunners of Boccaccio and Chaucer. Spain, too, had her Rabelais: the gay reckless priest Juan Ruiz of Hita. Culture became the fashion when a King was the leader like Alfonso the Learned, and by the end of the thirteenth century the University of Salamanca vied with that of Paris and Bologna. Philosophy in rhyme, didactic verse and moral tales had a certain vogue until in the fifteenth century they were supplanted by the literature of Italy, translations of Dante, Petrarch and others, which made their way in Spain. Jorge de Manrique wrote a beautiful poem on the death of his father Coplas de Manrique, 1476, which is familiar to us in Longfellow's translation.

Juan II., the father of Isabel, far more successful as a scholar than a King, wrote poetry himself and encouraged the most artificial and fantastic methods of which the "cancioneros" of his reign and the dramatic attempts of Enrique de Villena are examples. Lopez de Mendoza, also a great noble, appears to us

* Richard Ford.

more striking as a poet, but the work on which he chiefly prided himself was a long poem called "El doctrinal de Privados," in which he makes the ghost of Alvaro de Luna relate his mistakes and lament his folly as a statesman.

We have seen how Isabel devoted herself to her own education and to that of her children and sent for learned men from all parts, until every one dabbled in literature, and there were writers of verse and prose in abundance, when culture became the fashion. She was ably seconded by the Cardinal Jimenez, who was an ardent scholar and founded the University of Alcala, although this cannot atone for his priestly bigotry and vandalism in burning the priceless collection of Arab manuscripts at Granada. Another name is worthy of note, than of Juan de Encina, who led the way with his dramatic eclogues to a branch of art in which Spain has since so greatly excelled. There was much more of drama in his idea than in the earlier dialogues without action, like that in which Isabel herself as a girl had taken the part of a Muse, on a certain birthday of her young brother Alfonso. These sacred and profane little dramas of Encina's were sometimes performed in the Palace of the Duke of Alva before Prince Juan and other distinguished spectators. Play-acting did not become popular until later. "La Celestina" was published in 1499, with twenty-two acts, all in dialogue; it was probably written by Fernando de Rojas, and had a great success.

Then came the era of discovery, when a new and magnificent field was opened out, and the Spaniards availed themselves to the utmost of that glamour cast

by unknown distant lands, strange new men and beasts and birds, and marvellous adventures which cast into the shade all moral tales and romances of heroes. "Where you know nothing, place terrors" was the traveller's motto, and :

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Put elephants in place of towns."

It was quite at the end of Isabel's reign that a fantastic tale, Amadis de Gaul, of a far-off land with impossible fair ladies and love-lorn knights, written by a Portuguese, was spread far and wide with the help of the printing press, although it had been translated much earlier, and handed about in MS. It took the nation by storm, and its success produced many imitations and "continuations, dealing with exploits of the innumerable lineage of Amadis," which became more and more unreal and absurd, until the author of Don Quixote held these wild romances up to pitiless scorn and they withered away. But, indeed, "a Cervantes was hardly needed to dispel this dream of a debased chivalry."

We have touched upon other branches of literature, but in truth the earliest and strongest tendency of a nation is to dwell upon its own chronicle and story. In those vivid and striking ballads to which allusion has been made, Spain perhaps even more than any other country found her best inspiration in her own history. Sung alike by Moor and Christian, in village and town, these ancient "redondilleras" gave voice to the patriotism of the people and roused enthusiasm for deeds of chivalry and heroic achievements, until the names of Bernardo del Carpio, of King Ramiro, of

the Seven Infantes of Lara, and many others, above all of "El Mio Cid Campeador" himself, became household words and called forth almost idolatrous worship. Even in later days of the wars with the Moors, when was sung the woeful ditty of Alhama and many another, until Granada the beautiful had fallen, the ballad was still the key to the hearts of men. In this form were preserved those legends and traditions which give a more true insight into the history of a people than any amount of dry and doubtful facts.

History is also almost the earliest form of prose writing; monks in the seclusion of their quiet cells wrote out in laborious Latin the chronicle of events which came to their ears, bald and scanty indeed, retailing the gossip of passing travellers, the messages of some imperious prelate, and the miracles of a neighbouring shrine. Of these monkish chroniclers, we find mention of Isidorus Pacensis in the eighth century, and of Sebastian of Salamanca, and the monks of Silos and Albelda in the ninth century. During the following two hundred years, the chief information is obtained from the fuller and more embroidered language of Arabic writers. In the twelfth century we come to the story of the Cid, told in a fragmentary Latin chronicle, and in the annals of Toledo; also in the "Gesta Roderici Campidocti" found in the convent of St. Isidore at Leon, and in the "Chrónica del Cid," which is really only part of the "Chrónica General" of Alfonso X. "revised and corrected by some ignorant monk." * The most important attempt at historical work was that written by

* H. E. Watts.

the great fighting Archbishop of Toledo in the thirteenth century, who was as bold in writing history as in the day of battle, for if events did not appear to him to proclaim enough the glory of his faith and nation, well, so much the worse for the facts!

In the famous engagement of "Las Navas de Tolosa, July 16, 1212," the Christians were almost overcome by the vast force of the infidels, and brave King Alfonso VIII. cried to Archbishop Rodrigo Jimenez by his side, "Let us die here, prelate!" But the valiant Churchman was of sterner mettle, for he rallied the broken troops and saved the day; a glorious victory which drove the "Commander of the Faithful" and his Almohades back to Morocco. This was the man who stuck at nothing in his chronicles, and coolly invented the "great victory of Clavijo, where 70,000 of the misbelievers fell and Santiago appeared in person on a white horse, bearing aloft a white standard with a red cross." . . . "This battle was fought in the year 846, being the second of King Ramiro. The victorious army vowed to Santiago that every acre of ploughed and vine land in Spain should pay each year a bushel of corn or wine to the church of Compostella" (not built until 1120!). No such battle was ever fought;* but we see the prelate's desire to endow the church by a pious falsehood.

Another apocryphal victory, that of Calatañazor, was long a subject of contest between Spanish historians. The great Moorish Governor Almanzor had invaded the Christian kingdom, taken Leon and utterly destroyed the cathedral of Santiago at Compostella. Such sacrilege imperatively demanded the defeat of

* H. E. Watts.

Almanzor, who was reported to have died of grief after losing the battle of Calatañazor with terrible slaughter of his host, in 1001. No Moorish chronicler mentions it, nor any Christian writer before the thirteenth century, and the story is entirely discredited.

The first great collection of stories and traditions of the past was in the "Chrónica General" compiled by order of Alfonso X. with the help of many learned men, both Christian and Moorish. In such an undertaking there was a praiseworthy desire for completeness, and the chronicle begins with the creation of the world, and is carried down through the ages to the King's own accession in 1252. With princely hospitality, he takes in everything: history, legend, tradition, all that people said and did, and even includes as many ballads as he can collect, so that it becomes a most valuable and universal storehouse. His example was followed by his successors, and almost every king had someone at his Court who wrote the annals of his time. In the case of King Jayme of Aragon, El Conquistador, he adopted the still wiser plan of writing his own memoir. "A brutal, strong, crafty man, rough and dissolute, but one of the great leaders of the world," he tells his story in the Catalan language, in a bold simple way, touching lightly on his own immoral behaviour, for which he probably felt no particular compunction; and telling of his own gallant deeds and success in war without vain-glory or boasting. As a piece of history his writing gives a vivid picture of an exciting period. On the death of his father he writes: "Thus he died, for it has ever been the fate of my race to conquer or die in battle."

Well had it been for Pedro the Cruel, who lived more

than a hundred years later, in the middle of the fourteenth century, had he written his own annals and been his own apologist. With all his faults he was no worse than many of his race, but he had the misfortune to be chronicled after his death by a faithless servant, a former favourite, Pedro Lopez de Ayala, who "has handed him down to eternal infamy." As Chancellor to his half-brother Enrique, his enemy and successor, it was to the interest of Lopez to take the darkest view of every action of his former master. He also wrote a long poem which brands his age with vice and folly.

There are many ways of writing history, but we should certainly look for more flattery than truth in the memoirs of a Court historian. The official chronicler of Fernando and Isabel was Hernando del Pulgar, down to 1492, and is somewhat heavy and dry. Andres Bernaldez, curate of Los Palacios, enlarged his annals into a history of his times, and is interesting when he gossips about what he saw. Peter Martyr, the Italian scholar who lived much at the Court of Isabel after the war of Granada, left a number of letters, which a modern historian describes as "a rich but untrustworthy and puzzling mine of information." "These books are Latin exercises upon historical subjects." It is not until the middle of the sixteenth century that we begin to see the change from chronicle to history. Mariana the Jesuit, who wrote his famous history at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in Latin and afterwards in stately Castilian, has been called the Spanish Livy. He cared for style more than for truth, and of him it is said that "Except that he is not to be trusted for any single fact or date, he is one of the best of historians." He says naively: "I never undertook to

make a history of Spain in which I should verify every particular fact; for if I had I should never have finished."

But at least in the days of Queen Isabel, letters and archives were preserved which are the material of true history. Still they ran many risks. In the fifteenth century the Secretary of State often kept the public documents in his own house. But when a minister died or retired from office, an inventory was made in the presence of a commissioner and two notaries, and every public document was carefully noted and delivered to the government, to be put in places set apart. Yet we find that when King Fernando was travelling, he deposited State papers in foreign countries. In a letter written on September 14, 1509, he told King Louis XII. of France that on his return from Naples he had left a box of papers in charge of Juan Fabro, a Catalonian merchant at Genoa, and as he wanted these documents, he begged Louis to send them.

Many important archives and public records were destroyed soon after the death of Fernando, when the peasants rose in rebellion, as they thought that they would thus be free from rents and taxes! A great many papers were lost, while others were saved in convents and private houses. Fortunately, the royal "arcas" (chests) containing the correspondence with England were conveyed to the convent at Zaragoza. The ancient castle of Simancas, near Valladolid in Old Castile, is a great storehouse for historical papers, chiefly of Castile. Those of Aragon, such as relate chiefly to Spanish discoveries and colonies, are mostly at Barcelona and Seville.

The Catholic sovereigns, especially Isabel, rarely did

more than sign their names to the letters written by their secretaries. The rough drafts of Ferdnan Alvarez are incoherent and confused, with portions blotted out and marginal additions written in such small characters as to be scarcely discernible. When he was succeeded by Miguel Perez Almazan, there was a great improvement in style and writing, but this was the secretary who first introduced cypher into the royal correspondence, and a cypher of 2400 signs in one complete key! By so doing the unfortunate Almazan must have laid a very heavy burden upon himself, for henceforth he not only had to confer with the King and Queen and take orders from them, but he was obliged to compose and write with his own hand the great mass of despatches to be signed by the sovereigns. The treaties were inscribed on immense sheets of parchment. When letters and despatches had to be put in cypher, Almazan had to do it—if letters came from diplomatic agents Almazan had to interpret them! He kept his documents in chronological order and endorsed them, but they were not all deposited in one place.

A short specimen of the "cypher" used may help to explain the difficulties which drive students to despair. Here is a fragment of a letter sent by Isabel to Doctor de Puebla in England, with regard to affairs in Brittany and the recall of the Spanish troops. It was written in 1491, from the camp before Granada. Spanish and Arabic numbers were both used.

"Considering question whether the town of 102 (*Granada*) be 90 (*conquered*) or 39 (*not*) 90 (*conquered*) they are constructing a 188 (*fortress*) there (Santa Fé) in which they intend to have good 97 (*troops*) and all

that is necessary to 94 (*besiege*) 102 (*Granada*) or at least to watch her so closely that it shall 39 (*not*) be necessary to 94 (*besiege*) her now.*

Sometimes two cyphers are used in the same document, and for further security two copies of an important despatch were usually sent, by different routes.

Splendid material for the future historians of this period in Spain lies buried in the "Colleccion de Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de España," of which ninety volumes have already been published, and the stupendous work is still going on. When we consider the combination of qualities and of studies needful for the writing of history, far beyond those enumerated by Imlac for his poet, we feel disposed to paraphrase the words of Rasselas, and exclaim: "Enough! Thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be an 'historian'"!

* Bergenroth, Calendar of State Papers.

CHAPTER XIX

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

THE splendid architecture and sculpture, the exquisite gems of mosaic and enamel, of azulejos and lustred pottery, of damascened metal, and silken fabrics embroidered with gold and silver; in short, all the architecture and art of Spain, and its material prosperity in the days of Isabel, were deeply rooted in the past.

Since those far-off days when to Solomon there came "the navy of Tarshish (Andalusia ?), bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks," when "silver spread into plates is brought from Tarshish," and Spain was the Peru of the Phœnicians and the Romans; it has been a land of ancient wealth and rich natural endowment. The marvellous treasure of the Gothic kings found near Toledo shows to what perfection the art of working in precious metals was carried as early as the seventh century,* and long before this the broad double-edged swords of Toledo were famous throughout the known world. They were used by Rome and Carthage, and the manufacture was continued by the Goths, while the Moors introduced their

* Much of it is preserved in the Musée de Cluny, Paris.

Damascene ornament and tempering, and the large double-handled, doubled-edged sword became the model of the mediæval "montante." Othello's "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper." Splendid specimens of these weapons were given by King Fernando to Henry VIII. on his marriage with Katharine of Aragon, combining beauty, strength and elasticity.

As with the making of Toledan swords, so in most other arts and manufactures, we can trace the direct line of descent to the period of our present history of Queen Isabel. In gold, silver, and iron-work, Spain never improved upon the skill of the Saracens, of which most exquisite specimens remain to this day. The damascened armour, the helmets inlaid with gold and silver, the beautiful mosque lamp of chased bronze made for Mohammed III. of Granada and many others, the marvellous keys and locks, the open filigree work, the processional crosses and priceless church plate, the brass doors of the palace of Cordova, and the delicate bronze plates of the "Puerta del Perdón" in the cathedrals of Toledo, Cordova and Seville, are amongst the most interesting.

Then what a wonderful record there is in all forms of pottery and glass, beginning with those azulejos or Moorish tiles of the most exquisite colouring in mosaic, highly glazed and enamelled. Their use is of Oriental antiquity, and then, as in the days of the Moors, the favourite tints were sapphire and other shades of blue. "Paved work of a sapphire stone," is mentioned in the Book of Exodus, and Isaiah says, "lay thy foundations with sapphires." The pottery of Spain was noted from the earliest antiquity, and in later times Valencia and Malaga produced the most

marvellous lustred surface, of which there is a fine specimen in the South Kensington Museum, painted with the arms of Leon, Castile and Aragon.

As for the woollen materials and cloths of Andalusia, they were famous throughout the world before the Christian era, and were specially valued when they were dyed with the scarlet kermes from the woods on the Southern coast. Wool has always been a staple product in this country, but it is curious that in the fourteenth century, when large quantities were exported for the looms of Flanders and France, the home manufacture was chiefly a kind of coarse duffel, and when the King of Aragon wished to give a present to the Soldan, he sent for red and green cloths from Chalons and Rheims, while for his Court foreign stuffs were in use. However, when Enrique III. married Catherine, daughter of John of Gaunt, she brought as part of her dowry some herds of English sheep, and the mixture of the wools greatly improved the cloth. This Plantagenet Queen was the grandmother of Queen Isabel.

The cultivation of the silkworm and the weaving of silk was a most important industry, and we are told that in the thirteenth century there were six thousand silk-looms in Seville alone ; the most beautiful fancy brocades were made in Almeria, and priceless tissues of gold and silver at Toledo and Cordova. Of the embossed leather of Cordova, the carved woodwork and ivory, and the church embroidery which surpasses in beauty that of any other land, we have no space to tell, but Spain set her mark upon all works of decorative art.

Yet, above all, it is when we touch upon the subject

of architecture that the realm of Isabel stands out supreme. The various races who followed each other in succession were all builders and all artists, and to this favoured land they gave of their best. Of Roman remains we find chiefly splendid bridges, like that of Alcántara and Mérida, aqueducts as of Segovia, Tarragona and others, and the walls and towers of Coria, Luga, Tarragona and Seville, not to mention triumphal arches, hippodromes, and many other stately traces of Latin occupation. Then we have early Gothic churches with circular arches and windows, a single nave of the basilica form, low and heavy crypts, and often a pointed roof; of these there are instances in Asturias, Leon and Galicia—chiefly in the province of Oviedo.

The Moors brought with them from Arabia a form of the Byzantine style, which we see in its noble simplicity at the great mosque of Cordova, with its forests of columns, opening out into endless vistas on every side, its crossed arches, where jasper and porphyry mix with the marbles, and gorgeous mosaics sparkle like gems on the walls.

Gradually becoming more splendid, the style acquires greater elegance and lightness, as in the Giralda of Seville, the mosque and a great hall of Seville, and a mosque in Toledo, now the church of Santa Maria la Blanca. At length the Mudehar style finds the culminating point of its graceful airy beauty in the Alhambra, the Generalife, and the Cuarto Real of lovely Granada and the Alcazar of Seville.

It was in the reign of Alfonso VI., in the latter half of the eleventh century, that the Romanesque from France came into rivalry with the architecture of the

J. Lacoste, phot. *Cathedral, Granada*

QUEEN ISABEL OF CASTILE

Carved Wooden Statue

Moors. In the train of his French wife, Queen Constance, came Bernard, a monk from Cluny, who was made Archbishop of Toledo, who brought into Spain all the passion for building which filled the Churchmen of his day. Of his work little remains, but it led the way for that pointed Gothic of which one of the most perfect examples is Leon Cathedral, which was begun in 1181 and was more than a hundred years in building. The influence of Byzantine art adds a richer beauty to this Northern style, "the songs and shrines being equally tinged with the colouring of Northern piety and Oriental fancy." Of this mixed architecture, the most magnificent results are to be found in the cathedral of Burgos, probably the finest in Europe, a "giant Gothic fantasy," with its glorious west front and rose window and mighty steeples of the most fragile and delicate lace-work in stone. Toledo Cathedral, in whose exquisite interior of cloistered avenues there are marvellous painted windows, jewelled with coloured light, which streams across the marble pavement. Here, too, enshrined within the massive portals of bronze, is the very cross which Cardinal Mendoza upreared before Fernando and Isabel on the conquered Alhambra. We must not omit the beautiful fane of Lerida, whose cloisters are unique in their loveliness, and the stately cathedral of Gerona, with its magnificent proportions. Yet we have but enumerated a few of the Gothic treasures in this land of splendid churches. One exquisite relic of the period is the Portico de la Gloria on the west front of the cathedral of Santiago.* It is interesting to remember that in all this Christian building the

* A copy in South Kensington Museum.

subject Moors were the most skilled and valuable workmen.

We have already alluded to the church of San Juan de los Reyes, built to commemorate a victory over the Portuguese, and which Isabel finished, to surprise Fernando during a long absence of his. It is one of the finest and richest examples of florid Gothic, and is beautiful still in decay, with its cloister garden, where the dark green foliage contrasts with the "fretted fringes of the niches, capitals and canopies."

Queen Isabel built another votive and memorial church in connection with the Carthusian Convent of Miraflores, near Burgos. It has been so delicately described by Theophile Gautier, that I cannot do better than quote his words :

"La Cartuja est située sur le haut d'une colline ; l'extérieur en est austere et simple : murailles de pierre grise, toit de tuiles ; tout pour la pensée, rien pour les yeux. A l'intérieur, ce sont de longs cloîtres frais et silencieux, blanchis à la chaux vive, des portes de cellules, des fenétres à mailles de plomb dans lesquelles sont enchassés quelques sujets pieux en verre de couleur. . . . Une petite cour au milieu de laquelle s'élève une fontaine, renferme le jardin du prieur. Quelques brindilles de vigne égaient un peu la tristesse des murailles, quelques bouquets de fleurs, quelques gerbes de plantes poussent ça et là un peu au hasard et dans un désordre pittoresque.

" Le cimetière est ombragé par deux ou trois grands cyprès, comme il y en a dans les cimetières turcs ; cet enclos funèbre contient, quatre cent dix-neuf Chartreux morts depuis la construction du couvent ;

une herbe épaisse et touffue couvre ce terrain, où l'on ne voit ni tombe, ni croix, ni inscription ; ils gisent la confusément, humbles dans la mort comme ils l' ont été dans la vie. Ce cimetière anonyme a quelque chose de calme et de silencieux qui repose l'âme. . . .

" Mais si la demeure des hommes est pauvre, celle de Dieu est riche. Dans le milieu de la nef sont placés les tombeaux de Don Juan II. et de la reine Isabelle sa femme. (Father and mother of Queen Isabel.) On s'étonne que la patience humaine soit venue à bout d'un pareil œuvre: seize lions, deux à chaque angle, soutenant huit ecussons aux armes royales, leur servent de base. Ajoutez un nombre proportionné de vertus, de figures allégoriques, d'apôtres et d'évangelistes ; faites serpenter à travers tout ça des rameaux, des feuillages, des oiseaux, des animaux, des lacs d'arabesques, et vous n'aurez qu'une bien faible idée de ce prodigieux travail.

" Les statues couronnées du roi et de la reine sont couchées sur le couvercle. Le roi tient son sceptre à la main, et porte une robe longue guillochée et ramagée avec une delicatesse inconcevable. Le tombeau de l'Infante Alonzo est du côté de l'évangile. L'Infante y est representé à genoux devant un prie-Dieu. Une vigne decoupée a jours, où des petits enfants se suspendent et cueillent des raisins, festonne avec un intarissable caprice l'arc gothique qui encadre la composition à demi engagée dans le mur. Ces merveilleux monuments sont en albâtre et de la main de Gil de Silvé, qui fit aussi les sculptures du maitre autel ; à droite et à gauche de cet autel qui est d'une rare beauté, sont ouvertes deux portes par où l'on

aperçoit deux chartreux immobiles dans le suaire blanc de leur froc: ces deux figures qui sont de Diego de Lieva, font illusion au premier coup d'œil. Des stalles de Berruguete complètent cet ensemble, qu'on s'étonne de recontrer dans une campagne deserte."

These splendid monuments were erected by the Queen in 1488 to the memory of her father King Juan, and her young brother Alfonso, and the dearly-beloved mother, Isabel of Portugal, whose later years were over-shadowed by mental disease; but she was always tended with the most loving care and devotion by her daughter to the day of her death.

This beautiful tomb in the convent of Miraflores brings us to the subject of sculpture in Spain. It has a character of its own, as we see in the marvels of wood-carving and marble, chiefly in altar-pieces and memorials of the departed. Many of these are evidently striking portraits, chiselled out in bold relief, and with more vivid and intense expression than we find in any other land. One of the most beautiful specimens is the exquisitely sculptured white marble tomb of Prince Juan, the hope of Spain, the only son of Fernando and Isabel. It stands before the high altar of the Dominican church of Santo Tomás at Avila—a pathetic monument of love and undying grief, in full view of the two stately carved stalls overlooking it, which were reserved ever after for the sorrowing parents.

In domestic architecture, the Spanish Saracens attained a high degree of excellence, combining great beauty with a style suitable to the climate, as we see

in the narrow streets, where the paved footway and the white walls have echoed for centuries with the tramp of Moorish feet. "Here, in Andalusia, there is no need to guard against the weight of snow, no cold to be kept out, no smoke to blacken; so the roof becomes a terrace, the arch is reared in fairy lightness, the glaze and colour of brilliant tiles replace the heavy wainscot and arras.... The 'Lonja,' or Silk Exchange, at Valencia (1482), is an example of the successful wedding of late Gothic design to Saracen detail of window 'ajimez' and decoration." We must not omit the splendid palaces at Barcelona and elsewhere, with tower and minaret, whose shimmering tiles are seen through groves of palm and pomegranate.

The subject of castle and stronghold in architecture would deserve a study by itself. We look upon those great watch-towers on the heights, eloquent of Iberian and Roman, of Goth and Moor, the rock-built alcazars of many a stately city, rising stern and rugged on river bank, or steep hill-side, on massive feudal towers which break the line of the great tawny plains of Castile, and on ruined walls, like those of Tarragona, which have stood undismayed the surging tide of war, and yielded only to the decay of time. In no other land has a fortress been at once the ideal of strength and beauty as in the far-famed Alhambra.

I cannot close this chapter without a few words on a subject which has a close connection with architecture, those wonderful gardens which are the glory of Spain, where the rarest flowers seem to grow wild, and the exotic trees and shrubs of distant countries flourish in marvellous profusion. In a sun-steeped land like Andalusia, the chief necessity for success in

the garden and the field is water in abundance, and the Saracens carried the science of irrigation to a degree of perfection which has never been surpassed. Their aqueducts and canals and water-wheels, "norias," brought fertility to the arid plain and made of it a paradise. Horticulture as well as agriculture was encouraged under the rule of the Moors in a way that Europe had never seen before, but "the pure Spaniard continued, as he had always been, an agriculturist only by necessity and a shepherd by choice when he was not a soldier."* Learned men devoted themselves to the scientific study of gardening, and Ibn Zacaria of Seville wrote a famous work on the subject, which is full of wise teaching.

The first Omeyyad Sultan, when he was established in his palace at Cordova, sent for a date-palm from Damascus to recall to him the story of his childhood, and wrote in its honour a pathetic little poem beginning

"Tu tambien, insigne palma,
Eres aqui forastera . . . ."

He sent out messengers all over the Eastern world to collect for his garden rare plants and seeds and trees, which were tended with such loving care that these choice exotics soon became acclimatised and spread through the land. It would be most interesting to have a complete record of the treasures brought to Europe, but in the roll-call of service and beauty may be named—of trees and shrubs: the acacia, the myrtle, the ilex, the tamarisk, the Guelder rose and dark green algarrobas. Of fruits: the mulberry, brought in with the

* Martin Hume.

cultivation of the silkworm, the pomegranate, with its blood-red flowers, the plum, peach and apricot, the fig, the almond, the melon, the orange and lemon, while the vine and olive, if not first introduced, were cultivated as they had never been before. Amongst the flowers we find the wisteria, the scarlet cactus, the rose of Sharon with its delicate pink and creamy petals, the iris, the hepatica, the red blaze of oleander, the blue-green aloes, and the single-flowered Arabian jasmine, white and fragrant. Of the fruits of the earth we have the artichoke, spinach, cucumber and tarragon; the fields of pale golden sugar-cane, of the coffee plant, of flax, of melo-coton, with its divine fire of pink and rose, and meadows of saffron (*crocus sativus*), the ancient "Kacom" of the Canticles.

In the days when Isabel dwelt in Granada, and came into the splendid heritage of the Moorish kings, the gardens of the Generalife were probably the most beautiful in all the world. Reached through the ravine of Los Molinos, bordered with "figs and pistachios, laurels and roses. . . . the charm of the garden and waters still remains. Here are jets and fountains, arcades and leafy screens, while cypresses and orange-trees cast their cool shadows upon the waters." "Here is everything to delight. . . . fruits, flowers, fragrance, green arbours and myrtle hedges, delicate air and gushing waters."* Yet no words can call up to our northern minds the vision of that scene, exquisite as the fabled garden of the Hesperides, in the midst of its perfect setting. The white walls, the orange groves, the gardens, hemmed in with cypresses, the rugged hills, covered with prickly

* Lane Poole.

pear, the far distance of the Sierra Nevada, with its snowy ranges.

"The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs,
Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
Of cactus green and blue-sworded aloes;
The cypress soaring black above the lines
Of white court-walls; the pointed sugar-canes,
Pale golden, with their feathers motionless
In the warm quiet; all thought-teaching form
Utters itself in firm unshivering lines."

SPANISH GYPSY.

CHAPTER XX

ROYAL MARRIAGES

JUAN AND MARGARET—PHILIP AND JUANA

As we have seen, King Fernando of Aragon appeared to value his daughters chiefly as assets in the world of politics. The Infanta Isabel had been married to the heir of Portugal when it was needful to sever that country from the cause of La Beltraneja, but when Prince Affonso died from a fall out hunting a few months later, the widowed bride returned to Spain and lived a secluded life of piety and ascetism, under the control of bigoted priests, whose influence was to bear a deadly fruit hereafter.

The next event in the family history was when the strong desire of Fernando to secure the Emperor for the League of Venice against France caused him to arrange the double marriage of Maximilian's heir Philip with his second daughter Juana, and that of his only son, the Infante Juan, with Philip's sister Margaret of Austria. In order to understand the full importance of this alliance it will be necessary to trace the early history of Philip and Margaret. Their father Maximilian had married, at the age of eighteen, in 1477, Mary of Burgundy, orphan heiress of the broad Bur-

gundian dominions, the Netherlands, Namur, Brabant, Hainault, Holland, Zeeland, Friesland, the Duchy of Luxemburg, and the County of Artois with the whole of Flanders, some of which were considered fiefs of France. Philip was born in June 1478, and Margaret in February 1480, while their mother died from the results of a neglected fall from her horse only two years later. The turbulent burghers of Flanders quarrelled over the guardianship of the young heirs, in their jealousy of Maximilian, but on the Peace of Arras, in March 1483, the States appear to have arranged that the baby Margaret should be sent to France as the future bride of Charles, the young son of Louis XI. She was betrothed to him in June of the same year, and was called Madame La Dauphine; while two months later Louis XI. died and her betrothed became Charles VIII. of France, a boy of thirteen, under the regency of his sister, Anne de Beaujeu.

It would be extremely interesting to know the whole story of little Margaret's life during the ten years she remained under the guardianship of that great lady of the French Renaissance, who was greatly interested in education, and had a sort of "fashionable boarding school" of young maidens of high birth on whom she tried her theories of morals and manners, with a somewhat "cloistral authority." The vigorous intellect of Anne of France was not satisfied with ruling the kingdom of France for her brother; she read a great deal: early fathers, philosophers, moralists and poetry, and she carefully selected romances which she thought appropriate for her bevy of young girls. She had a frank and remorselessly sincere disposition, but her biographer says the one thing Anne lacked was love;

she was "grand and severe as a cathedral." Anne de Beaujeu was a passionate huntress, and she hunted as she did everything else, "coldly and methodically, she with her own eyes examined the trail, gave the word to hark forward, set off with her dogs, and smartly handled her hunting spear." She probably encouraged these outdoor sports for her pupils, as we learn in after years that Margaret was a great huntress and was very proud of her stuffed wolves' heads.

Amongst her companions at the palace of Amboise we find Louise de Savoie, who was seven years old when Margaret was a baby of three, but no one could have foretold that one day these girls would be sisters-in-law. This Louise (the mother of Francis I.) was the child of the Sieur de Bresse and Marguerite de Bourbon, and sister of Philibert II. le Beau Duke of Savoy (later the husband of Margaret). Susanne, the sickly little daughter of Anne de Beaujeu must also have been a younger playfellow of Margaret's. Louise de Savoie was a niece of Anne's and appears to have been treated rather as a poor relation, "only receiving eighty francs at the New Year with which to buy herself a crimson satin dress for state occasions,"* until at twelve years of age she made her great marriage with the Comte d'Angoulême. But Margaret should have been in a very different position, for she was to bring as her dowry Artois and the County of Burgundy, and was to receive from the French Court an annuity of 50,000 livres.

We cannot enter into the tangled game of politics in which this young Princess was only a counter, tossed lightly from one country to another, at the will of

* E. Sichel.

Flemish burghers, of a faithless bridegroom, of father and brother; but Anne de Beaujeu has the credit of having broken off her brother Charles's engagement with Margaret after she had been educated in France to be his wife, and of marrying him to Anne, the heiress of Bretagne, in 1491, when the young King was twenty-one and Anne de Bretagne was fifteen. For two years after this marriage Margaret was kept in Touraine as a kind of hostage, until at length in May 1493, after the Peace of Senlis with France, when all obligations were cancelled, she was sent home, and we hear of her joyously crying "Vive Bourgogne" to the people who flocked round her at St. Quentin, while she received an enthusiastic welcome at Valenciennes. Having escaped the Landsknecht, who wanted to seize her in pledge, the little girl of thirteen, who already gave promise of a fine character and remarkable talents, settled down for a short time at Namur, while negotiations were begun for her marriage with Prince Juan of Spain.

This time there was to be no question of dowry, as one princess was to be exchanged for another. The Princess Juana was the second daughter of Fernando and Isabel, and was born in the Alcazar of Toledo, on Sunday, November 7, 1479. Of her early life we know very little, but she appears to have borne a strong resemblance to Fernando's mother, and the Queen often called her "suegra," mother-in-law. She and her sisters must have had an interesting amount of travel and variety in their lives, as they constantly moved from city to city with the Court, according to the political need of the moment. We gather from later documents and letters that Juana, educated as she

was in the most pious and priestly atmosphere, was not so readily influenced as her sisters, and in fact that "her life was a series of attempts at rebellion." Of course it is impossible to say whether the dark shadow of mental disease, which certainly saddened some period of her future life, may have had anything to do with her childish wilfulness and obstinacy, or as one historian puts it, that "Juana's better nature rebelled from such religious doctrine, and that her mother forced her by severe punishment to comply outwardly."

The only authority for such a statement appears to be a letter written by the Marquis of Denia (Juana's gaoler) to Charles V. on January 25, 1522, in which he apparently tries to excuse himself for cruel treatment of the unfortunate Queen Juana, by making an uncorroborated statement of harsh discipline which she had received from her own mother so many years ago: "ya la Reyna su ahnela asy le servio y trato la Reyna Nuestra Señora su hija."*

Juana received an excellent education, and, we are told, was able to make impromptu speeches in Latin when required. She was seventeen in 1496, and Philip of Austria, lord of the Netherlands in right of his mother, was a year older, having been born in the palace of Bruges on June 22, 1478. It was in August 1496 that the Infanta Juana arrived with her mother and a splendid suite at the port of Laredo on the Bay

* This document and others relating to England were kept back by the chief officer at Simancas as late as 1860, when he was "authorised to refuse to show anything which *he thought* might reflect dishonour on reigning families or other great personages!"—BERGENROTH.

of Biscay, to set sail for her new home. A powerful fleet was waiting for her of 130 vessels, well manned and armed, under the command of the Admiral of Castile, Don Fadrique Enriquez. This was a necessary precaution, as Spain was then at war with France.

Queen Isabel went on board the royal ship to remain with her daughter until the last moment, and after the final farewell, returned in her boat to the shore, but the waves were so rough that it was impossible to land on the dry beach. Seeing this, the gallant Gonzalvo di Cordova, the Great Captain, who was with the Court at the time, waded into the water, in his magnificent suit of brocade and crimson velvet, and carried his royal mistress safely ashore in his arms, amid the applause of the lookers-on—the feat of another Raleigh.

From this picturesque sheltered port of Laredo, Isabel wrote to King Henry VII. on August 19, 1496, to bespeak his friendly interest. "She informs him that the Infanta Doña Juana is on her way to Flanders to join her husband the Archduke Philip, and in a stately way, as from one sovereign to another, she asks him to treat the princess and her armada well, if she should be compelled by stress of weather to enter an English port. Isabel also announces that 'her daughter the Infanta' (Margaret of Austria) is to be brought back by the same armada." Royal personages in those days were very fond of writing letters to each other, but this particular request was no mere matter of courtesy, for both the princesses were driven by storms to take refuge in British harbours.

We are really amazed at the courage with which these royal ladies would set forth on a perilous sea voyage in the "caravel," a light vessel with four

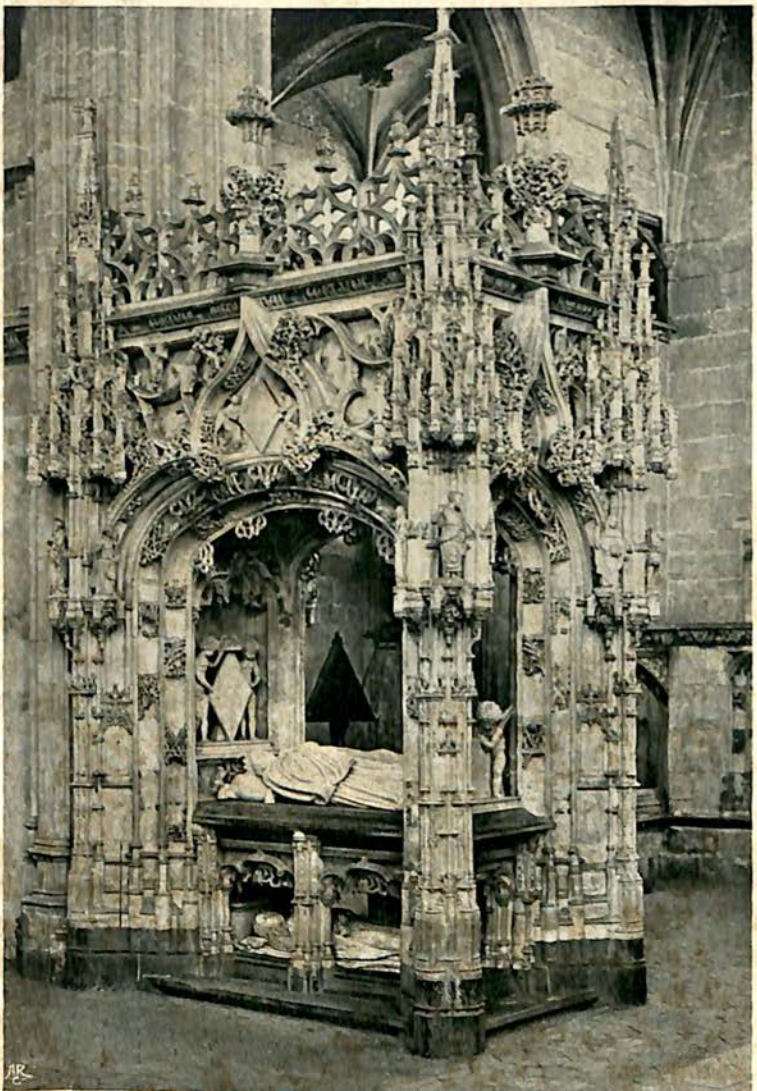
masts, narrow at the poop, wide at the bows, and carrying a long double tower at the stern, and another smaller one at the bows. A ship of war would not be much better, as it was high, unwieldy, and narrow, with guns close to the water, and would roll terribly, besides being liable to "overset" like the *Mary Rose* of which Sir Walter Raleigh speaks; "a goodly ship of the largest size, by a little sway of the ship in casting about, her ports being within sixteen inches of the water, was overset and sunk, in presence of the King at Spithead." To cross the stormy Bay of Biscay in such vessels was indeed a bold enterprise. The Infanta Juana had scarcely left the Spanish shore when the weather became very rough and stormy, and her mother, waiting anxiously for tidings, consulted all the best navigators as to what was likely to have befallen the armada. As Spain was at war with France, no letters could be sent by land, and it was only after many weeks of suspense that news at length arrived of the safe landing of the Infanta in Flanders, on a Sunday in September.

It had indeed been a fearful voyage! When the fleet was driven for shelter into Portland harbour, it was found that two caravels were missing, and Juana was obliged to accept the hospitality of the Portland watch-tower for a few days, while some of the vessels were repaired and refitted. She appears to have been very silent and self-contained during all the dangers she went through, but she would not be persuaded to write any letters to her mother, King Henry VII., or anyone else. Several of her attendants died from the hardships of that disastrous voyage, and amongst them the gallant old Bishop of

Jaen, who had accompanied her to give state and dignity to her suite.

After all the hardships which she had endured, it was rather distressing for the young bride to meet with no "empressement" from the bridegroom, who was away in the Tyrol and did not even send her a message of welcome, as she waited day after day for him in the old castle of Lille. It is curious to notice how family traits assert themselves, for this was exactly the way in which his father Maximilian had behaved to his promised bride Bianca Sforza (his second wife) when he kept her waiting for two months at Innsbruck, in the beginning of 1494. However, at length the Archduke Philip found time to fulfil his engagement, and he arrived at Lille on October 18, 1496, the ill-fated marriage taking place the next day; Don Diego de Villaescusa being the officiating chaplain. Philip, "the handsomest young man in Europe," is said to have had something of his mother's docility in council and of his father's high spirit in the field, but he was unreliable and cold in disposition, and he certainly never bestowed upon his unfortunate wife any of the passionate devotion which she lavished upon him. They took up their abode in Brussels, where we hear of great festivities and of solemn Masses in the Cathedral of Ste. Gudule.

Meantime, all arrangements had been made for the marriage of the Princess Margaret, who about midwinter set sail for Spain, attended by the ladies of Juana's suite, who, poor creatures, were once more exposed to the stormy waves. On the return voyage the armada met with even worse weather than on first crossing, for some of the ships were lost and the state



Neurdein, phot. *In the Church of Brou*

TOMB OF MARGARET OF AUSTRIA

vessel of the Princess was almost wrecked. There is a singular charm of light-hearted spirit and gay courage about this young girl, for when all hope was given up, she wrote a "pleasant distich" to be rolled in wax and fastened to her wrist for identification, as was the way of sailors.

> "Ci-gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,
> Qu'eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle."

Amongst the "Dialogues des Morts" of Fontenelle (1657–1757) is one on this subject, and he compares the fortitude of this young girl, in the hour of deadly peril, to the philosophic calm of the dying Hadrian or the heroism of Cato of Utica.

But fortunately for the world, which could ill have spared so charming a personality, this epitaph was not required. Margaret did, however, have to take refuge in the harbour of Southampton, for we find that on February 3, 1497, Henry VII. writes her a friendly little note, in which he remarks: "We believe that the movement and roaring of the sea is disagreeable to your highness and the ladies who accompany you." He then courteously begs her to stay at Southampton, and even offers to pay her a visit there.

After these various adventures, the Princess at length arrived safely at the port of Santander, in the Asturias, at the beginning of March 1497. Here she was met and welcomed by Prince Juan and the King his father, who escorted her to Burgos, where Queen Isabel first met her daughter-in-law, to whom she became much attached. The marriage took place on Palm Sunday, April 3, and was a most stately ceremony, performed by the Archbishop of Toledo, in the

magnificent cathedral. A succession of splendid entertainments followed, and at these it was remarked how gay and lively Margaret and the Flemish members of her suite were in comparison with the grave and solemn Castilian nobles.

As for Don Juan, the bridegroom, never has any prince been so universally beloved and praised; he seems to have been another Marcellus, amiable and accomplished alike in art and literature; the idol of his parents and of his country. The greatest hopes were built upon the future reign over all the broad dominions alike of Castile and Aragon, of this only son of Fernando and Isabel, the heir to so much greatness. Nothing seemed wanting to the happiness of the young bride and bridegroom as they made a kind of triumphal procession through the great cities of the land during that summer.

Meantime another marriage had been arranged in the royal family. The new King of Portugal, Dom Emanuel, the Fortunate, had for some years made proposals for the hand of his cousin's widow, the Princess Isabel, but her own wishes were in favour of convent life, and it was only in the summer of 1496 that she was at length persuaded to listen to him. But she demanded a terrible price for her consent—nothing less than the compulsory conversion of all the Jews in Portugal, or, failing that, their expulsion from the kingdom. We cannot help seeing in this the influence of the priestly bigots in whose company she had lived since her widowhood. The Jews of Portugal belonged mostly to the Sephardim, and were in intellect and position superior to the Ash-Kenazim—German or Polish Jews; and they had hitherto been always pro-

tected by Moor and Christian alike. There were also a great number in the kingdom who had escaped from Spain and paid heavy bribes for a new home. We can only suppose that Emanuel was willing to concede this demand, because he was beyond all things eager for the alliance with Spain, but it has also been suggested that it would serve his personal interests, as he would thus be able to absorb the whole of the rapidly-increasing trade with the East, which was largely in the hands of the Jews. In any case it was a fatal error in judgment thus to lose the most skilful and industrious of his subjects.

The ill-omened marriage was celebrated without the usual pomp and ceremony, at the picturesque fortified town of Alcántara on the frontier of Portugal, in September 1497, and while Fernando and Isabel were still there, a messenger arrived with evil tidings of the serious illness of Prince Juan. He had been taken ill with fever at Salamanca, in the midst of the festivities which greeted himself and his young wife. The illness made such rapid progress that when Fernando reached him, there was no hope that his life would be spared. We have a pathetic account of that last meeting, when the father tried to express hopes of recovery, but he could not dim the clear-eyed vision of one who had reached the threshold of the Unseen. With calm heroism, the dying boy spoke of his readiness to depart from a world which to him had been so rich in blessings, and of his perfect resignation to the Will of God. With words of loving farewell came the close of this beautiful young life—which had been so full of promise for Spain and for the world. This was on

October 3, 1497, when the Prince was but nineteen years of age.

Fearing the effect of the shock upon his wife, who was not in strong health, Fernando sought to break the news by frequent letters of increasing anxiety; yet, when the sad truth had to be told, Isabel bore it with splendid fortitude, and only made reply in those words of immemorial submission: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His Name." But the iron had entered into her soul, and all the mother's brightest hopes and happiness were buried in her son's stately tomb at Avila.

The mourning was universal throughout the land; "never was there a death which occasioned such lamentation," for "the hope of all Spain was laid low." Black banners floated over every tower and gateway, and all public offices were closed for forty days, while the Court mourning was of sackcloth instead of the usual white garments. We have already described the magnificent monument which was erected to the memory of Prince Juan in the great Dominican monastery of Santo Tomas, "the most perfectly glorious tomb in all the world."

Of Margaret, the young widow of seventeen whose dream of happiness had thus suddenly come to an end, it will be interesting to trace briefly the story of her after life. She was treated with the utmost kindness and generosity by the Spanish sovereigns, but her child, the expected heir of Castile and Aragon, born a few months later, did not live to see the light of day. After this she began to hunger for her native land, and her Flemish attendants who could never become reconciled to the constraint of the Castilian Court,

persuaded her to return home in 1499. But apparently during the interval, this young girl, who had just missed first the proud position of Queen of France, and then that of Queen of Spain, was expected to turn to account her perfect knowledge of the French language by teaching her little sister-in-law, Catalina, who was betrothed to Prince Arthur of England. We find his mother, Elizabeth of York, writing a friendly letter to Queen Isabel on December 3, 1497, and again, on July 17, 1498, De Puebla is instructed to write to the Spanish Queen that:

"Queen Elizabeth and the mother of King Henry VII. wish that the Princess of Wales (as she was already called) should always speak French with the Princess Margaret who is now in Spain, to learn the language and be able to talk it, as they (the English Queens) do not understand Latin and much less Spanish. The Princess Katharine should accustom herself to drink wine as the water in England is not drinkable, and even if it were, the climate would not allow the drinking of it." * It is refreshing to find so much human nature beneath the stiff brocades of these York and Lancaster Princesses!

Margaret arrived at her brother Philip's Court in Ghent soon after the birth of her nephew Charles V., of whose interests she was so devoted a guardian in the long minority to come. In the year 1501 she went bravely forth again to face the great unknown, and, for the sake of Imperial interests, became the bride of Duke Philibert le Beau of Savoy. After three years of married happiness, poor Margaret was once more left a widow, at the age of twenty-four; the handsome

* Bergenroth, Calendar of State Papers,

Duke having been killed one day out hunting. She devoted herself to his memory and caused a splendid marble church to be built at Brou in the forest of Bourg-en-Bresse, with a magnificent tomb on which his sculptured figure rests in state. The widowed Duchess chose her own resting-place by his side, where we may still see the "queenly figure in robe and diadem . . . and below, her figure covered from head to foot by the glory of her hair" * with attendant saints around, and the motto which she chose herself to commemorate her many sorrows; "Fortune, Infortune!"

But her life's work was still before this able, wise princess, who was appointed Governor-General of the Netherlands in 1507, and filled the difficult post with honour and credit until 1515, when her nephew Charles V. took the government into his own hands. Henry VII. of England wooed her in vain; Margaret would have no more to do with marrying! She was a patroness of learned men and herself a lyric poet of some fame and the writer of several works in prose. She died in 1530, honoured and lamented by the realm which she had served so well.

* Edith Sichel.

CHAPTER XXI

ISABEL AND MARIA, QUEENS OF PORTUGAL. KATHARINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

AFTER the death of Prince Juan, his eldest sister the Princess Isabella, then Queen of Portugal, was heiress to the crown of Castile and Aragon, and it was thought desirable to obtain a recognition of her rights by the Cortes. The King and Queen of Portugal therefore came to Spain in the spring of 1498, and made a kind of royal progress through the kingdom. The Castilian lords and burgesses were assembled at Toledo to receive them and took the oaths of allegiance willingly, as the right of female succession was acknowledged without question in Castile. But in the kingdom of Aragon this appears to have been still a doubtful question, for when the royal company arrived at Zaragoza, and the subject was laid before the Cortes, they declared that the succession to the crown of Aragon was limited to male heirs, who might, however, inherit through the female line. The case was argued with much vehemence on both sides, and Isabel, who was unused to having her authority disputed, is said to have exclaimed, "It would be better

to reduce the country by arms at once than endure this insolence of the Cortes."

To this the gallant Antonio de Fonseca fearlessly replied, that, "the men of Aragon had only acted as good and loyal subjects, who, as they kept their oaths, considered well before they took them."

It is interesting to know that the Queen bore no grudge to Antonio for his brave words, as he is specially mentioned in Isabel's will for true and loyal service.

The question was still under discussion, when the hand of fate intervened by the unfortunate death of the princess for whom the claim was made. On August 23, 1498, the Queen of Portugal, who had always been of a delicate constitution with a tendency to consumption, gave birth to a son at Toledo and died soon afterwards. Now, indeed, was the great Queen cast down from her high estate and overwhelmed with sorrows, she whose reign had been so splendid and so prosperous, far removed as it would seem from the shafts of mortal fate. Triumphant and successful alike in peace and war, happy in her family, with splendid alliances made or in prospect for them, beloved and respected wherever her fame had reached, with the glories of a new world added on to her "Corona" of Castile, she seemed to have reached the very summit of earthly prosperity.

Isabel was smitten in her tenderest feelings; first the beloved and only son, then her favourite daughter, who had been her dear companion throughout all the journeys of the Moorish war, always loving and gentle. The Queen made no outward show of lamentation, she took her part in all the duties of

her high position, but she never rallied from the loss of her children, and from this time her health began to fail.

The infant son of the Queen of Portugal was called Miguel, was carried in state through the streets of the city, and was solemnly acknowledged heir to the thrones of Aragon, Castile and Portugal. But the poor baby did not live to enjoy all these honours, and his death before he was two years old put an end to the chance of uniting the three kingdoms, and left the succession to the second daughter of Queen Isabel, the Princess Juana, wife of the Archduke Philip, of whom there will be much to tell hereafter.

Her next sister Maria was now sought in marriage by Emanuel King of Portugal, the widower of Isabel, who, in his grievous disappointment at the death of his heir Miguel, resolved to make another effort at alliance with Spain. There does not seem to have been any difficulty about his wooing; a dispensation was obtained from the Pope, and Maria became Queen of Portugal in the year 1500.

She appears to have enjoyed a happier life than fell to the fate of any of her sisters, and for this reason, perhaps, she is not a prominent figure in history. We hear of her chiefly as being the happy mother of six sons and two daughters: Dom Juan, who married his cousin Catherine, the youngest sister of Charles V.; Dom Luis Duke of Bejar; Dom Fernando Duke of Guarda; Dom Eduardo Duke of Guimarens; and two other sons who became cardinals. Of the daughters, the beautiful Isabel married her cousin the Emperor Charles V. and Beatrice married Charles III. Duke of

Savoy. She was the "divinity to whom the poet Bernardin Ribeiro addressed his poems."

Excepting with regard to his fatal error in the enforced conversion or expulsion of the Jews, Dom Emanuel, "the Fortunate," was an energetic and capable ruler. He gave the warmest encouragement to discovery, and under Vasco da Gama completed the "work of sixty years by carrying the Portuguese flag round the newly-discovered southern Cape" of Good Hope, and thus accomplished the long-looked-for junction of the West with the East. It was in September 1499 that Vasco da Gama returned in triumph to Lisbon, with a rich cargo of spices and precious stones, the fabled wealth of the Indies. After this success the Portuguese King renewed his efforts on a larger scale, and in the following years his armed navy took possession of Goa, Malacca, Hormuz on the Persian Gulf and other important places, till he had well-nigh secured the complete control of the Eastern seas. Indeed the Sultan was so alarmed that he sent a messenger to the Pope, threatening to destroy the holy places of Jerusalem, if this conquest of the Indies by Portugal were not discontinued.

But these vast aims and enterprises only concern us in so far as they add distinction and honour to the life of Queen Maria of Portugal, who did not live to see the decline in Eastern power, for she died in her beautiful palace at Belem in 1517, at the early age of thirty-five.

After the marriage of the Infanta Maria in 1500, only one daughter remained at home with her mother, Catalina, the youngest, who was born in December

1485, in "the castle of the rivers," Alcalá de Henares. As we have seen, she had been betrothed almost from infancy to Arthur Prince of Wales, and the time was now drawing near for the fulfilment of the engagement. Her father, the most cautious of men, had delayed the marriage until he felt quite convinced of the security of King Henry VII.'s throne. He was aware that there had been various conspiracies and pretenders, chiefly encouraged by the strong-minded Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of Edward IV., whose persistent hatred gave Henry much trouble. There is a letter in existence which Perkin Warbeck, who signs himself "Richard Duke of York," wrote to Queen Isabel, in which he "hopes that her Majesty, who is not only his relative but the most just and pious of princes, will have pity upon him. . . ." We are glad to know that the Queen was wise enough to send no answer to this appeal. Perkin was more fortunate with Maximilian of Austria, for we actually find that at the funeral of the Emperor Frederic in 1493 he had a place assigned him according to his pretended rank. But in 1501 Henry VII. was much more strongly established in his relation with foreign powers, and Fernando was now anxious to hurry on the long-talked-of marriage.

There had already been endless correspondence and chicanery on the subject, and the dowry had been settled at 200,000 crowns, as we have seen at the time when the betrothal took place. The letters, of which a number are still in existence, may be divided into two classes; first those which passed between the sovereigns and their agent, De Puebla, always written in cypher, which are straightforward business letters;

and secondly those from one royal person to another, which are often artificial in their conventional politeness. We may select a few. Queen Isabel mentions in one letter to De Puebla, who was possibly despondent about the result of the negotiations: "It appears that there is not at present any king in the world who has a daughter to whom he (Henry VII.) can marry his son except ours."

Fernando writes to De Puebla on April 26, 1496, "We must not deprive the King of Scots of his hope of having our daughter . . . although King Henry is to be told that there is no daughter for the King of Scots."

On October 5, 1499, Arthur Prince of Wales writes a little formal love letter in Latin to Katharine Princess of Wales, from Ludlow Castle. "I have read the sweet letters your Highness lately sent, from which I learn your most complete love for me. Indeed those letters written by your own hand have made me so joyful . . . that in fancy I beheld your Highness, and held converse with and embraced my dear wife. I cannot tell you what an earnest desire I have to see you, and the delay respecting your coming is very grievous to me. I pray that it may be hastened. Write oft and speedily." He subscribes himself: "Your loving spouse."

We can imagine this to have been written from the dictation of his learned tutor. Then we have a letter written by Queen Isabel from Granada on March 23, 1501, expressing her desire that the expenses of her daughter's reception in England may be moderate.

"We do not wish our daughter to be the cause of any loss to England either in money . . . on the

contrary we desire that she should be the source of all kinds of happiness, as we hope she will be, with the help of God. We therefore pray the King our brother to moderate the expenses . . ."

It was on May 21, 1501, that, in the palace of Granada, the Infanta Catalina (henceforth called Katharine of Aragon) took leave of the mother whom she was never to see again. It had been urged by various ambassadors that she should have been sent to England earlier, before she became too much attached to Spanish life and institutions, and possibly there is something to be said for the frequent custom of sending a princess at a very early age to the land of her adoption.

The latest historian of Spain remarks that "most of Katharine's mistakes in England were the natural result of the uncompromising rigidity of principle arising from the conviction of divine appointment which formed her mother's system. She had been brought up in the midst of a crusading war in which the victors drew their inspiration, and ascribed their triumph, to the special intervention of the Almighty in their favour; and already Katharine's house had assumed as a basis of its family faith that the cause of God was indissolubly linked with that of the Sovereigns of Castile and Leon. It was impossible that a woman brought up in such a school should be an opportunist, or would bend to the petty subterfuges and small complaisances by which men are successfully managed; and Katharine suffered through life from the inflexibility born of self-conscious rectitude." *

We can picture to ourselves the last sigh of regret

* Martin Hume.

and longing with which the young girl at the impressionable age of fifteen, would look back upon the lovely towers of the Alhambra, before she set forth on her long journey through the sunny meadows of Andalusia and the desolate plains of La Mancha and arid Castile. She had left her mother the Queen weak with fever and overcome with grief at the parting.

It was two months before Katharine reached the seaport of Coruña on the coast of Galicia. "There went with her the Conde de Cabra, and the countess his wife, the Commander-mayor Cardenas and Donna Elvira Manuel, chief lady of honour, and three bishops. The Princess Infanta had likewise four young ladies as attendants." * From other sources we learn that she had been promised permission to take with her a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, who were to remain in England. Amongst those who actually went with her ten ladies of good family are mentioned—Henry VII. had specially asked that they might be beautiful—there were slaves to attend upon the ladies of honour, also a cup-bearer, a cook, a baker, a purser, a sweeper . . . and others.

The royal party set sail from Coruña on August 17, but the weather was very stormy, and contrary winds drove them back to the little port of Laredo in a terrible thunder-storm ("vendabal") on September 12. The heat was also very great and the poor Princess was suffering from a low fever, but she had to embark again on Monday the 29th, when a perfect hurricane arosé, a south wind ("viento de abajo") and the vessel was nearly wrecked. It was the *Vera Cruz*, of 300 tons, the "best ship they had," and after a fair passage it

* Bernaldez.

entered Plymouth harbour on October 2. Directly on leaving the ship the Spanish Princess went to hear Mass. She met with a very warm reception in the town, for the alliance was most popular amongst the people; indeed we may remember that throughout the changing fortunes of her life, "all England loved her to the end." In the midst of a drenching rain Katharine rode across the Hampshire Downs, and at Dogmersfield, King Henry insisted upon an interview with her that night, somewhat against the etiquette of Castile. They could not really understand each other, although "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other in the language of both parties," but when Prince Arthur arrived "through the interpretation of the bishops, the speeches of both countries, by the means of Latin, were understood."

It was not until November 12 that the Infanta made her formal entry into the City of London, where great pageants were prepared to receive her, and we can only wonder what she thought of the place and climate after the sunny courts of the Alhambra. We have a striking account of her appearance on this occasion. She rode on a large mule, with the handsome boy Henry Duke of York on her right hand and the Legate of Rome on her left. Her pale statuesque features were set off by a broad round hat, like a cardinal's, tied on with a lace of gold, a coif of carnation colour under the hat, and her hair, of a ruddy auburn, streamed down her back. Donna Elvira rode near her, in nun-like black garments. Her ladies and the procession followed.

The wedding took place in St. Paul's two days later; and the bride wore on her head a "coif of

white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold and pearl and precious stones, five inches broad, which veiled great part of her face and person. . . . Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body, with many plaits; and beneath the waist certain round hoops, bearing out the gown from the body, after their country manner." In fact, this was the introduction of the farthingale!

At the time of their marriage Prince Arthur was fifteen and one month, while Katharine was ten months older. Various festivities, entertainments, dances and pageants followed; Lord Bacon tells us that "the lady was resembled to Hesperus and the prince to Arcturus . . . while King Arthur the Briton, and the descent of the Lady Katharine from the house of Lancaster, was in no wise forgotten. But, as it should seem, it is not good to fetch fortunes from the stars; for this young prince, that drew upon him at that time, not only the hope and affections of his country, but the eyes and expectations of foreigners, after a few months, in the beginning of April, deceased at Ludlow Castle, where he was sent to keep his residence and Court as Prince of Wales."*

Yes, this was indeed the next stroke of misfortune which befell the unfortunate children of Isabel the Catholic. First, young Prince Affonso of Portugal, who married the Infanta Isabel, then this Princess herself and her infant son; then Prince Juan, the heir of Spain; and now the boy bridegroom of Katharine—for them all the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," had led but to the grave. We could scarcely wonder if, by an alien race, in the far-off land of their

* "Life of Henry VII."

Anderson, phot. *In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence*

POPE JULIUS II.

Raphael

exile, the ominous words were whispered: "The curse of the Jews."

"Prince Arthur died of the plague a little while after his nuptials, being in the principality of Wales, in a place they call 'Pudro' (Ludlow). In this house was Donna Catalina left a widow when she had been married scarcely six months." *

We can scarcely imagine any position more desolate than that of the widowed Katharine, still a mere child, thus left forlorn in a strange land, of which she could not even speak the language. Queen Elizabeth of York, in the midst of her own distress at the loss of her son, was kind to the poor girl, and sent a "hearse-like black litter, borne between two horses," to fetch her to Croydon Palace. But the Queen of Henry VII. only lived until the following February, when she gave birth to a child and closed her brief eventful life of thirty-seven years. We can hardly believe that the same letter which brought news to Spain of Queen Elizabeth's death actually insinuated that "King Henry was not disinclined to marry the Princess Katharine," which De Puebla must, of course, have written by special command.

The answer of Queen Isabel, written to Ferdinand Duke of Estrada, the Spanish Ambassador in England, rings out with no uncertain note, for she was horrified at the wickedness of the suggestion. The whole despatch is written in two keys of cypher, and is dated "Alcalá de Henares, April 12th, 1503."

"The Dr. has written to us concerning the marriage of the King of England with the Princess of Wales,

* Bernaldez.

our daughter, saying that it is spoken of in England. But as this would be an evil thing, one never before seen, and the mere mention of which offends the ears, we would not for anything in the world that it should take place." . . . Signed, "Y LA REYNA."

Isabel would gladly have sent for her daughter to return home at once, but there were serious difficulties in the way. Of the marriage portion only half had been paid to King Henry, but he strongly desired to have the remainder, and was most unwilling to pay back any of it. He therefore suggested that the Princess should marry his second son Henry, born on June 28, 1491; and to this the Spanish sovereigns finally agreed, on condition of a dispensation being obtained from the Pope; "there being nothing to hinder such marriage." Poor Katharine was very unhappy at this time, and hungered for her home and her own people. She wrote to her father that "she had no desire for a second marriage in England," but added dutifully that she would act in all things as suited him best.

Fernando was quite determined to carry out the alliance with England, as politically it was of great importance for the furtherance of his ambitious designs in Europe. Moreover, Katharine was of great use to him in England as an accredited diplomatic agent whom he could thoroughly trust; and we find that her letters to him were not only of private interest but were really official documents. When she became familiar with the language of her adopted country, she soon had a very clear insight into all that was going on, and she expresses her views in a somewhat heavy but

lucid and decided style. The want of money, placed as she was between two misers, her father and her father-in-law, was a great distress to her at this time. She writes a pitiful letter to Fernando: "Your Highness shall know, as I have often written to you, that since I came to London I have not had a single 'maravedi,' except a certain sum which was given me for food . . . which did not suffice without having many debts in London, and that which troubles me more is to see my servants and maidens so at a loss that they have not wherewithal to get clothes. . . ."

Fernando and Isabel write earnest letters praying Katharine not to borrow money; she is told to accept anything she can obtain from Henry VII., and urged to take care of her jewels and plate. There is constant discussion as to whether these are to form part of her dowry, and meantime the Princess is almost destitute, and complains bitterly that she has no clothes to wear and no money for the maintenance of her household. A treaty of marriage between the young Henry, who is only twelve years old, and the girl of seventeen is signed in June 1503, but there is much delay in obtaining the dispensation, as two Popes had died in one year, and Julius II. thought it necessary to make special inquiry into the case. Henry VII. felt himself in a position to make his own terms with the King of Spain, since the marriage of his daughter Margaret to James IV. of Scotland in 1502, although the success of the Spanish army in Italy made him unwilling to come to an open dispute with him. Meantime, in the midst of her own personal troubles, the Spanish Princess was receiving sad news from home of the health of her mother, who was very anxious and

unhappy with regard to her youngest daughter's unsatisfactory position in England. Indeed, so greatly was she troubled, that a Papal brief legalising the marriage of Katharine with Prince Henry was procured *antedated*, and brought to her death-bed to give her final satisfaction on the subject.

When the news of the great Queen's death in November 1504 reached the Princess Katharine, she was ill with ague, in debt and destitution; and now this great sorrow had fallen upon her, the irreparable loss of the one dear friend of her young life, which left her lonely indeed.

We are all familiar with the changeful fortunes which befell her in the coming years; her marriage with the young King of England, Henry VIII., immediately after his father's death in June 1509; her stately life as Queen of England, the troubles and sorrows which overwhelmed her later years, the austere courage and dignity with which they were borne, and the pathetic end of all her greatness—so dearly bought. "The Queen of Earthly Queens," as Shakespeare calls her in that splendid eulogy which he puts into the mouth of King Henry VIII. in the great trial-scene.

In this history we are only concerned with Katharine as the daughter of Isabel of Castile, and must now turn once more to the events which touch upon the closing years of the Great Queen of Spain.

CHAPTER XXII

CONQUEST OF NAPLES. RISING IN THE ALPUJARRAS

WE must return to the history of King Fernando's ambitious schemes in Italy, at the point where we left off, after the death of Charles VIII. of France, and the homecoming of the Great Captain at the close of the first Calabrian campaign in August 1498.

After the accession of Louis XII. there was a brief interval of peace which was spent in diplomacy and preparing for war. A treaty was concluded between France and Spain in July 1498; the Archduke Philip was won by concessions in Artois, the Swiss by the payment of money, Venice by the bribe of Cremona and land east of the Alda, and Pope Alexander VI. by rich gifts to Cæsar Borgia. Louis XII. had so managed his finances as to have money to spare on his army, which was immensely improved in every branch—cavalry, infantry, and especially the artillery. The chief command was given to Trivulzio, and the French troops reached Asti on August 10, 1499. Annone, Valenza and Tortona were taken, and when Alessandria also fell into their hands the war was

practically at an end. Ludovico escaped from Milan with his treasure, and the citadel was sold to the French, after which they took possession of the whole duchy.

Trivulzio was left in command of the city, but he made himself so unpopular to the people of Milan that they took up arms for Ludovico, who brought a mixed force of 20,000 men from the Tyrol with the help of Maximilian. In February the Duke entered Milan in triumph, amid cries of "Moro! Moro!" but his success was of short duration, for in April he was defeated and taken prisoner, sent to France and died at Loches in the year 1508. With Milan in his possession Louis was resolved to conquer Naples, but Fernando of Aragon was a dangerous rival, and a secret treaty was signed at Granada, November 1500, by which these two conspirators arranged for a joint conquest and division of the kingdom of Naples.

Federigo King of Naples had most unwisely asked for help from the Turkish Sultan Bajazid when his own kindred and neighbours failed him; but this desperate step only gave Fernando an opportunity of posing as the Champion of Christendom. The Great Captain, Gonzalvo, with all the noblest chivalry of Spain, set out on his expedition against the Turks, and after some delay in Sicily joined the Venetian fleet and attacked the citadel of St. George in Cephalonia, which had lately been taken from Venice. Standing high on a rock, and defended by a splendid garrison, the place was considered impregnable; indeed, the siege lasted two months, and the fortifications were only taken after a fierce contest, when the banners of

Santiago and St. Marco were planted side by side on the towers.

This was the first check given to the victorious Turks, and the King of Aragon gained throughout Europe the proud fame of Defender of the Faith. Gonzalvo received from grateful Venice splendid presents which, with his usual generosity, he distributed amongst his soldiers, and his name was also enrolled in the Golden Book as a nobleman of Venice.

After this victory and a truce concluded later between the Porte and most of the European states, the Christian world had rest from the Eastern question for nearly twenty years. "There was incessant fear of what the Turk might do next, incessant talk of resisting him, incessant negotiations against him; but there was no actual war. . . . The attention of the Sultan was drawn eastward, where he had to reckon with a new power,"* that of Persia.

Meantime the French army, under the command the Sire d'Aubigny, crossed the Alps, and at the same time a powerful fleet left Genoa for Naples, under Admiral Ravenstein. Federigo knew nothing of the secret compact between France and Spain, and expected Gonzalvo, who was in Sicily, to come to his help; the first news reached him from Rome, in the form of a Bull issued by Pope Alexander VI., deposing King Federigo from the throne of Naples for his treachery to the Christian cause in seeking help from the Turk and dividing the kingdom of Naples between the Kings of France and Aragon. This unlooked-for blow overwhelmed the unfortunate Federigo, who

* J. B. Bury, LL.D.

hastily collected his troops and advanced to St. Germano, but he was compelled to retreat before the superior force of the French and take refuge in his capital. The invaders next marched on Capua, which they seized while terms of surrender were being discussed, and treated the defenceless inhabitants with unexampled cruelty and outrage. This occurred on July 7, 1501, and Italy never forgave the French for their treachery and barbarity. The King of Naples, in despair at being powerless to protect his people, made no further resistance, gave up his city and retired to Ischia, where he was induced to accept a safe conduct to France. Louis received him with all honour, bestowing on him the duchy of Anjou with a rich endowment, and this gentle and accomplished prince spent his few remaining years in peaceful seclusion.

In the partition of the spoils, the provinces of Apulia and Calabria had been allotted to Spain; and the Great Captain, with his disciplined troops, his knowledge of the country, and the important fortresses which Fernando already held, found no great difficulty in occupying the whole of the two Calabrias in less than a month, with the exception of the important city of Taranto. It occupied the site of the ancient citadel which withstood Hannibal in days of old, and was a position of great natural strength, being only connected by the main land by two bridges commanded by formidable towers; having the sea on one side, and the Mare Piccolo, or inland sea, about twelve miles in circumference, on the other. With infinite labour Gonzalvo succeeded in blockading the port, while he threw up embankments on the land side to cut off communication with the country.

During the long, weary siege, an incident occurred which shows the chivalric nature of the Great Captain. The French fleet had failed in an attack on Mitylene, and had been partly destroyed in a tempest; while Ravenstein, whose own ship was wrecked, found his way in a destitute condition to the shore of Calabria. Gonzalvo, with princely generosity, at once supplied abundant provisions, sent his own service of plate, apparel, and all that the French admiral and his followers could require. This munificence was not approved of by his own soldiers, and provoked a mutiny, which only the leader's fearless courage was able to check. Seeing the danger of this tedious siege, Gonzalvo resolved upon a bold plan, of which he may have taken the idea from a strategem of Hannibal's. He contrived means of transporting about twenty of his smaller vessels across the narrow isthmus from the outer bay into the Mare Piccolo, where no defence had been thought necessary. The commander, in whose care King Federigo had placed his eldest son Ferrante, seeing no hope of holding out now, came to terms, in which the safety and freedom of the young Duke of Calabria was the first condition. This Gonzalvo promised on oath, and on March 1, 1502, he took possession of the city of Taranto. But it will ever remain a blot upon the fair fame of the Great Captain, that he suffered King Fernando to break this promise: and Ferrante, a lad of fourteen, was taken prisoner to Spain.

The treaty between France and Spain being itself a breach of faith, we cannot be surprised if they fell out over the division of their spoils. It had been settled that Spain should have Calabria and Apulia, and France

the Terra di Lavoro, the Abruzzi, Naples and Gaeta; but no mention had been made of the considerable province on the northern coast, Capitanata, between the Abruzzi and Apulia; nor of the Basilicata, lying between Apulia and Calabria; nor of the two Principati, the Ultra, and the Citra. It was the custom for the shepherds to drive their flocks to the mountain pastures of the Southern Apennines and the Abruzzi, after they had wintered in Apulia and the Capitanata, and a toll was exacted from them on the way for the King of Sicily. The treaty of Granada had settled that this "dogana" should be divided between France and Spain, with the result that both countries claimed the disputed provinces. After constant quarrels war at length broke out, and the Spaniards were driven back to Barletta on the northern coast. But the French delayed, and missed their opportunity; while the Great Captain received reinforcements, and, after various other expeditions to Ruvo and elsewhere, he retook Cerignola, an ancient city on rising ground, well fortified and commanding the surrounding country. He placed his army and artillery in a favourable position, and here the Duc de Nemours decided to attack him, the battle beginning not long before sunset. Never was there a more complete defeat, for in little more than an hour the French army was utterly routed, with a loss of more than three thousand of their number, amongst whom was Nemours himself. This famous engagement, which decided the campaign, was fought on April 28, 1503. Gonzalvo entered Naples in triumph a few weeks later, and although Gaeta and Venosa held out for France, before the end of the year the whole kingdom of Naples had become a Spanish province.

Louis XII. was not one patiently to endure defeat. He raised three large armies—one to recover Naples, another to attack the Spanish frontier of Navarre, and the third to cross into Roussillon and seize the key of the mountain passes. The Italian expedition, under the Maréchal de la Trémouille, set forth with the highest hopes and confidence, but on reaching Parma was checked by news of the death of Pope Alexander VI. on August 18, 1503. It now became extremely important to control, if possible, the election of his successor, and the French moved on to Nepi, while Gonzalvo kept watch at Castiglione. The result of this was that a compromise was made, and the conclave elected Pius III. (Francesco Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena), of whom the General of the Camoldolese wrote: "God be thanked that the government of the Church has been entrusted to such a man, who is so manifestly a storehouse of all virtues. . . ." Queen Isabel appears to have been of the same opinion, for she caused "Te Deum" to be sung in all the churches of Spain.

But, alas! for the peace of Europe! This good prelate only enjoyed his dignities for one brief month, and was succeeded by the great fighting Pope, Julius II., "who made his tiara a helmet and his crosier a sword." In consequence of the illness of La Trémouille, the French army and the levies from Northern Italy were now commanded by the Marquis of Mantua, who found himself opposed and beaten back at every point by the Great Captain, whose marvellous genius and magnetic influence over his men seemed to make them invincible, in spite of being half-fed, without pay, and in the midst of a hostile and desolated country. At length the two armies came to

a stand on either bank of the Garigliano, one of the most important rivers of Southern Italy, which falls into the Gulf of Gaeta. It was the ancient Liris, of which Horace writes:

> "Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
> Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis."*

The French had possession of the right bank of the river close to the rising ground, and had therefore a more favourable position than the marshy swamp on the lower side in which the Spanish forces remained encamped for fifty days, watched by the whole of Italy, which awaited the next move in anxiety and suspense. It was a fearful time, in the dead of winter, with excessive rains which had begun earlier than usual, and the soldiers in both camps were driven to the last verge of endurance, while numbers sickened and died. In vain was Gonzalvo implored to move back to Capua; he only made reply: "I would sooner march forward two steps, though to my death, than fall back one to gain a hundred years." Various minor incidents occurred; the Marquis of Mantua was insolently abused by the French and threw up his command, whereupon many Italians took the opportunity of deserting; several French leaders retreated from the unhealthy bank of the river to neighbouring towns, while as a feat of chivalry we are told that the "preux chevalier" Bayard held the bridge thrown across the Garigliano, against two hundred Spaniards for more than an hour.

Christmas came at length, and the Great Captain, taking advantage of a more careless watch at that time

* Horace, Od. i., 31.

of festivity, carried out the bold plan which he had been long in maturing. He caused a bridge to be thrown across the river at Suzio a village four miles higher up, and on the dark and stormy night of December 28, the vanguard of the army crossed with such secrecy, that they came unawares upon the sleeping garrison, and before the alarm had reached the French camp, the whole of the Spanish troops had crossed the river with the exception of the rearguard, which was left to force a passage later at the lower bridge. The chivalry of France, Bayard, Sandricourt and others, made a gallant fight at every bridge and narrow pass, but they were terribly hampered by the disabled carriages of the artillery, which blocked up the way, and at length, after a fierce fight of two hours, when the Spanish rearguard had collected the scattered boats and pushed across the lower bridge, the defeat of the French turned into a rout. The fugitives were pursued by the victorious army, but some reached Gaeta, and for days afterwards others in wretched plight sought shelter in neighbouring towns.

The French left all their baggage, their standards and their artillery, on the fatal field where three to four thousand of their bravest men lay slain, and the garrison of Gaeta soon capitulated, January 3, 1504. Thus Gonzalvo held undisputed rule over the kingdom of Naples; and Louis XII. was defeated at every point.

As for his second army, sent by way of Fuentarrabia, it never reached its destination, for it was led by the Sire d'Albret, the father of the King of Navarre, who was most unwilling to oppose Spain, and whose daughter Margaret was then at the Court of Isabel, as a pledge

of his friendship. In pursuance of his son's negative policy, the Sire d'Albret kept his men so long amongst the rugged, desolate mountain passes, that from famine or other causes the force gradually melted away.

The attack on Roussillon was far more serious, as this army, consisting of more than 20,000 men, entered Spanish territory and encamped before the strong Castle of Salsas, near Perpignan, while a strong fleet was equipped at Marseilles to make an attack on the Spanish coast. Fernando lost no time in raising levies from every part of the kingdom, to combine with the forces of Aragon, and set forth at once for Perpignan, while the Queen, who at the time was at Segovia in ill-health, passed her days in prayer and fasting, and public petitions were put up for Divine help against the foreign invasion. But in the end it came to nothing, for on the arrival of King Fernando, the French Marshal considered discretion to be the better part of valour, and retreated to Narbonne without awaiting an engagement.

Thus the fortune of war was against Louis XII. in all his three expeditions, and he was glad to make peace with Spain on any terms.

While Fernando tasted the joys of satisfied ambition in the conquest of Naples and the fame of his Great Captain, dark shadows had been gathering around the realm of Castile, and Isabel, ever full of keen sympathy with her people, had many troubles awaiting her. For, as we have seen, the King and Queen were in the position of allied sovereigns; the New World and the fair land conquered from the Moors belonged to Castile—while the acquisitions to the North of the Pyrenees, the islands of the Mediterranean and all

domains in Italy, were looked upon as fiefs of Aragon.

After the fall of Granada, the conquered city had dwelt at peace for almost eight years under the wise rule of the Count of Tendilla and the Archbishop of the See, Fernando Talavera, who learnt Arabic that he might be in touch with the Moors. The terms granted to the people had been adhered to, and they were ruled by their ancient laws and lived in the faith of their ancestors. The Archbishop devoted himself to their conversion by mild and patient persuasion, with a very fair measure of success. But unfortunately this did not appeal to more fanatical natures, and Jimenez de Cisneros, who through the influence of Cardinal Mendoza had succeeded Talavera as Confessor to the Queen, was fiercely eager to obtain greater results. He was with the Court in Granada during the autumn of 1499, and obtained permission to remain in the city and help in the work of conversion.

Jimenez was a Franciscan friar of the most rigid austerity of life, full of the sternest bigotry and crusading zeal and passionately in earnest to compass the salvation of the Moors at any price. He began by calling together the "alfaquis" or Moslem doctors, to whom he preached with so much vehemence, giving costly bribes at the same time, that many were persuaded to be baptized. It is said that so many converts followed this example that: "In one day no less than 3000 persons received baptism at the hands of the Primate, who sprinkled them with the hyssop of collective regeneration." * But these crowds of prose-

* Sir W. Stirling Maxwell.

lytes did not continue, and Jimenez adopted more stringent measures. He resolved not only to clear the land of heretics but to exterminate as far as he could their language and the books of their religion, causing all the manuscripts of the Koran and other works to be publicly burnt by thousands, though he reserved several hundred works on medical science for his University of Alcalá. He tried to compel the people to conversion by the harshest means, until a fierce revolt broke out amongst the Moors, and it was only quelled by the personal influence of the beloved Talavera, when the fanatic Franciscan had narrowly escaped the martyrdom which he gladly awaited. So absolutely convinced was he of his own Divine mission, that when recalled by the Queen, and taken to task, he succeeded in impressing his own convictions upon her. The unfortunate Moors were deprived of the rights guaranteed to them, and were given the choice of baptism or exile. Many yielded through fear, but thousands left their native land for Barbary and Morocco. From this time the Spanish Arabs bore the name of Moriscoes.

But if the city of Granada was driven to outward submission, it was far otherwise with the hardy mountaineers of the Alpujarras. "This range of maritime Alps, which stretches to the distance of seventeen leagues in a south-easterly direction from the Moorish capital, sending out its sierras like so many broad arms towards the Mediterranean, was thickly sprinkled with Moorish villages, cresting the bald summits of the mountains, or chequering the green slopes and valleys which lay between them."*

* Prescott.

The brave hill people revolted, seizing the fortresses and mountain passes, and making forays as of old in the land of the Christians. Early in the spring of 1500 a powerful army was sent against them, and one after another each hill town was stormed and the garrison put to the sword, while peaceful inhabitants were offered the bitter choice of exile or baptism.

When this rebellion had been quelled, another more serious rising took place in the rugged sierras about the neighbourhood of Ronda, and Alonso de Aguilar, elder brother of the Great Captain, was one of the commanders sent to subdue it. The centre of the revolt was in the Sierra Bermeja, or Red Sierra, thus named from its colour, and hither came the Christian cavalry in pursuit of the retreating Moors, until they found themselves in a valley surrounded by rocks, where the mountaineers had brought their families and treasures for security. Possibly the enemy had been decoyed here ; in any case, while the men were scattered about in search of plunder the night closed in, and they found themselves attacked on every side by the Moors, to whom every inch of the ground was familiar. A sudden flash of light revealed the position, and, overcome with panic, the soldiers fled. But the brave knight, Alonso de Aguilar, refused to retreat, and fought bravely to the last, being the fifth of his gallant race who fell fighting the infidel.

This was called the battle of Rio Verde, and the terrible loss of that night was long remembered; amongst those who fell was the famous engineer, Francisco Ramirez de Madrid. This was in March 1501, and the rebels had to pay dearly for their success. King Fernando himself headed the expedition

against them, and took possession of the key to the passes, the fortress of Lanjaron, while the Count of Tendilla took Guejar by storm, and a mosque was blown up in which a number of helpless women and children had taken refuge. Of the vanquished mountaineers, thousands forsook their country rather than give up their faith, and made their way to Egypt, Morocco and Turkey. Thus ended the great revolt in the Alpujarras, of which the story long lived in the ballads of the people.

Some historians urge that "the harsh treatment of the Saracens seemed justified by fear of their numbers and of their intrigues with the African corsairs." But the policy of expulsion was a blot on civilisation, and well nigh brought ruin and disaster on the fertile land which the Moors had cultivated with success for so many centuries.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DEATH OF THE GREAT QUEEN

AMIDST the sorrows which gathered round the closing years of Queen Isabel, perhaps the most bitter was that which came to her from her own daughter. We have already followed the story of Fernando's ambitious schemes of alliance, and their success in the double marriage of his son Juan and his daughter Juana with the children of the Emperor Maximilian. After the death of Prince Juan the only son, Princess Isabel the eldest daughter and her infant son, the next heir to the Spanish sovereigns was their second daughter Juana, married to the Archduke Philip, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders, and heir to the empire.

The marriage had not been a happy one from the first; Juana never appears in a very attractive light, for she was wilful and obstinate and could not control her passionate jealousy, for which her husband certainly gave her good cause. Strange rumours had reached the Spanish Court that Juana did not maintain the strict orthodoxy to which she was accustomed in her home; the Bible had been translated and printed in Flanders, where a keen interest was taken in theo-

logical study and speculation. Isabel became uneasy about her daughter, and wrote offering to send her a confessor, but received no reply, for Juana never answered letters.

Fray Andreas, who had been her tutor, proposed to leave his convent and go to her in Flanders, in spite of his great age, but this suggestion only alarmed the Princess, and a message appears to have been sent that she would have no confessor from Spain! Did her parents consider her a heretic? Philip was considered by the Dominicans to be unsound in his views, and they looked with dismay at the prospect of his succession in Spain.

The first child born to Juana was a daughter, but on February 24, 1500, in the palace of Ghent, she gave birth to a son, known to history as the Emperor Charles V. On the death of his infant cousin Miguel soon after, he became heir to the Spanish kingdom as well as the vast domains of his father and his grandfather Maximilian. On hearing of the birth of Charles, Queen Isabel had remarked, "Sors cecidit super Mathiam,"* and she always believed that he would inherit Spain. An urgent summons was sent to Philip and Juana that they should visit Castile and Aragon and receive from the Cortes the usual oaths of allegiance.

But the Archduke did not expect much pleasure from this expedition, and delayed as long as possible. It was not until September 15, 1501, some time after the birth of a second daughter, that he and Juana started on their journey, of which Antoine de Lailand gives a very full account in his chronicle.

* February 24 being the Feast of St. Matthias.

They passed through the provinces of Brabant and Hainault, resting at Mons and Cambrai, and passing into France at St. Quentin, where they had a great reception. At Compiègne they were welcomed in the castle built by Philip's grandfather Charles the Bold, and travelled on the next day through thick forests. At St. Denis they were received by the Abbot, and on November 25 entered Paris in state, and were entertained by the civic authorities. But it was not before December 7 that they met the King and Queen of France, who were holding their Court at Blois, and here endless entertainments were prepared for them. It so happened that Spain and France were allies at this time, having divided between them the kingdom of Naples, whose unfortunate King, Federigo, was then the guest of Louis XII. We hear of Philip being on the most friendly terms with the King, playing the *jeu de paume*, hunting and hawking with him, and before the two diplomatists parted the "Treaty of Trient" had been confirmed between them, and the Archduke's son Charles had been betrothed to the infant Princess Claude of France.

Louis XII. rode with his favoured guests as far as Amboise on their way south, and then they continued their journey to Navarre, where they arrived in bitterly cold weather, in January, and were received by Jean d'Albret, the King. From thence they travelled on to Bayonne through heavy snowstorms. Here their baggage had to be packed on to Biscayen mules to cross the mountain district, where the snow lay deep as they reached Vitoria, and passed on into Castile. At Burgos, Philip and Juana were entertained by the Constable of Castile, and rested eleven days before

continuing their journey to Valladolid, Medina del Campo and Segovia ; it being everywhere like a royal progress, with the most enthusiastic welcome from the people. They reached Madrid on March 25, just six months since they had started from Ghent ; for a journey in those days was a very serious matter. There was still further delay, as Philip had an attack of measles, and it was not until May 7 that Juana and her husband at length met Queen Isabel at Toledo, Fernando having joined their procession outside the city gates.

Their meeting was overshadowed by the sad news which reached them next day of the death of Arthur Prince of Wales, the boy husband of Juana's youngest sister Katharine, and a solemn Mass for the repose of his soul was sung in the splendid church of San Juan de los Reyes. All the festivities arranged in honour of Philip and Juana had to be put off, as the Court went into the deepest mourning for nine days. After this, the Cortes were convoked at Toledo, and the oaths of allegiance were taken to the new Princes of Castile. The Archduke and his Flemish suite soon began to find life very dull, and their efforts to obtain amusement did not create at all a good impression upon the Spanish sovereigns. He made no attempt to hide his indifference to his wife and gave the heat as an excuse for leaving Toledo in the summer. When Philip and Juana had to set out for Aragon together at the end of August, we find him writing, "'Thank God I have left Toledo and am on my way to Zaragoza, where we hope to be admitted to the sovereignty of Aragon and its lands. That done, we will not cease till we get our *congé* to return from thence to Flanders."

The Archduke and his wife made a triumphal journey across northern Spain, and when they reached Zaragoza they found that Fernando had so well prepared the way that, for the first time in the history of Aragon, the Cortes swore allegiance to a future "Queen proprietor," and Philip as her husband, and homage was paid to them before the steps of the high altar in the cathedral.

As soon as this was accomplished, Philip announced his intention of returning home at once through France, and it was in vain that Fernando pointed out to him the danger of doing so, as now Spain and France were at open war. Juana was in delicate health, but he was quite willing to leave her behind, and in December he set out on his journey with the whole of his Flemish retinue. He had persuaded his father-in-law to let him enter into negotiations for peace with Louis XII., but his powers were very limited, and he had the strictest instructions. His wife was in despair at being left behind, "laquele menoit grand dueil du partement de monsieur son mary," but he would listen to no entreaties. He found the King of France holding his splendid Court at Lyons, and was received with the utmost cordiality; he took very little notice of the orders which Fernando had given him, and signed a treaty on April 5, 1502, which again ratified the betrothal of little Charles and Claude, and settled that they were to have the title of Duke and Duchess of Calabria, that all places unlawfully taken in the kingdom of Naples were to be given up, and that with regard to the disputed province of the Capitanata, the French half should be governed by an agent of Louis, and the Spanish half by the Archduke Philip. We may

add that these terms were at once repudiated by Fernando, and the Great Captain continued his conquests in utter disregard of them.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Juana remained with her mother in a condition of the deepest gloom and depression varied by petulant outbreaks of temper, for already the dark shadow of mental disease was upon her. In March 1503, at the old palace of Alcalá de Henares, her second son Fernando was born, and in honour of this event, Cardinal Jimenez obtained from the Queen an exemption from taxes for the city, afterwards so famous for his great university. From this time the Archduchess set her heart passionately on returning to the husband, and Peter Martyr tells us that "she raged like a lioness at being kept in Spain." But she was certainly not in a fit state for the long, wearisome journey, for now, open war being declared with France, she would have had to face the stormy sea passage by the Bay of Biscay and through the Channel to any of the ports of Flanders. Juana had moved with the Court to Medina del Campo, where the Castello de la Mota was a favourite residence of Queen Isabel, whose childhood had been spent at Madrigal and Arévalo, in the neighbourhood.

Here a terrible fit of frenzy betrayed the sad mental condition of the Princess to the world. Taking advantage of her mother's absence at Segovia, Juana escaped from her apartments in the castle one wild November evening, and hurried only half dressed to the city gate. It was closed against her, and the Bishop of Burgos was sent for in haste that he might induce her to return home. But she absolutely refused to listen to him, and imperiously

W. A. Mansell & Co. *Vecellio*

EMPEROR CHARLES V.

commanded the guard to open the gate, threatening and imploring by turns while she clung to the iron bars in frenzied despair. An express was forwarded to the Queen with the pitiful tidings, and she immediately sent Admiral Henriquez and the Archbishop of Toledo to use their utmost endeavours to detain the Archduchess "as gently and as graciously as possible," while she prepared to follow as quickly as her weak health would permit her to ride those forty miles.

The archbishop and the admiral only succeeded so far as to induce poor Juana to take shelter close by for the night, and the morning found her once more standing by the closed gate. When the Queen reached Medina at the end of this second day it needed all her persuasion, and the influence which had always claimed instinctive obedience, to lead her unhappy daughter back to the castle. Isabel herself never recovered from the terrible shock, and from this time her strength rapidly failed. Mingled with her present sorrow were dark forebodings for the future, when the welfare of her beloved country might depend upon a mind so darkened as this, or be left to the uncertain fate of a prolonged regency.

In the spring of 1504, the Archduchess embarked for Flanders, much improved in health and spirits by the prospect of rejoining her husband. She appears to have had a favourable voyage and was received at Ghent by Philip, where at first all promised well until, in an ungovernable fit of jealousy, she actually assaulted a lady of the Court to whom he was paying attentions, and caused her rival's beautiful hair to be cut off. This outrage, which nothing could excuse,

occurred one evening when the Court was at Brussels, and the Archduke, whose temper was none of the mildest, used the most violent language to his wife, and swore that he would have no more to do with her.

News of this deplorable outbreak reached Castile in June, and both Fernando and Isabel were overwhelmed with distress and shame, to which the serious illness which followed with them both is attributed. The King soon rallied, but the Great Queen's heart was broken, and from that time there was no hope of her recovery. She had long been subject to a nervous complaint aggravated by other symptoms; in fact she had worn out her frail body with incessant toil and labour such as few strong men could have endured. Eager to respond to every claim on her time and strength, she had never spared herself; travelling incessantly about the kingdom on horseback in all weathers, to hold Cortes here and there, to put down revolt by her mere presence, to join in the arduous campaigns against the Moors, and to support and encourage all who served her.

But beyond the power of all physical causes, the tender heart of the brave woman had broken down beneath her great sorrows—the long affliction and death of her mother, the loss of her only son the joy of her life, in the hour of supreme hope and happiness, of her dearly loved eldest daughter Isabel and her babe born to so rich a heritage, and the misfortunes of her two youngest daughters, the distraught Juana and the widowed Katharine of England.

All this bitter grief and disappointment in her most cherished aims, was enough to crush the ardent spirit

of Isabel, "tout cœur pour ses amis, si chaude mère qu'elle mourut d' avoir perdu ses enfants." It is possible that her very fortitude in the hour of sudden adversity did but make the blow more deadly. Ever full of loving consideration for others, she gave no thought to her own health, and her temperance amounted to ascetism. Deeply religious, she had welcomed every mortification of the flesh, in fasting and long hours of devotion, when she was already wearied out with the cares of state entailed by a great dominion.

Even in her last illness she retained her keen interest in all that concerned her subjects and "ruled the world from her sick-bed," as the distinguished Italian Prospero Colonna said when he came to visit her. From him she would have heard much of the war in Naples, where he had borne a brave part. She endured pain and sickness with marvellous fortitude, and when she felt that her end was drawing near, she set herself to the writing of her last wishes. The celebrated will begins by her desire that her body may be taken to Granada and there laid to rest in the Franciscan monastery of Santa Isabella in the Alhambra, with a simple tomb and inscription. "But should the King my lord prefer a sepulchre in some other place then my will is that my body be there transported, and laid where he can be placed by my side; that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and which through the mercy of God may be hoped for again when our souls are in heaven, may be symbolised by our bodies being side by side on earth."

She next provides for many charities, and amongst other matters impresses upon her successors never to

divest themselves of the important fortress of Gibraltar. She leaves the succession of the crown to Juana as "reyna proprietaria" and Philip, her husband, adding this clause: "I herewith very lovingly order the said Princess my daughter, and the said Prince her husband, in order to merit and obtain the benediction of God, of the King her father and of me—to be always obedient servants to the King my lord, to serve him, treat and revere him with the greatest respect and obedience . . . giving him all honour. . . ." She withdraws and annuls all grants made by her to the nobles and others in compliance with importunity, she calls upon her successor to put an end to the oppressive tax of the Alcabala (a toll of ten per cent. on transactions) . . . and she also prays that the conversion of the Indians be carried out mercifully and with all kindness. Then she leaves the King, besides a large revenue, all her jewels in these words:

"I beseech the King my lord that he will accept all my jewels . . . so that seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live the more justly and holily in this." After other bequests to her friends, amongst them Beatriz de Bobadilla, Marchioness of Moya, the dear friend of her youth, the document ends: "dada en la villa de Medina del Campo a veynte y tres dias del mes de Noviembre del ano del nascimiento de nuestro Salvador Jesu Christo de mil e quinientos e quatro años."

YO LA REYNA.

This will, signed three days before her death, had been made ready on October 12, when her illness was rapidly gaining ground, for on the 15th her old friend and servant Peter Martyr writes: "You ask me respecting the state of the Queen's health.

"We sit sorrowful in the palace all day long, tremblingly waiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow hereafter where she is soon to go. She so far transcends all human excellence that there is scarcely anything of mortality about her. She can hardly be said to die, but to pass into a nobler existence, which should rather excite our envy than our sorrow. She leaves the world filled with her renown, and she goes to enjoy life eternal with her God in heaven. I write this between hope and fear while the breath is still fluttering within her."

Prayer and intercession was made throughout the length and breadth of the land for the beloved Queen; processions and pilgrimages to sacred places were numerous in petition for her recovery, but all was of no avail.

To the friends around her bedside, calm while they lamented, she said: "Do not weep for me, nor waste prayers for my recovery, but rather pray for the salvation of my soul." Fortified by the last offices of her Church, she passed away on November 26, 1504, at the age of fifty-three. In a well-known letter written that very day to the Archbishop of Granada, Peter Martyr speaks her elegy: "The world has lost its noblest ornament; a loss to be lamented not alone by Spain, which she has so long set forward on the highway of glory, but by every nation in Christendom. She

was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the evil-doer. I know none of her sex, in times past or present, who is worthy to be named with this peerless woman."

Isabel was familiar with the thought of death, who did not come to her as a stranger. Long years before she had written to Talavera :

"Diciembre 30, 1492. Barcelona. Pues vernos que los reyes pueden morir de cualquier desastre, como los otros, razon es de aperajar á bien morir." "Since we see that kings may die of some disaster, like others, it is a reason for preparing to die well."

The body of the Great Queen was carried in stately procession through Arévalo, Toledo and Jaen, in the midst of so fearful a tempest that the way was almost impassable, with bridges washed away and roads under water. Not until December 18 was Granada reached at length, and, according to her desire, Isabel was laid to rest with simple rites in the Franciscan burial ground beneath the shadow of the Alhambra. "Isabelle la Catholique a voulu se faire enterrer sur son champ de bataille à Grenade, largement drapée dans son manteau royal, comme pour prêcher la vaillance même après sa mort, et aujourd'hui encore on dirait que sa grande âme régente l'Espagne."*

In the Capilla de los Reyes, the gem of the Cathedral of Granada, her memory still lives triumphant in the superb royal monument, where her effigy, carved in delicate alabaster, rests by the side of King Fernando. Other sovereigns may come and go, and the centuries pass away, but here Isabel the Great Queen yet reigns supreme.

* De Maulde.

DEATH OF THE GREAT QUEEN

In her life and actions we read her character, but a few quotations from writers of her day will show the light in which she was regarded. The Venetian Minister, Navagiero says of her : "Queen Isabel by her singular genius, masculine strength of mind, and other virtues most unusual in our own sex as well as hers, was not merely of great assistance in, but the chief cause of the conquest of Granada. She was indeed a most rare and virtuous lady . . ." Guicciardini writes that she was "a great lover of justice, most modest in her person, she made herself much loved and feared by her subjects. She was greedy of glory, generous, and by nature very frank." Lord Bacon asserts that in all her relations of Queen and woman she was "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain."

Later on, Las Casas, the apostle of the Indians, bears this testimony to her, that as long as Isabel lived she was their friend and protector, "but her death was the signal for their destruction."

Yet all these echoes of bygone praise but dimly help us to realise the finely tempered character of the Great Queen. Raised to her high position at the crisis of her nation's history, with turbulent citizens, a rebellious aristocracy, a divided land and a debased clergy, Isabel, with clear-eyed vision and single-hearted devotion, set herself to the redemption of her country. She found it torn asunder by factions, she left it strong and united, with a learned and purified Church, with the work of centuries completed by the conquest of the Moors, and the whole of Spain from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean under one rule.

Her end was achieved—but at what a terrible cost!—and all her personal virtues, high and noble as they

were, cannot be weighed in the balance against the evils of persecution and the dread Inquisition, which the good Queen had been induced to sanction from the deepest religious conviction. Friends and foes alike agree that there was nothing of personal ambition or self-seeking in her fanatical desire to bring the whole world within the fold of the Church, the one true faith to her, in which alone was salvation. She too, like the Psalmist of old, was consumed by the zeal of the Lord.

Tender-hearted and valiant, self-sacrificing and magnanimous, a gallant noble spirit, the Great Queen inspired so strong an affection amongst her people that the tradition of it survives even to this day.

W. A. Mansell & Co. *Titian* *In the Prado, Madrid*

EMPRESS ISABEL, WIFE OF CHARLES V.

(GRAND-DAUGHTER OF QUEEN ISABEL)

CHAPTER XXIV

CONCLUSION

POLICY OF FERNANDO—HIS DEATH—DEATH OF PHILIP AND JUANA

WE cannot close the story of Isabel of Castile without touching upon the events which followed immediately after her death, when Spain was no longer ruled by her guiding hand. During her life Fernando had "screened his grasping policy behind her religious enthusiasms, and had used her haughty and upright spirit as an instrument for attaining his selfish ends. He had never sought to be loved, and after her death his character stood revealed in its native harshness.* Guicciardini says: "No reproach attaches to him save his lack of generosity and his faithlessness to his word."

His wily policy never failed him. He knew that with the Great Queen's death his right to the dominion of Castile had passed away, but he had already laid his plans for retaining command of those vast revenues which were so essential to the carrying out of his ambition in Italy. He lost no time, but on the very evening after Isabel had breathed her last, he took

* Butler Clarke.

measures to set at rest all jealous fears of the Castilian nobles. In the great square of Toledo, the Duke of Alva raised aloft the royal standard in honour of the accession of Juana and her husband Philip to the crown of Castile,and the tidings were loudly proclaimed by the heralds with flare of trumpets. Messengers were despatched to Flanders with a summons to the new King and Queen that they should at once proceed to Spain to receive the allegiance of their subjects. But this was only the first move in the game, for when writs were sent out to call an assembly of the Cortes, they were only issued in the name of Juana, "reyna proprietaria." When the national assembly met in the ancient and important city of Toro, the late Queen's will was read aloud to them with the codicil: "that Don Fernando should govern the realm during the absence of Queen Juana, and that if on her arrival she should be unwilling or unable to govern, Don Fernando should govern." Juana was nominally proclaimed Queen, but the oaths of allegiance were taken to Fernando, as Regent; and the governing power remained in his hands.

At the same time many of the Castilian nobles, and amongst them Don Juan Manuel, Fernando's ambassador to the Emperor Maximilian, entered into secret intrigues with Philip, who was determined to assert his right to his wife's inheritance and sent an imperious message to King Fernando that he should retire to Aragon. The crafty old King retaliated by endeavouring to obtain privately Juana's consent to his regency, by means of Conchillos, a Spanish gentleman in her household. However, the plot was discovered by Philip; the unfortunate agent died in prison, and the Archduchess was closely confined to her rooms.

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It is difficult to believe that Fernando's next attempt was actually to marry Juana the Nun, La Beltraneja, and revive her claim to the throne of Castile against his own daughter—thus casting a deadly insult upon the memory of Queen Isabel. But the Beltraneja, who was now forty-three years of age, had seen too much of the changes and chances of life, and would not hear of leaving her cloister to risk a marriage with her ancient enemy. In his vindictive rage against his son-in-law Fernando next sought an alliance with the King of France, whom he had just cheated out of his share of Naples, and proposed to marry his young niece Germaine de Foix, paying a large sum of money and making other concessions. This marriage, which took place in March 1506, broke up the alliance between Louis XII., Philip and Maximilian, but it created much estrangement in Castile, where Isabel had been so deeply loved and respected. As soon as Philip heard of this proposed arrangement, he at length set off with Juana on the long deferred visit to Spain, in January, 1506, but he was so much delayed on the way by storms, which drove him on the English coast and into the power of Henry VII., that he did not arrive in Spain until a month after the ill-advised wedding. In the Cotton MS. there is a very full and picturesque account of the reception of Philip and his party at Windsor, and of the meeting later between Juana and her widowed sister Katharine. Amongst all the gorgeous state details, it is amusing to read that when "the King of Casteele played with the racquet, he gave the Lord Marquis (of Dorset) fifteen." He had to give far more than that in his game of politics with the wily King of England.

All these princes appear to have been past masters on the art of diplomacy and perfidy, for the private treaty which Henry VII. extorted from his guest included the marriage of Henry Prince of Wales (already promised to Katherine), with Philip's sister Margaret, and that of Philip's heir Charles (already betrothed to Claude of France) to the Princess Mary of England. But the most serious part of the treaty was that called the "Malus Intercursus" to the great advantage of English trade which it freed from tolls in Flanders, leaving the sale of English cloth free.

The same perfidious making of treaties which neither side intended to keep, was continued in Spain between Fernando and his son-in-law, when poor Juana was coolly sacrificed by both of them. It has always been a much disputed question to what extent the Princess was really mad at that time, but both her husband and her father agreed to treat her as incapable of governing and to keep the power in their own hands. Fernando indeed surpassed himself on this occasion, for while publicly proclaiming his resignation of dominion in Castile, and signing a treaty with Philip, he was at the same time secretly taking a solemn oath in the presence of witnesses that his signature had been obtained by force, and that he protested against his daughter being set aside. Having thus hedged all round, the old schemer, supremely satisfied with himself, set off in great state for Naples with his gay young wife. Fernando knew that intrigues had been set on foot there by Louis XII. and the Archduke Philip, and, ever suspicious of others, he was resolved to find out whether Gonzalvo di Cordova remained faithful to him. He sailed from Barcelona with an imposing retinue on September

4, 1506, and was met at Genoa by the Great Captain, who hastened to set at rest all doubts of his loyalty. But the wary King of Aragon never really trusted any one; he knew what splendid offers, beyond the dream of ambition, his successful general had received from the Pope, the Emperor, the king of France and Philip, and when he returned to Spain the next year, he took in his train Gonzalvo, who, after being the hero of the festal meeting with Louis XII. at Savona, was dismissed from active service to enjoy his wealth in seclusion and disappointment.

Meantime great events had happened in Castile, where Philip ruled in the name of his wife, as he could not induce the Cortes to pronounce her incapable. The oaths of allegiance were taken to Juana and her son Charles, as her successor, at Valladolid; but Philip practically assumed absolute power, turning out the loyal friends of the late Queen from offices of State and wardenship of important fortresses, which he gave to his own followers. In order to supply funds for the wasteful extravagance of his Court, he sold dignities to the highest bidder, and tried to lay hands on Fernando's pension from the silk factories, but Cardinal Jimenez tore up the order and strongly remonstrated with him.

The Archduke then turned his attention to a more useful object, and set himself to check the cruel persecution which was going on in the name of the Inquisition at Granada and at Cordova. The Grand Inquisitor Deza, Archbishop of Seville, whose only merit was that he had encouraged Columbus, and the cruel Lucero, were deposed from their office, and henceforth there was no doubt in Spain as to the

unorthodoxy of the new Flemish ruler. A conspiracy was formed by the malcontents in Castile to liberate Queen Juana, who was believed to be sane and a prisoner of her husband, when a sudden and terrible event happened. The Court was at Burgos, and Philip, who was devoted to games, was taken ill after becoming overheated at the *Jeu de Paume* and drinking immediately of cold water. He suffered from fever, but his Flemish physican was not alarmed until serious symptoms set in, and on September 25, 1506, he died at the age of twenty-eight years and three months. As usual in the case of sudden illness in those days, poison has been suggested; but when we consider that of those who had most interest in his death, Fernando was away in Italy, and Cardinal Jimenez, though a fanatic in his religious intolerance, was yet a man of high character, we cannot believe in this crime for which no evidence is offered.

To poor Juana the shock was overwhelming, for in spite of all his infidelity and unkind treatment she had the most passionate attachment for her husband. Felipe el Hermoso appears to have had a fine figure, regular features, a fair ruddy complexion, and long flowing curls; he had attractive manners, and was genial and popular with his own people. After his death there could be no doubt about his unfortunate wife's mental condition. She sat for hours in dead silence by his side without shedding a tear; she obstinately refused to sign any papers; and when she set forth in sad and slow procession to Granada for the burial, she only travelled by night, and had funeral services performed at every church and monastery by the way. On one occasion, near

Torquemada, she found that the coffin had been placed in a nunnery, and she immediately ordered it to be carried out into the open fields, where she encamped with her whole retinue for the night, in the middle of winter. With all this she would occasionally have the most extraordinary lucid intervals, as when, before her departure from Burgos, she suddenly insisted upon revoking all grants which had been made by the Crown since her mother's death, and replaced in her Council those members who had formerly been appointed by Isabel. Five months after Philip's death a little daughter was born to his widow, the Princess Catalina, the story of whose young life spent in her mother's prison house is most pathetic.

It was not until late that summer, in July 1507, that Fernando arrived in Castile, and his position had entirely changed since the death of Philip, for he was universally accepted as Regent for his grandson Charles, although the formal recognition by the Cortes was not until some time later. He was shocked at the wild and wretched appearance of his daughter; but she appears to have yielded readily to his authority, and was placed by him in the palace of Tordesillas, about twenty miles from Valladolid. Within sight of her windows was the monastery of Santa Clara, where she placed the coffin of her husband, when she was at length induced to part from it.

Once more the poor creature was made the subject of her father's intrigues, for Henry VII. actually proposed to marry her, probably not believing the report of her madness, and only desiring to obtain

her inheritance. We find from letters of Katharine of Aragon that she was an unwilling agent in the negotiation ; but Juana vehemently refused to listen to the suggestion, and the death of Henry, in April, 1509, put an end to the unseemly transaction. As we know, Katharine herself was married to young Henry VIII. almost immediately afterwards, and rose to her long-delayed rank as Queen of England.

Fernando proclaimed that his daughter Juana had resigned the government to him, as Regent for her son Charles, born in 1500, and the only rival he now had to fear was the Emperor Maximilian, the father of Philip, who also claimed the regency on behalf of his grandson, whose interests were guarded in the Netherlands by his aunt the Princess Margaret. But Fernando's influence in Spain was too strong to be successfully opposed, and the Flemish party was defeated and compelled to yield the last strongholds, Burgos and Jaen. Henceforth the King of Aragon was undisputed master of the whole realm. His infant son by Germaine de Foix was dead, but his ambition still centred upon a kingdom of Italy and empire in the Tyrol, which he deeply longed to bestow upon his younger grandson Fernando, born in Spain in 1503. Only Jimenez remained true to the Castilian policy of African conquest, to which attention was turned by the need of putting down the Barbary pirates, who were constantly making descents on the Spanish coast.

A war against the infidel was a sure way of rousing the crusading spirit, and Jimenez, lavish with his vast revenue, had already sent out expeditions and conquered many strongholds on the north coast of Africa ;

W. A. Mansell & Co. *In the National Portrait Gallery, London*

KING HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND

but in May 1509 he himself accompanied an army of 14,000 men, commanded by Pedro Navarro, who had distinguished himself in the war of Naples. Oran was captured, and a number of Christian captives were set free; but the great Cardinal cannot have been easy to work with, for he soon quarrelled with his general and returned in less than a month to Castile where intrigues were set on foot against him. Navarro at first met with brilliant success, taking Bugia, Algiers, Tremecen and Tripoli; but he became over confident, and a great part of his army perished in an ambuscade among the sandhills of Gelves in August 1510. Progress in African conquest was thus for a while delayed. The greatest work of Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros, and that by which he will be longest remembered, is the foundation of the splendid University of Alcalá de Henares, to which he devoted immense wealth and eager devotion. We have not space to dwell upon this interesting topic, but may mention that one of his wise provisions was that "the salary of a professor should be regulated by the number of his disciples." His fame also lives in the famous Polyglot Bible, a work of magnificent scholarship for those days.

We can do little more than allude to the ever-guileful diplomacy of Fernando, and the part he played in the tangled politics which decided the fate of Italy. He joined with the Emperor, Louis XII., and the warrior Pope Julius, in the League of Cambray, which was really a combination to grasp and divide the various provinces which Venice had acquired.

This was signed in December 1508, and Fernando's share in the spoil was to be the five cities of Trani,

Brindisi, Gallipoli, Pulignano and Otranto, all of which he subsequently obtained and re-united with the kingdom of Naples. When he and Pope Julius had gained all that they expected, they turned round and formed a coalition with Venice against France, known as the "Holy League," October 1511. But they were not prepared for the overwhelming force which Louis XII. brought into the field under the command of young Gaston de Foix, the brother of Fernando's second wife. A great battle was fought at Ravenna, April 11, 1512, where the splendid charge of the Spanish infantry almost saved the day, although in the end it was a decisive victory for the French. Still they paid a heavy price for it in the death of their leader Gaston de Foix, and the King of Aragon's diplomacy enlisted both Henry VIII. and Maximilian against them, so that by the end of the campaign the French had abandoned all their conquests in Italy and were driven back across the Alps.

Of all Fernando's dreams of conquest, that of Navarre, which held the keys of Spain on the western shores of the Pyrenees, was the most persistent. At length his opportuity came when, in one of the many alliances against France, Jean d'Albret King of Navarre took the side of Louis XII., and they were both excommunicated by the Pope. The Duke of Alva was sent to invade the kingdom in July 1512, and Pamplona surrendered, followed by other cities on their liberty being guaranteed. The Marquis of Dorset (to whom Philip had once given fifteen at racquets) was at St. Sebastian, but he declined to help Alva in conquering Navarre as the English only wanted Guienne. However, after some show of resistance

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Navarre was conquered and annexed to the Crown of Castile, in 1515, although the district north of the Pyrenees, Ultrapuertos, was abandoned later to avoid keeping up costly outposts beyond the mountains (1530).

Fernando was now at last King of Navarre in addition to all his other titles. He had attained all his desires, but in the hour of his success he was a miserable man, hated and distrusted by all the world. So deeply perfidious was his nature that he had rewarded all who served him with suspicion and ingratitude; his own daughters, the sovereigns with whom he was allied, Cardinal Ximenes, the Great Captain, he had been ready to desert and betray them all. He had sold his soul for the sake of Aragon, "plotted, cheated, lied for it," and now his beloved ancestral kingdom would be no more than an unconsidered atom of a great empire, for he knew that all must come to his Flemish grandson, a child of an alien land and training whom he was not far from hating. He fell ill (1513), found it difficult to breathe in crowded cities, and restlessly wandered through the mountain villages of Castile, following, as far as his strength allowed, his favourite amusement of hunting. He had reached the little hamlet of Madrigalejo near Truxillo when the end came on January 22, 1516, after he had received the Sacraments of the Church and expressed his last wishes to his followers.

"In so wretched a tenement did this lord of so many lands close his eyes," says Peter Martyr, who remained with him to the end. According to his desire his body was borne by a few faithful attendants to Granada, and there laid in the stately shadows of the Alhambra

by the side of the Great Queen, for whose sake we have followed the record of his life after he had lost the guiding influence of her lofty and generous temper.

It only remains to add a few words with regard to Juana, her daughter and successor. From the day when this unfortunate Princess was shut up in the Palace of Tordesillas, after her father's return from Italy, she was dead to the world, although her wretched life was prolonged in captivity within those gloomy walls for nearly half a century. The story of Juana is the more pathetic as the later study of Spanish archives leaves it somewhat doubtful whether she was really so much bereft of sense as her nearest relations made out.

There was always a strong party amongst her subjects in Castile who held that their Queen was not mad; and they were persuaded that she was kept in prison by a cruel conspiracy. When the oaths of allegiance were taken to Juana as "reyna proprietaria" and to her son Charles as heir, by the Cortes at Valladolid on July 12, 1506, we are assured that she was careful to examine the signatures of all the deputies to make sure that they were properly authenticated. This gives us an impression of full intelligence on her part.

After her husband's death, the fact that she refused to sign any papers at first, and that she is reported to have said: "My father will attend to all this when he returns; he is much more used to business than I am," might almost be taken as a proof of sanity. And when a little later she startled her followers by revoking all grants made in the name of the Crown since her mother's death; and when she replaced in her

Council those who had been the advisers of Queen Isabel, we can see no special sign of folly here.

In the autumn of 1517 Juana had a visit from her son Charles, to whom she was little more than a name. He had been brought up in the Netherlands under the care of his aunt the Princess Margaret, and could not even speak Spanish, so that he and his mother must have met almost as strangers. There could have been no sympathy between them, and the lad of seventeen was in no position to judge of the sanity of this haggard, uncared-for woman, embittered by sorrow, neglect, and possibly even cruelty. At Valladolid the following spring, the Castilian Cortes would only acknowledge him as "sovereign in conjunction with his mother," and refused him the right to rule alone. In the Cortes of Aragon, at Zaragoza, the same thing occurred. The deputies asked for proof of the Queen's incapacity, and when they agreed to join his name with hers, it was only on condition that if she recovered she should reign alone. He found the same difficulty at Barcelona in obtaining the oaths of allegiance during Juana's lifetime. All this shows how her subjects believed in her sanity, or at least trusted that her mental weakness was of a passing nature.

During the absence of Charles in the autumn of 1520, there was a rebellion of the "Comuneros" headed by Juan de Padilla, a nobleman of Toledo, who declared Queen Juana sane, and sought to place her again on the throne. The "Santa Junta" seized the Great Seal and the State papers, and when the members invaded the seclusion of the palace of Tordesillas, Juana oppears to have received them with

calm and dignity, but her obstinate refusal to sign any documents was fatal to their plans. Yet about this time, in a letter written on September 4, 1520, we have distinct evidence that her own servants declared Juana to be as "prudente" as when she was married. She had been wilfully kept in ignorance of all that was going on in the world, was not even told of her father's death, and was persuaded to write letters to *dead* people! Indeed there is a letter extant from her gaoler, the Marquess of Denia, to Charles, "his Majesty," writen on January 25, 1522, which gives the darkest hints: "In truth if your Majesty would apply the torture (premia) it would in many respects be a service and a good thing rendered to God and her Highness. Persons who are in her frame of mind require it. . . ."

Putting aside the question of actual cruelty, we cannot conceive anything more depressing and miserable than the poor Queen's condition; absolutely uncared for and neglected in her personal surroundings, she was usually confined in a small, dark, inner room, for fear that through the windows of the larger chamber adjoining, she might attract attention from the outside world.

Can we wonder that under these circumstances, Juana, the daughter of a proud race of kings, should "find it painful to receive a visit (at most rare intervals) from any member of her family, and that she did not wish to be disturbed by religious ceremonies"? *

Perhaps the most pathetic picture in this sad story is that of the little daughter Catalina, born some months after her father's death, who shared her

* Bergenroth. Calendar of State Papers.

mother's prison and spent all the years of her childhood in the awful gloom of that palace of Tordesillas. With what longing eyes must Catalina have looked out, when the chance ever came, towards the hills which bounded the horizon towards Medina del Campo—the utmost limit of her world—and have longed for the day of release. She used to write letters to that great and splendid brother of hers, Charles King of Spain and Emperor of Germany, whom she can scarcely ever have seen, and yet whom she naively protests that she "loved dearly." If she could manage to write by stealth without the knowledge of her gaolers, the Marquess and Marchioness of Denia, the poor little girl would tell him how "they wanted to tear her eyes out," and how "their daughters took away her dresses from her and wore them"! *

Yet even in this grim, undignified captivity, the young Princess was a centre of intrigue; for was she not the sister of the great Emperor, whose alliance was so coveted an honour? The State documents reveal attempts to entangle Catalina in various matrimonial engagements, and to induce her to sign papers which she could not understand, for "she knew of marriage as much as is done in Persia." † Still it is with a sense of relief that we hear of Catalina, at the age of seventeen, in 1524, becoming the bride of her cousin, Dom Joam, King of Portugal . . . although it was but to meet with sorrow and bereavement; the sad fate which befell so many princesses of her royal house.

There still remains, for more than thirty years, the sombre tragedy of the lonely discrowned Queen,

* Bergenroth. Calendar of State Papers. † *Ibid.*

betrayed by all who should have shielded her infirmities and held her dear ; a mother of emperors and queens, yet childless indeed when forsaken by the sweet young presence of her daughter Catalina. In a letter of the period, there is a doubt expressed as to whether she would survive so great a loss. Was ever so pathetic a figure in the world's story, forgotten even by death in that desolate abode, while the long dreary years crept away and the shadows closed in around ? Her release came at length ; on a spring morning in April, Good Friday of the year 1555, she was set free from her living tomb : "Thanking our Lord that her life was at an end, and recommending her soul to Him."

Queen Juana had so long outlived her own generation, that her son, the Emperor Charles V., weary and worn out, was only awaiting her death to resign his crown, and seek the cloistered solitude for which he craved in his hereditary gloom, and to obtain which he was willing to barter his world-wide dominion, the mighty empire on which the sun never set.

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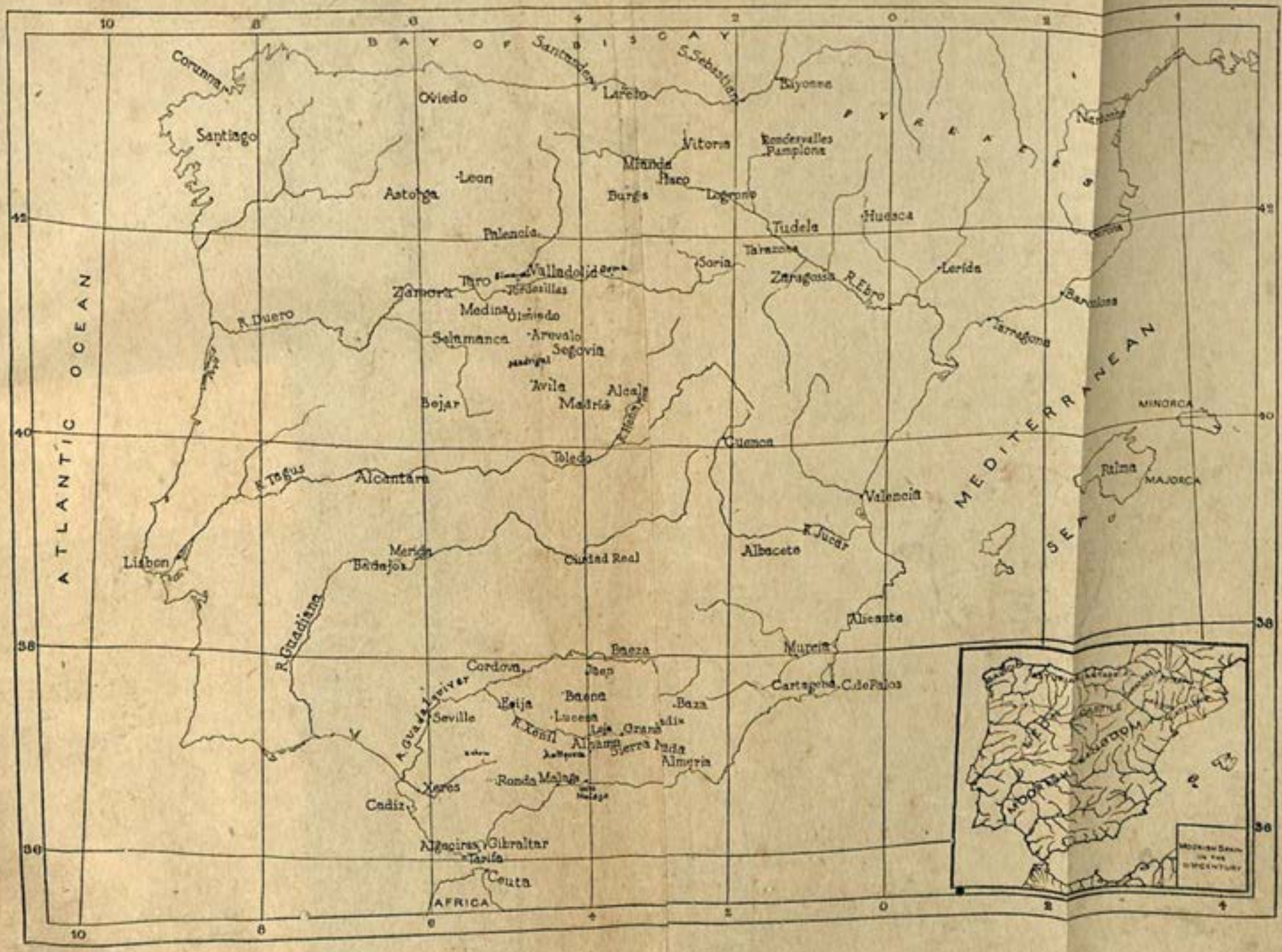
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